

**A LIFESTYLE SPECIAL SECTION:
EATING DISORDERS, PLUS FICTION BY ANDRE DUBUS**

THE BOSTON
Phoenix

FEBRUARY 17-23, 1989

BOSTON'S LARGEST WEEKLY

FOUR SECTIONS

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INTRODUCING
HQ
HOME ELECTRONICS
QUARTERLY

I N A R T S

**COURTROOM
MESSIAH**

James Woods
sizzles in
'True Believer'

by Owen Gleiberman



Slo-mo at Walpole

Five months to respond to signs
of impending drug and racial crisis

by Joe Bargmann

The superintendent of MCI-Cedar Junction, the state's maximum-security prison in Walpole, claims he received evidence that a potentially lethal race- and drug-gang-related war began brewing among prisoners in July, at least five months before he responded to the alleged problem with a prison-wide lockdown and search for weapons and drugs on December 28, 1988, the *Phoenix* has learned.

"Over the past five or six months, the emotional climate of MCI-Cedar Junction has been extremely tense," prison superintendent Michael T. Maloney testified in an affidavit filed on January 23 in Norfolk Superior Court. "The institution intelligence network of investigators, unit managers and other staff has developed information that has lead [sic] me ... to believe that a serious disturbance was going to erupt around the Christmas holidays."

The affidavit was filed by a Department of Corrections attorney in response to a lawsuit by a

group of Cedar Junction prisoners resisting a new prison policy that requires inmates to wear identification tags clipped to their uniforms. The inmates claim that prison administrators have denied prisoners regular meals, attorney visits, the right to attend religious services, and access to medical treatment for refusing to follow the new rule.

Maloney has cited the alleged increase in racial strife and drug-gang activity to justify the prison-wide lockdown in late December.

The lockdown, coupled with the implementation on January 1 of the new ID policy, resulted last month in prisoner protests that included hunger strikes, the burning of mattresses, and the pelting of guards with food and feces.

As a result of the protests, prisoners in one 45-cell prison block, Essex II, were tear-gassed and locked up on February 1, then denied showers, legal consultation, and personal visits for at least a

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**BARRETT CALLS
FOR PROBE**

**Usury
among
friends**

Did Finnerty get
a loanshark's
rate from Bulger?

by John Medearis

The apparent rate of interest that Senate President William Bulger paid on \$240,000 he has said he borrowed in 1985 from a trust controlled by his longtime friend and business associate Thomas Finnerty may have violated state anti-loansharking laws, the *Phoenix* has determined.

According to financial experts consulted by the *Phoenix*, the inter-

Dukakis — the newest old boy
(see Lehigh, page 6)

est Bulger says he paid on the alleged loan reflects a rate of more than 25 percent annually. State criminal law forbids charging interest rates higher than 20 percent unless the lender files a special public notification with the state attorney general's office.

Finnerty, who transferred the \$240,000 to Bulger from an account containing a \$500,000 payment he had received from real-estate mogul Harold Brown in July 1985, filed no such notification with the attorney general, according to a spokesperson for that office.

Finnerty and Bulger did not return *Phoenix* phone calls last week.

In cross-litigation between Finnerty and Brown that was settled in late December, Brown charged that

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SHORT STOPS



ERIC RASMUSSEN

HERO OF THE WEEK

Lemuel Shattuck Hospital

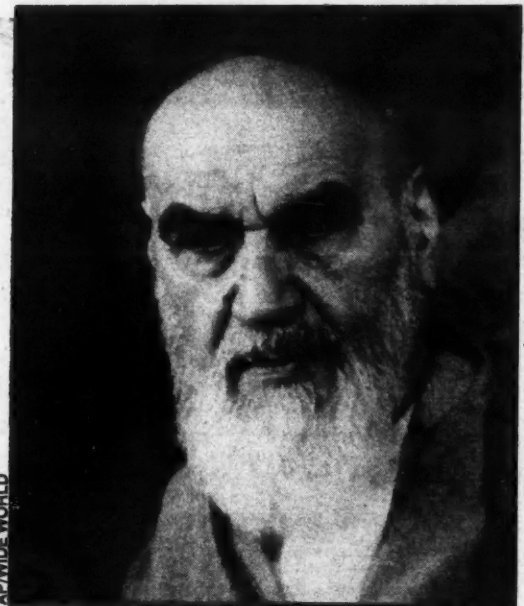
When the Lemuel Shattuck Hospital, in Jamaica Plain, opened its doors 35 years ago to take care of people "in the acute phase of chronic disease," most of its patients were suffering from polio. Once the Salk and Sabin vaccines effectively wiped out the polio epidemic in this country, the Shattuck devoted itself to the terminally ill and to people who, in the words of Marva Serotkin, the hospital's executive director, "don't have alternatives in the private sector."

The Shattuck offered alcoholism rehabilitation long before alcoholism was recognized as a disease. It runs three inpatient units for geriatric patients and specializes in treating the growing number of elderly psychiatric patients, for whom it is extremely difficult to find nursing-home beds.

The commonwealth sends its prisoners in need of acute medical care to the Shattuck. The Department of Mental Health refers its clients who need hospital care there. Shattuck doctors and nurses are now taking care of 10 AIDS patients in the hospital's inpatient AIDS unit, and seeing between 50 and 60 AIDS patients on an outpatient basis each month.

The Shattuck also runs a 180-bed shelter for the homeless. Part of that shelter is a unique medical-respite program, where people who've had surgery or other serious medical treatment can recuperate before they return to the streets.

The Shattuck, which is funded by the Massachusetts Department of Public Health, is quietly observing its 35th anniversary this year. It's celebrating its success at providing health care to many people who have trouble getting service — and its ability, as Serotkin puts it, to "change as the needs of the commonwealth have changed."



AP/WIDE WORLD

Khomeini didn't like the book.

SPURIOUS

His satanic majesty's request

I was puzzling over how best to work the story of the ceremonial transfer of custodianship of the "Presidential Mackerel" (which President George Bush caught on a campaign fishing jaunt with *Herald* sports writer Michael Globetti last July 10) into a column that would be an exorcism of the drunken sexual high jinks and conflicts of interest of portly former senator John Tower's evil twin, Bubba Tower, when I heard that, once again, the Ayatollah Khomeini had gone too far.

It looked as though we'd have a week or two to snipe at Tower, who once was romantically linked to a Russian ballerina. I bet she didn't get any official secrets out of him, but I bet he tried to show her his "Tower of Power" (it would be a hoot to see the videotapes of the two of them *en pointe* while we wait for the next round of FBI reports).

Since the Presidential Mackerel, now residing in my freezer while Globetti is off to England to write a book, will certainly keep (so to speak), I decided to shift gears this week and take a little time to tell you about Salman Rushdie's new book, *The Satanic Verses*, which is currently slaying them in the Middle East and has been banned in India and throughout the Arab world.

And I mean slaying them. So far half a dozen people have been killed in riots erupting from demonstrations against the book in India and Pakistan. Last Tuesday, in a burst of that kind of good-natured enthusiasm, the number-one imam, the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini himself, called on "the faithful" to execute Rushdie... and his publisher.

(Editor's note: although the *Phoenix* has from time to time indulged in the dismemberment of this or that reporter and will continue to do so on a case-by-case basis, the execution of publishers in general, and our beloved secular-humanist publisher in particular, is to be strictly opposed.)

Just what's all this literary/religious/free-speech brouhaha about anyway? Why is *The Satanic Verses* (almost certain to be a US bestseller) creating an uproar among Islamic fundamentalists similar to, if notably more violent than, that stirred among some Christians in this country by the film *The Last Temptation of Christ*?

Let's look at the book and see. (Actually, let's look at the press packet that was supposed to be accompanied by a copy of the book — which I have yet to receive and so have not actually read — and see.)

"You Can't Judge a Book by Its Cover" (written by Willie Dixon, sung by Bo Diddley) is certainly a great song and may be a wise saying, but, as marketing executives and publishers will tell you, people often do. In this case, the title is all it took to turn religious zealots against the book.

"Satanic verses" is a reference to an early incident in the career of the prophet Mohammed. According to Arab historian Al-Tabari, once, when Mohammed was "depressed by the unwillingness of the citizens of Mecca to hear the message of Islam," the devil "cast verses upon his tongue suggesting that the three main pagan goddesses of Mecca were acceptable to Allah," which they most definitely were not. Later Mohammed replaced these verses in the Koran with other verses that rejected the goddesses, and he labeled the earlier verses as "satanic."

Rushdie describes his book as "at least in part a comic novel, which nonetheless deals with serious issues of cultural and spiritual dislocation." Rushdie's publishers say that *The Satanic Verses* "concerns survival and reincarnation, metamorphosis and migration, and Rushdie brings these themes together in an extraordinary opening passage. A jumbo jet explodes over England in a terrorist attack, and two miraculous survivors plummet to the earth — Gibreel Farishta, a coarse, sensual Bombay film mega-star, and Saladin Chamcha, a British-educated voice-over whiz who has

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THE ONE-MINUTE INTERVIEW

John Buckley

Over the past quarter-century, former Middlesex County Sheriff John Buckley has become Massachusetts's, and indeed one of the nation's, foremost voices for prison reform. In a time when a strict law-and-order attitude prevails (read: stick 'em behind bars and keep 'em there), Buckley proposes a different approach.

"The overcrowding now is caused by mandatory sentencing for cocaine: possession and intent to sell," Buckley says. "More and more people are asking for a trial. Defendants ask: 'Why should I plead guilty and take a one- or two-year sentence when I can go to trial? If I lose, I still get one or two years. If I win, I go free.' There are 1800 people waiting for trial in the Superior Court of Hampden County, 1200 in Suffolk, and 700 in Middlesex.

"And of course there are many more drug arrests. It's really easy to arrest people for cocaine. We're talking mostly mules [drug runners, two-bit dealers]. We're not getting the big dealers. We're getting the very poor, the young, the uneducated, and the minorities.

"Today I interviewed 22 inmates in Hampden County, and 21 of them had addictions of one sort or another.

"Short sentences with these types of crimes are far more effective than long sentences. Also, we should look at penalties other than incarceration: intensive probation, weekend sentences, day reporting, fines, restitution. Those types of penalties can be very effective, less costly, and not overload the system.

"The state's prison and jail population, in a period of about four and a half years, has doubled. Massachusetts's entire prison [and jail] population now is 14,000. We are incarcerating in the nation 228 out of every 100,000 people. England is incarcerating 58 of every 100,000. There is too much emphasis on incarceration and not enough on alternatives."



RICHARD FELDMAN

THE SIGN-UP SHEET

☞ A forum on services available to families in financial crisis, sponsored by the **Salvation Army**, February 24, 11 a.m., at Doric Hall, the State House, Boston. Call Steve Capoccia at 542-5420.

☞ "Environmental Education in All Seasons for All Reasons," a conference held by the **Massachusetts Environmental Education Society**, February 27, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., at Holy Cross College, Worcester. Call Beth Stephenson at (508) 365-6575.

☞ A Rape Survivors Support Group, sponsored by the **Rape Crisis Center of Greater Lowell**, Wednesdays, 6:30 to 8:30 p.m., March 1 through May 3. Call Cheryl at 452-7721.

☞ Free vision screenings, offered by the **Boston Optometric Center**, March 6, 7, and 8, 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., 125 Boylston Street, Boston. Call 262-2020.

Compiled by Audra Shanley

PERSONALLY

Not so skinny dipping

BY NANCY McMILLAN

For everyone who did not actually read all (or any) of *Sports Illustrated's* 25th-anniversary swimsuit issue — which is, it seems, everyone but the magazine's copy editors and me — there are a few things besides the 103 photos of barely clad, knockout women worth noting.

Honest.

A non-illustrated summary might be just the ticket. Women would then be able to avoid learning that all the *SI* cover girls are, with one exception (and she's not bad), in as good or better physical form now than in their salad days; that half of them are in their 40s (two pushing 50), and all of these are not only gorgeous, but blissfully fulfilled in their bucolic or domestic careers; that Cheryl Tiegs is 41; that Paulina Porizkova eats whatever and whenever she wants; that Elle Macpherson drinks beer.

This is not to suggest that women couldn't reach into their souls to find a sisterly joy because these symbols of the body ideal also have contented hearts, minds, and alimentary canals.

It is to suggest that when talk turns to the swimsuit issue, as it does this time each year, it might be soothing, for some, to plug in bits of information like: Christie Brinkley's kid looks like Billy Joel; Dayle Haddon's films have all been flops; Carol Alt's husband, New York Ranger Ron Greschner, can't stay healthy; Elle Macpherson won't go to the beach because people who see her in "real life," she says, are disappointed. And, my personal favorite, one former cover girl (Ann Simonton, '74) has shaved her head and worn a dress swathed in bologna to renounce her women-as-pieces-of-meat past.

To take another tack, with this little summary in hand, men in mixed company can feel superior by insinuating into conversation (as if they had, indeed, paid attention to the words as well as the pictures) tidbits like: the 1978 cover girl, Maria João, is former Yale president Kingman Brewster's daughter-in-law; Sue Peterson (cover of '65) married the *SI* writer who did the story on her; Paulina is nearsighted; Christie weighed 140 pounds when *SI* first used her; in 1978, when Cheryl Tiegs posed in the legendary wet fishnet suit, there were 340 canceled subscriptions; *Screw* magazine publisher Al Goldstein has opined that "nudity is boring," and he'd rather have one copy of the swimsuit issue than "a thousand issues of the magazine I publish."

Other pithy gleanings from the first swimsuit-only issue: managing editor Mark Mulvoy (brother to *Boston Globe* managing editor Tom Mulvoy) has the final word (or whatever sound he manages to expel) in selecting the pictures for the annual *SI*s.i. (as the swimsuit issue is abbreviatedly known) and is the only *SI* managing editor to have shown up for a photo shoot, which he did in '87, an Elle Macpherson year.

The issue is the responsibility of senior editor Jule Campbell; she's been doing it since the inception, in 1964, and works on it year-round. Campbell grew up Catholic, *SI* points out, segueing, in a rather rash categorical leap, to: "But just as only a Red-baiting anti-Communist, like Richard Nixon, could have renewed relations with China, so, too, only an upright, sophisticated woman could have guided the swimsuit issue through a quarter of a century."

Jule Campbell has a 30-year-old son. I for one wonder if, or, to be precise, at what age, he decided mom was spending too much time on the job and maybe she should take him with her.

Jule would probably brook none of that, however, given her rigorous decorum, as described by her former boss — who is now editing airline in-flight books — in avoiding making "the girls ... look salacious" and assiduously eschewing, says *SI*, double-entendres and suggestive captions.

This is evasive idiocy. Either Jule Campbell, or her editors, knew instinctively (as Al Goldstein so alluded) what would be the most acceptable presentation of the lowest common denominator to titillate the American male libido-at-large, or they fell into pig heaven.

To give a little, maybe the feature was serendipitous at first. It was, in 1964, the brainchild of *SI* managing editor Andre Laguerre, who merely wanted to fill the sports-void winter weeks with a diversionary "travel" story.

This was at a time when *SI* was just beginning to break even, and to break away from the sports-as-subsidiary-to-travel-and-fashion format it had had since its founding a decade earlier, in 1954. Football had ended its season, spring training hadn't started, basketball and hockey weren't yet high-interest acts, and, well, a story titled "A Fish Watcher's Guide to the Caribbean," containing a handful of pages of modest shots of women in bathing suits, seemed like smart filler. It didn't take long to realize what a hit Laguerre had on his hands. The feature, which now comes out in one of the mid-February weeks, went on, of course, to become a smash, selling up to 12 times the normal number of newsstand issues. This year's special anniversary copy will probably break all records.

Although Christie Brinkley seems to retain the crown as all-time favorite *SI*s.i. cover, the aforementioned Cheryl Tiegs-in-fishnet pic (January 16, 1978, page 43) is most often cited, the magazine says, as the single most memorable bathing-suit photo. This was, no doubt, because you could see her tits, something not

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PRISON

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To judge from their own words, William Bulger apparently paid Thomas Finnerly a usurious interest rate on the \$240,000 the Senate president says he borrowed. Meanwhile, one state senator, Michael Barrett, has called for an investigation by a Senate ethics panel. John Medearis tells of the latest developments between State Street and Beacon Hill; and Joe Bargmann reports that prison authorities at MCI-Cedar Junction had evidence of a developing crisis at the maximum-security prison in Walpole for five months before they took action.

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by Scot Lehigh
Mike Dukakis used to be a hope for political reform. Now he's become part of the problem. These things happen.

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by Al Giordano
How our prison system fosters criminals — and murderers.

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by Maureen Dezell
The buying of the union line in the fight at Boston City Hospital.

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by Sean Flynn
Is the mayor's support for treating 16-year-old defendants as adults demagogic or just foolish?

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by Francis J. Connolly
Bill Weld was a first-rate prosecutor and might be as good as a pol. But what is he running for?

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LIFESTYLE



EATING

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by Caroline Knapp
Eating disorders affect a growing number of people — mostly women — who are victims to distorted perceptions of self and body. Here, one woman's powerful story of her struggle out of the prison created by an obsession with food.

2 URBAN EYE

by Becky Batcha
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by Andre Dubus
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ARTS



ITALIAN AT MFA

2 8 DAYS A WEEK

If it's hot, it's in the Phoenix, so pay a visit to our Listings pages before you step out. For the latest news in the arts world, read up on the "State of the Arts." If you're movie-bound, turn to "Flicks in a Flash," Boston's most inventive movie guide. And in "Next Weekend," David Bonetti looks and listens with artist/songwriter Terry Allen.

6 ART

David Bonetti waxes lukewarm about Pietro Testa at the Sackler but heats up for the Italian Renaissance prints at the Museum of Fine Arts.

8 THEATER

Carolyn Clay says Joe Turner's *Come and Gone* comes off well at Trinity; Bill Marx wishes *Not About Heroes* were more about its poets; Ketura Persellin talks with Julius Lester about his tales of Uncle Remus; and Paul Clements goes "Aisle Hopping" with The Broadway Live! Show and An Evening with Mark Twain.

10 FILM

Owen Gleiberman admits he's a True Believer; Mark Caro surveys Boston's rep-house scene; Carolyn Clay explains what happens when a play like *Les liaisons dangereuses* or *Talk Radio* goes from stage to screen; and Owen has the low lowdown on Klaus Kinski's autobiography, *All I Need Is Love*. Plus, in "Trailers," *Cousins* and *The 'Burbs*.

13 MUSIC

Ron Wynn asks why GOP honcho Lee Atwater is cozying up to Southern bluesmen; Michael Freedberg is impressed by New Order's *Technique*; in "Cellars by Starlight," Tim Riley says *Drumming on Glass* are more than just '60s psychedelia; Lloyd Schwartz wonders whether Christopher Hogwood or Craig Smith is the real Boston messiah; and Michael Mazur remembers Larry Hill. Plus, in "Live and on Record," *Brazil Classics I: Beleza Tropical and other Latin American music*.

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HQ

It's here, it's colorful, it's exciting: HQ, the Phoenix Home Electronics Quarterly. Plug into our provocative new supplement for the lowdown on everything from big screens to mini compact discs. Inside you'll find features on shortwave radio, desktop-publishing software for Macs, a round-up of interesting new products from the Consumer Electronics Show, and the bottom line on audio and video trends.

Credits: David Schuster (with Lifestyle).

LETTERS

STATE STREET STATEMENT

(Editor's note: the following letter ran in last week's Phoenix but was unreadable in many copies as a result of a printing problem. It is reprinted here in its entirety.)

Important and intense public scrutiny has been given to the litigation between Harold Brown and Thomas Finnerty over the site on which 75 State Street was finally constructed. As citizens, and as a Boston-based company, we support the media's inquiry into this issue.

In the course of this investigation, however, three major errors are becoming part of the reporting. As these errors may affect the public's perception of 75 State Street, it is time for us to correct them.

1) Harold Brown is not the developer of 75 State Street. In fact, 75 State Street was developed by the Beacon Companies and Equitable Real Estate.

2) The 75 State Street you see today is not the property in dispute between Brown and Finnerty. The project in which they were partners was never built.

3) Mr. Finnerty performed no legal work and was not part of the development or ownership group for 75 State Street.

Harold Brown once owned part of the land that now houses 75 State Street. He had been designated by the Boston Redevelopment Authority in 1983 to develop that parcel, which was called 99 State Street. The original designated team included Equitable Real Estate and Graham Gund.

In 1984 Beacon and Equitable purchased Brown's land and became the general partners of the new limited partnership.

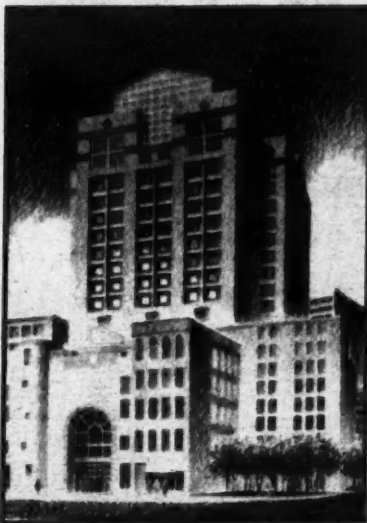
We believed that the parcel as it had been assembled was not a feasible development. Beacon therefore added additional parcels to the 99 State Street site. We redesigned the building and named it 75 State Street, the building you see today.

When we purchased Mr. Brown's majority interest and replaced him as the developer, he required that he retain an interest in the property. Mr. Brown therefore owns slightly less than 10 percent of the building. Mr. Brown is not a managing partner of 75 State Street, nor did he play the role of developer in any way. His ownership interest is similar to owning stock in a company — except that Mr. Brown is not entitled to vote.

Mr. Finnerty has never been a partner of any sort in 75 State Street. The dispute between Mr. Brown and Mr. Finnerty referred to the previous development.

In the past weeks we have read and watched the extraordinary story and its many serious allegations unfold. This controversy calls for scrutiny of the public and private processes involved in real-estate development.

As the story continues, we are asking Boston's media to be factual and accurate about 75 State Street's actual ownership. We have enclosed a rendering of the building that Harold Brown was developing. Among the differences, you'll notice that it is some 10 stories smaller than 75 State Street



99 State Street

and has no gold leaf.

As the existing building was not involved in the sequence of events, we trust that the enclosed illustration can replace our building in future reporting. The project in question is 99 State Street — a project of a different time and a different team. Continued reference to 75 State Street without clarification is both inaccurate and inappropriate.

It seems obvious that 75 State Street as it exists is much more interesting visually than the enclosed rendering. We hope that you will clarify any reference to the building should you mistakenly use it as a visual.

The Beacon Companies has maintained a consistent reputation for setting standards of integrity in business for 40 years. This standard extends to the quality of our Boston portfolio. It includes such properties as Rowes Wharf, the Hotel Meridien, One Post Office Square, and Center Plaza. Our reputation is very important to us, as is the reputation of all our buildings. The accuracy of the reporting of this controversy is therefore very important to us.

Monique Doyle Spencer
Vice-President
The Beacon Companies
Boston

CUTS TOO DEEP

Maureen Dezell is to be commended for her recent coverage of the Massachusetts crisis in hospital health-care delivery. Her writing, distinguished by its clarity and objectivity, provided the reader with this warning: the state's hospital system may collapse under the weight of Dukakis budget cuts — truly a prescription for human tragedy.

Richard Pozniak
Director, Public Relations
Communications and Member Services
Massachusetts Hospital Association
Burlington

ALL IN THE WRIST

To Joe Bargmann:
I am writing to tell you how much I enjoyed and appreciated your recent article "Terminal Condition" (Lifestyle, January 13) regarding carpal-tunnel

syndrome in the modern office. As a specialist in physical medicine and rehabilitation, I work with this problem on a regular basis. Although I have not seen many computer-terminal users with this symptom, I do see a great many musicians in my practice, and this is a fairly common occupational hazard among them as well. I would like to make the following points regarding carpal-tunnel syndrome.

It is important to get electro-diagnostic testing both to verify the existence of carpal-tunnel syndrome and to get some idea of the severity and prognosis of the problem. Using the findings of the EMG, one may decide whether it is imperative to operate or whether a more conservative program may safely be attempted.

Another important point in deciding about carpal-tunnel surgery is recognizing the possibility of the so-called double-crush syndrome. This is where, in addition to median-nerve compression at the wrist, there is also compression of the nerve roots at the level of the cervical spine due to arthritis or other conditions. Nerve compression in this region alone can mimic and cause symptoms similar to carpal-tunnel syndrome. When both symptoms exist, simply operating on the wrist will not yield complete relief.

Richard N. Norris, MD
Director, Performing Arts Medicine
Braintree Hospital

OBIT OVERSTATED?

As a writer who is not famous, I dread the thought of possible celebrity status if my obituary reads anything like the attack on John Cassavetes by Steve Vineberg (Arts, February 10). One does not automatically change from mortal to god simply by leaving this earth. However, this article was little more than a facile review of Cassavetes's films. It should have been an analysis or an appreciation, and yet it read more like the death of a career than of an individual. *Shadows*, the only film Mr. Vineberg seemed to admire, is, in my opinion as well, a wonderful film seen by too few people. But he contradicts himself by suggesting that the body of work left behind by John Cassavetes was an influence, a "precursor" for other fine filmmakers. Was his power based on one film?

Isn't that a rather elegant tribute to a man whose work Vineberg describes as "wearisome, Albee-esque psychodramas"? He is entitled to dislike the artist's work, but this seems like a tasteless moment to dismiss all of the films, especially since they are not discussed in any detail. It hurts those of us who admire him and it diminishes your credibility.

Karen Schneiderman
Boston

IMPROPER USAGE?

In his solid appreciation of *Wiseguy* (Arts, December 16), the usually impeccable Steve Vineberg commits a common error in using the word "gunsel" as if it were synonymous with "gunman." This confusion dates back to *The Maltese Falcon*, in which Humphrey Bogart, with a revulsion more passionately expressed than any other emotion in the movie, refers to Wilmer (Elisha Cook Jr.) with these words: "Keep that gunsel away from me." Those unfamiliar with the word (including, perhaps the Hays Office) assume from the sound of it that Bogart was referring to Wilmer's position as Sidney Greenstreet's hired gun; in fact he was referring to another position. A gunsel is a young boy kept for immoral purposes. Since that movie countless clean-living paid assassins have been falsely accused of gunsel status by people who had no idea that they were making indecent suggestions. This is not only incorrect but downright rude, and in some cases dangerous. Although I'll admit that the Moody Blues scene in *Wiseguy's* "No One Gets Out of Here Alive" had me wondering,

Philip Nelson
New Orleans, Louisiana



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The newest old boy

Dukakis and the passing of the reform era

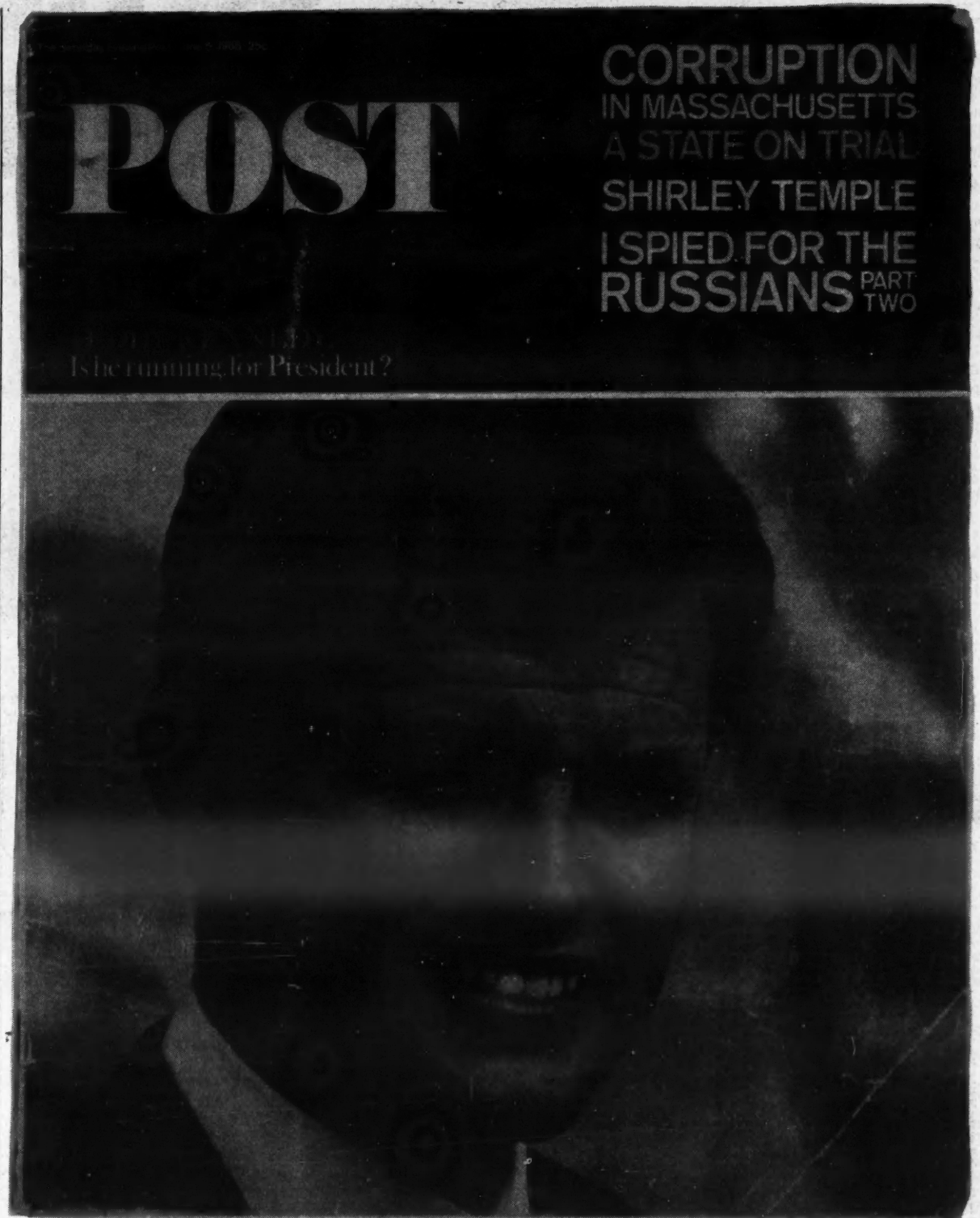
by Scot Lehigh

By 1965 Massachusetts had become so notorious for its special brand of corruption that the *Saturday Evening Post* devoted thousands of words to a report on the local political scene.

Entitled "Massachusetts: Rogues and Reformers in a State on Trial," the *Post* article summarized its findings with the following words.

"In the land of the Kennedys and the Lodges — a state some call the nation's most corrupt — colorful scoundrels have run off with millions, bribed legislators and caught up high public officials in their outrageous schemes. Now a new generation is fighting for reform. Can it bring the ordeal of Massachusetts to a close?"

Shown with the article was the photo of a young reformer. Below the photo (facing page), the *Post* wrote: "Men like young Rep. Michael Dukakis may save the scandal-ridden legislature."



The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

— George Orwell, *Animal Farm*

The reform era is dead in Massachusetts, and Mike Dukakis helped kill it. When the historical autopsy is done, that political postmortem will show that its demise began not with the revelations about 75 State Street or even the principle-eroding exigencies of the presidential campaign but rather with Mike Dukakis's return to the Corner Office, in 1983.

The death of the reform era has ushered in the state's own Gilded Age, which in turn has given rise to the stench of scandal and the stink of impropriety. From the allegations that swirl around 75 State Street to the fraud charges resulting from the House procurement scandal to the crimes of education-adviser-turned-embezzler Gerry Indelicato, the State House has once again taken on the verdigris of venality that colored Massachusetts politics back in the days

of the MBM scandal.

But the problem is not just a matter of possible criminal wrongdoing. It's far more subtle than that. In the years since the revulsion over an extortion and kickback scandal that sent three senators to prison and led to the creation of a crime commission, legislative ethics committees, and new disclosure forms, the system has closed ranks, worked its way around the reforms, and returned to business as usual.

The old ways, the Massachusetts political establishment has decided, truly are the best ways. And the man who made a name objecting to them has shrugged his shoulders and gone along with the crowd.

Everyday practice is once again a scandal. The cost of doing official public business has come to include regular tributes to the powerful and the well connected. Committee chairmen all but hold up lobbyists, who are regularly expected to buy a thousand-dollar bloc of tickets to their yearly "times" at "the Pier."

The resulting war chests inhibit the

electoral challenges Massachusetts needs if it is to have a healthy two-party system again, even as they subsidize the sort of lifestyle public salaries are supposed to preclude. Meanwhile, quarter-time lawyer-legislators get rich in private practice, while charging the state a per diem for the privilege of embossing a senatorial title on their business cards and planting a state plate on their Lincolns.

The price of power extends well beyond the official political actors, permeating deep into the governmental demimonde; retaining a politically connected barrister, at a huge fee, is now considered all but essential for the success of a major development project.

As public office has become an acceptable route to private wealth, public ethics have fallen to the level of legally permissible conduct. The result is that Ed Meese's tawdry standard of no indictable offense has become the state's de facto code of ethics.

Reform is by nature a sporadic endeavor, sustainable more as a route to

power than as a *raison d'être* once in power. "The reforms of one generation often produce the vested interest of the next," writes Samuel P. Huntington in *American Politics: The Promise of Disharmony*. "Why this should be the case is reasonably clear. The intense moral fervor that gives reformers and the reform movement their political clout cannot be sustained for any length of time."

That is particularly true when the reformer comes to power in a system unreformed. That situation pits the new officeholder and the movement he leads against the old order. For the reformer to succeed, he must be willing to arouse and sustain the ill will of the established order.

But sooner or later he must also go about the day-to-day business of governing. That leaves him confronting a difficult choice. He can attempt to harness public opinion in order to bend the other political players to his will. Or he can strike political alliances with them. To reform, the latter course is deadly. Once a reformer begins to fashion alliances with the old order in the name of effectiveness, he has taken a step that, no matter how slight, inevitably results in the abandonment of true reform.

That's what happened to Mike Dukakis. Upon beating old-boy Bob Quinn for the Democratic nomination in 1974, the man who would be governor, not a pol but a public servant dripping rectitude, promised the "dawn of a new era" and an end to "the buddy system of politics on Beacon Hill."

Back then, Dukakis meant it. He had come to prominence as a founder in 1960 of a Democratic reform group known as COD (the Commonwealth Organization of Democrats), whose purpose was to replace the old hacks that had given Massachusetts a national reputation for graft and corruption with honest and talented members of a new generation. Dukakis and COD had little interest in ideological crusades; their crusade was moral.

Once installed in the Corner Office, he tried to eliminate the state's vestigial Executive Council. He got rid of the state

It was a very different Mike Dukakis who returned to office in 1983. A crucial clue to his new *laissez faire* attitude came early. During the 1982 session, the legislature had set up an independent fiefdom called the Massachusetts Convention Center Authority. No sooner had Dukakis's primary victory made a lame duck of Ed King than the old boys sprang into action. A board of directors, composed mainly of allies of Senate President William Bulger, was appointed. Three days later, that board, without even the slightest pretense at recruiting qualified candidates, awarded the \$75,000-a-year convention-center-authority executive director's job to the long-time chief aide to Senate President William Bulger, the primary sponsor and architect of the legislation that had created the authority.

The enabling statute gave the authority's executive director tenure for life.

Asked how it happened that 39-year-old Francis X. Joyce had ended up as executive director, convention-center-authority board member Robert Q. Crane, who was (and is) state treasurer, and in that position also czar of the State Lottery Commission, maintained that "he was the only one who applied for the job."

It was old-boy patronage politics at its worst, a situation that cried out for reform. But the new Mike Dukakis wasn't interested. Asked at a press briefing a few days prior to his inauguration what he intended to do about the convention authority and its well-paid, life-tenured executive director, the erstwhile reformer refused to unsheath his sword. That business, he allowed, was history, and he was concentrating on the future.

That pronouncement showed Dukakis's true new colors, colors that other events would conceal. To be sure, the governor didn't shy away from engaging in a struggle over control of Massport and ousting an ally of then Speaker McGee from the director's job in the process. But that was a power struggle, and one with high stakes: it was Massport, after all, that had given Ed King the stronghold from which to

BARRETT CALLS FOR PROBE

Usury among friends

by John Medearis



Barrett (left) wants the Senate to address its — and Bulger's — problems.



troopers, who had served as the governor's praetorian guard. He did away with chauffeured rides to the Corner Office, opting instead to jerk and halt along on the Green Line. He eliminated the governor's patronage office. "There will be no exchange of jobs for favors," he said, adding that he would "neither threaten nor cajole" the General Court. "Good government is the best politics" became his maxim.

In fact, in his zeal, he went overboard, immobilizing his cabinet by opening cabinet meetings to the public and emasculating his government by ceding power to his cabinet secretaries rather than centralizing it in his own chief of staff.

That sort of political ineptitude, along with a budget disaster aggravated by a breathtaking combination of gubernatorial recalcitrance and callousness, alienated much of his former support, and four years later, in 1978, the ineffective reformer was turned out of office by voters in the Democratic primary.

launch his 1978 campaign against Dukakis.

Similarly, in 1985 Dukakis would use a penny-ante campaign-finance transgression to hound Higher Education Chancellor John Duff into taking a new job elsewhere. And he would forcibly remove former representative Jim Collins from the chancellor's job the following summer. There, too, the stakes — this time, the state's vast educational bureaucracy — were high.

But both of those acts were merely power politics masquerading as reform. Mike Dukakis was no longer interested in reform merely for good government's sake. That sort of fight had become a luxury Dukakis could indulge in only if he were willing to mobilize public opinion. But once burned, the governor had had his fill of high-profile public fights. Instead, he would voluntarily surrender his bully pulpit and content himself with working quietly within the four corners of the State House.

That decision meant the end of

Continued from page 1

Finnerty had not earned the \$500,000, but instead had extorted it with threats that he could thwart Brown's State Street office tower by using his political influence and with promises that he could use his influence with the Senate president to expedite the necessary government approvals.

At the center of a crisis of confidence that has developed around Bulger since the story of the cross-litigation first broke in the *Boston Globe*, in early December, is Bulger's sworn statement that he borrowed the \$240,000 from Finnerty, who, in the aftermath of his 1985 divorce, did not appear to be a wealthy man. Brown tried to prove in his court filings that Bulger had been given, not lent, the money by Finnerty.

For the last two months the Senate that Bulger runs with an iron fist has stood in mute shock as the press picked over Bulger and Finnerty's extensive, and at times murky, business dealings.

Last week State Senator Michael Barrett (D-Cambridge) broke the silence. He told the *Phoenix* that he would file special orders calling on the Senate Ethics Committee or a select committee convened for the purpose to review Bulger's connection to the alleged extortion as part of a larger study of the upper chamber's ethics code.

In 1978, in the aftermath of an extortion scandal that left three senators in federal prison, the Senate Ethics Committee was established to investigate "all questions of conduct of members." It has taken no known action in the wake of the State Street allegations.

"I really do think the Senate president is going to come out of this mess looking pretty good," Barrett said. "But it is unthinkable that the Senate not be prepared in some way for the worst-case scenario."

In court papers filed in October 1988, Brown charged that Finnerty had extorted the \$500,000 from him by offering to use his ties to Bulger and former Boston mayor Kevin White to speed the high-rise project's approval, and "through his actions and words, communicated to Brown that

government approvals of the project would be in jeopardy unless a financial arrangement satisfactory to Finnerty was made." Brown's allegation of extortion came as a counterclaim in response to a suit in which Finnerty had charged that the money was a legitimate payment for his role in the project and, further, that Brown owed him an additional fee, based on the size of the tower, of more than \$426,000.

Before the suit was settled, to support his contention that the \$500,000 payment was not a fee, but the product of extortion, Brown tried to establish that Finnerty and Bulger split the money the developer had given to Finnerty in July 1985.

In a sworn affidavit filed last December in *Finnerty v. Brown*, Bulger asserted that the money had not been split. He said that \$240,000 of it had been temporarily transferred to him as a loan from the St. Botolph Realty Trust (which Finnerty administered), in two payments in August and October 1985, and had been repaid, again in two payments, in November and December 1985. Bulger said he had paid the trust \$14,320 interest on the loan.

In the affidavit, part of a brief designed to distance himself from Brown's and Finnerty's dealings over the State Street project, Bulger asserted he had repaid the loan when he learned Finnerty had obtained the money from Brown.

"I discussed with Mr. Finnerty, not long before my planned trip to Europe on August 23, 1985 my desire to obtain a loan from him in the amount of approximately two hundred and forty thousand dollars (\$240,000.00)," Bulger said in the affidavit. "Mr. Finnerty decided to make the loan. . . . I had no knowledge as to the remote source of the funds; specifically, I had no idea then, or until considerably later, that those funds had been paid to Mr. Finnerty by Mr. Brown. . . . But upon learning their remote source, I took steps to repay the loan as quickly as possible. . . . The difference between that amount [that Bulger paid back] and the amount of my indebtedness represented interest."

Financial experts consulted by the

Continued on page 36

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Slo-mo at Walpole

by Joe Bargmann

Continued from page 1

six-day period, during which the block was sealed with a plywood board to contain an overpowering stench, as the *Phoenix* reported last week.

The sealing of the block is currently under investigation by the state legislature's joint Human Services Committee. It has also prompted scrutiny by attorneys with the Massachusetts Correctional Legal Services (MCLS), a state-funded prisoner advocacy group that is considering whether to file lawsuits against prison administrators on behalf of the Essex II prisoners.

Broader questions have arisen, however, concerning the prison's general response to the mounting tension.

"It seems the measures that the [prison] administration takes to maintain control serve only to heighten the tension and to create an environment where there is less security," State Representative Barbara Hildt (D-Amesbury), a member of the Human Services Committee, told the *Phoenix*. "There are many very serious questions that need to be asked about the running of that institution."

A prison spokesman failed to return the *Phoenix's* telephone calls to offer an explanation of why Maloney waited until December to try to head off trouble the superintendent said he knew was brewing as early as July 24.

Maloney's sluggish response puzzled Dianne McLaughlin, of MCLS, as well as Barry Phillips, aide to the chairman of the Human Services Committee from 1981 to 1986.

If Maloney's claims are true, McLaughlin said, "it's tough to figure out" why he did not order an earlier response.

"That's not the way they [prison administrators] usually operate," said Phillips, who also expressed skepticism about Maloney's claims. "If they get a mere whiff that something's wrong, they move. They don't wait to see if something's going to happen."

Considering superintendent Maloney's sworn testimony and supporting court documents, it's easy to understand why Phillips and McLaughlin were miffed.

Maloney testified as follows.

"One of the incidents leading to institutional tension occurred on July 24, 1988, when a black inmate was brutally attacked and stabbed by two white inmates. This incident took place in the main corridor as hundreds of inmates were leaving the auditorium after the conclusion of the regularly scheduled Sunday night movie.

"The next day ... there was a very serious disturbance in the yard, again between black and white inmates. Armed black inmates attacked white inmates who were known associates of the white inmates who had attacked the black inmate the night before.

"Virtually every inmate in the yard armed himself with some type of weapon (weight bars, rocks, shanks, recreation equipment). Inmates employed in the Industries buildings [the location of a metal shop and a wood shop, among other things] threw objects out the windows into the yard to be used as weapons. Several inmates in the Industries buildings responded to the disturbance by climbing out windows and over the fences separating the yard from the Industries buildings."

(In a December 21, 1988, letter to Corrections Department commissioner Michael V. Fair, Maloney said the July 25 disturbance "had the potential to rival" the legendary prison uprising at Attica, New York.)

"Tension remained very high for a long time after these two days of unrest," Maloney stated further in the affidavit. "A number of inmates who were acting as negative leaders and who were encouraging other inmates to act out were transferred out of MCI-Cedar Junction. The ability to move inmates throughout the Department of Corrections contributed significantly to the administration's ability to maintain control of the institution.

"However, tensions again flared when a black inmate was stabbed in the Essex II Unit on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1988, by a white inmate. Several other white inmates were observed attempting to assist the attacker.

"MCI-Cedar Junction investigators have concluded that the catalyst for the November 24 attack was that the inmate was playing his radio loudly at night. While, on its face, this may seem to be a trivial reason to attack someone, those familiar with the reality of incarcerated life know that sometimes this is all it takes to cause an assault or a demonstration.

"Directly related to the heightened tensions was the discovery [roughly three weeks later] of a large number of weapons being manufactured in the Industries buildings. An inmate returning to his housing unit [from one of the Industries buildings] was found to be concealing a weapon in his sneaker. A shakedown of the entire Industries area produced many more weapons, and at least 27 additional weapons have been discovered throughout the main prison

building.

"The institution intelligence network has also developed information that a struggle is evolving between white and black inmates over control of the distribution of narcotics within the institution. It appears that the white inmates seek control of the cocaine trade, and the black inmates want control of the heroin trade.

"It has been my experience in fourteen years in the field of corrections that there are few greater disruptions to the security and orderly running of a prison than the introduction of drugs." (A prison spokesman acknowledged last week that corrupt guards are known to engage in drug trafficking, although, he said, drugs most often enter the prison via inmate contact with visitors.)

"Compounding the struggle for control of drug trade is new information that a 'crack' cocaine ring is being formed in the institution."

As if this weren't trouble enough to prompt a swift response from the administration, Maloney cited increasing tension resulting from several inmates' "accusing prison administrators of being racist. It is my belief," Maloney stated, "that these inmates have been searching for issues for the inmate population to rally around."

One of those issues was the new ID policy. Maloney said he received information in December that prisoners planned to protest the ID policy.

"Given the discovery of the weapons, the mounting tensions attributable to the assaults on July 24 and November 24, the drug struggle and several rumors which had been circulating among inmates about the new procedures, I was faced with the possibility of a large-scale mass disturbance at MCI-Cedar Junction.

"Such a disturbance could easily have resulted in deaths and injuries to staff and inmates, as well as property damage to the institution."

Thus, Maloney ordered the prison-wide lockdown and search for drugs and weapons. The shakedown was intended to quell the rising tension, but it had the opposite effect; prisoners protested well into this month, tossing feces at guards, setting fire to mattresses, and refusing to eat.

One locus of the trouble at Cedar Junction has been the Essex II block, which was sealed off for at least six days (several inmates contend it was two weeks) earlier this month. And as Hildt, of the Human Services Committee, duly noted last week, "The situation in Essex II might be over, but that doesn't automatically reduce the tension." □



MICHAEL ROMANOS

The weapons of Walpole



A penal system that doesn't coddle criminals — it creates them.

The crimes of our prisons

How a convict was murdered

by Al Giordano

There are 13,000 stories in the Massachusetts penal system, crammed into a network of state and county prisons with a capacity to house only 7000.

They sleep on floors and desks, sometimes even on mattresses (if a one-inch-thick pad of supposedly but not really flame-resistant plastic can be called a mattress). Inmates are entombed deep down in the boiler rooms of MCI-Concord (where 850 prisoners are piled into a facility designed for 283), and at the Norfolk County House of Corrections, in Dedham, where conditions sparked a near-riot on February 8 among many of the 263 inmates jammed into a space designed to incarcerate only 72.

In some facilities they sleep four or five people to a cell made for one or two. Some cells have no running water, no toilets. They shit in plastic buckets that are changed once a day. In the summer heat the stench is so bad that one longs for any other scent, even tear gas. Last August at the Lawrence House of Corrections, these conditions sparked riots in which inmates burned down entire cell blocks. Last week there were more incidents at Lawrence and other facilities. And at least two county sheriffs are predicting more insurrections to come.

Women who have yet to be found guilty are shoehorned into the Awaiting-Trial Unit in Framingham, which is operating at 595 percent capacity, many of them pregnant, many suffering from AIDS. Those who have been found guilty are housed at 261 percent capacity.

The officials at the Massachusetts Department of Corrections (DOC), world-renowned for turning out that beast Willie Horton, have a reputation for coddling criminals that is undeserved. They don't coddle them. They make them. Punishment in Massachusetts is both cruel and unusual. The Massachusetts Department of Corrections has the highest recidivism rate of all prison systems in the nation. Twenty-seven percent of all inmates are back in jail within one year of their release. The national average, after two years, is a 23

percent rate of return.

The Devil's Island in the Massachusetts archipelago is officially named MCI-Cedar Junction, but everyone still calls it Walpole. It's the maximum-security prison where inmates may buy their drugs from the guards as long as they wear their ID's on the outside of their prison garb. It's where, according to former senator Jack Backman, a judge once told a defendant that if sent there he'd be wearing a skirt by nightfall. It's home to both Essex 2 Block, site of the most recent shakedown and lock-up, and 10 Block, where the DOC is experimenting with a new form of chemical warfare known as "federal dust."

Walpole can get so bad that people will do anything to get out. Sometimes the system will promise you protection, favors, or even release if you give them the evidence they want against another inmate. But if you're ever sent to Walpole, or any Massachusetts slammer, for that matter, and think about ratting on your fellow prisoners, you'd do well to hear the story of inmate Thomas J. Royce.

Tommy Royce, sentenced in 1977 to 10 to 12 years for four counts of armed robbery, was not the most popular guy in Walpole. He pissed off the system after three and a half years by assaulting an officer outside the dining hall. He pissed off his fellow prisoners when he offered to be an informant on drug and murder cases within the walls. Once you've annoyed the system and the inmates, there's no one left to talk to.

"My name is Thomas Royce," he wrote to a state official on November 1, 1981, "and I am writing to you in the hope of seeking some outside help for it is a matter of life and death." Ten days earlier, some enemies of his among the Walpole inmate population had been caught by prison officials in a scheme to kill Royce in the dining hall, and he was quickly transferred to another prison. Although Royce had only an eighth-grade education, he wrote numerous letters, like this one, to state officials, "And there is no doubt [sic] in my mind

after what I have been going thru [sic] here at Walpole, that the DOC in Boston and the administration here are setting me up to be killed."

Tommy Royce was killed while allegedly in protective custody, but the DOC refused to furnish documents to the *Phoenix* or even comment on his 1983 death. The *Phoenix* obtained certain internal DOC documents from a source on the condition that the names of inmates other than Royce be replaced by their initials. A September 19, 1982, report from the DOC Classification Board stated that an investigation into the attempt on Royce "led to the positive involvement of CF, DL, and WM [three inmates] in conspiring to stab Royce at chow time."

The report stated that Royce's "ratting on people" and his involvement in the prison drug trade were responsible for his planned demise by other inmates: "Apparently Royce was trying to move in on CF causing CF to get his 'gang' together and retaliate. It is also believed that this retaliation was influenced by some enemies in population. There is also rumored that Thomas's brother [also an inmate] had a contract out on him."

"His life was in danger," recalls Royce's widow, Susan. "I went to DOC to ask for protection." She also remembers going to the attorney general, the state police, and the FBI to plead that Royce be put in protective custody.

In December of 1981, according to the classification report, Royce was transferred to the Worcester County House of Corrections, "where he continued to bounce back between Worcester, Billerica, and MCI-Concord all for reasons of management problems, drugs and enemies." He was kicked out of the Middlesex County House of Corrections, in Billerica, after an "attempted sexual molestation of another inmate, and reliable information of his strong arming an older inmate's canteen."

Thomas Royce was "by no means a model inmate," wrote DOC federal, state, and county administrator Sheila

Mahony, in a November 4, 1982, memo to interstate supervisor Cynthia Morse. Royce had a serious drug problem. He had twice tried to hang himself and once attempted an overdose of Valium. He was in a state of terror, being held in the Walpole prison infirmary, seeking transfer to a federal facility. "Royce has an extremely serious enemy situation at MCI-Walpole," wrote Mahony. Royce's "enemies situation, our extreme levels of overcrowding, and the constant flow of inmates through the infirmary area, greatly reduce the administration's ability to provide for his safe-keeping."

Mahony arranged to have Royce transferred to the Connecticut State Penitentiary, in Somers. (Royce's classification report had recommended transfer either out of state or to a federal prison, "with more emphasis on a federal transfer due to the accessibility of the Federal system to move this inmate far enough so that his enemy problems will not follow him.") Mahony seemed to recognize this concern when she wrote, "Subject has no enemy situations with Massachusetts inmates currently housed at CCI-Somers."

Within two weeks, however, Mahony and the DOC recommended the transfer of inmates WM and DV to CCI-Somers. Royce trembled at the prospect that WM, who had already conspired once to kill him, would follow him to the very prison where Royce was being protected from him.

MCI-Walpole director of Classification Donal E. Murphy wrote to Sheila Mahony on November 15, 1982, "Please be advised that Thomas Royce who was recently transferred to CCI-Somers, expressed concern about being housed with inmates WM and DV, both of whom have been recommended for interstate transfer to Connecticut." Murphy continued, "The situation between CF and Royce is well documented and there is no need to re-describe it here. Suffice to say that should DV and WM be transferred to CCI-Somers, it will be necessary to monitor these three individuals closely."

Yet as WM and DV were being transferred to join Royce in Somers, Mahony wrote again, on November 22, to Cynthia Morse at interstate transfer, one week after receiving Murphy's warning, noting, "Officials at MCI-Walpole do not believe any specific enemy situation exists between Royce, DV, and WM, rather that the situation bears watching."

Three months later, on the morning of February 22, 1983, Thomas Royce left his cell and proceeded to the breakfast table.

Continued on page 25

SAMP KINISON



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A Tea Party
Concert.



MARK MORELLI
Uncritical press coverage

DON'T QUOTE ME

Taking 'advocates' at their word

BY MAUREEN DEZELL

(Editor's note: Mark Jurkowitz is on vacation and will return next week.)

When politicians, business people, public figures, and policymakers engage in political posturing, the press and the public pick them apart. We point out when and why their motives are suspect. We provide counterpoint to every argument they raise.

In practice, we hold to a lesser standard for "advocates" — people who devote themselves to causes like finding housing for the homeless or providing health care for the poor. Because their aims are admirable, because they work tirelessly for little money to see that society's powerless get at least a little of what they deserve, we don't scrutinize them much. We don't question some of the "facts" they present us. We repeat them, air them, and print them — even though they're sometimes exaggerated and sometimes just wrong.

We tend to assume that advocates — or people who call themselves advocates — are as noble as the causes they champion. Fortunately, many of them are. Others — like the three strong, vocal Boston City Hospital unions now posturing as champions of the poor — deserve a harder look than they've gotten.

Boston City Hospital (BCH) is running a debt this year of at least \$4 million. State budget problems and Governor Dukakis's cutback in spending on hospitals will probably at least double this deficit by the summer. Like all hospitals, BCH is grappling with rapidly rising labor costs, increasingly expensive technology, and an aging population for whom there are not enough nursing-home beds. The public hospital also has a parcel of problems of its own: a patient mix that's largely poor and minority; an AIDS case load that may soon be the largest in the city; and a crumbling physical plant.

BCH today is so dilapidated that it probably wouldn't pass hospital accreditation if it had to. Mayor Flynn, running counter to a national trend that has seen the closing of many municipal

hospitals, has decided to rebuild BCH. To rebuild, the city has to secure \$77 million in federal hospital financing. To get that financing, it has to have its financial accounts in order. If it's running a deficit, the hospital isn't going to get the federal money it needs. And if it doesn't get the federal money, BCH will cease to exist.

The Flynn administration can get those funds only if the new BCH is smaller and more streamlined than the present facility. That means hospital services are going to have to be consolidated and hospital staff cut. From the time it announced the rebuilding project, the city has said that a new BCH would mean some layoffs. The hospital unions — Service Employees International Union Local 285, American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees Local 1489, and the House Officers' Association — have been involved in planning for the least painful downsizing possible.

Earlier this month, the city released a study by its accounting firm, Coopers & Lybrand, saying federal financing for BCH was in jeopardy unless the hospital trimmed its budget soon. Boston Health and Hospitals Commissioner Judith Kurland announced there would be some bed consolidation, hiring freezes, and an attrition policy put in place immediately.

The unions went bonkers.

Although they have known that personnel cuts have been slated for BCH since the city decided to rebuild the hospital, in 1985, the unions now insist they can't be justified; they point to the increase in the AIDS epidemic and to the high infant-mortality rate among the population BCH serves as evidence that the status quo has to be maintained.

The hospital, the unions told reporters, is cutting essential personnel and services; it is jeopardizing patient care and, by implication, driving up the infant-mortality rate and doing less than it should to fight the AIDS epidemic. Many reporters reported and broadcast — uncritically — what the unions had to say.

The *Boston Globe*, on February 8, ran a front-page Metro-section story on BCH

Continued on page 25

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Titanics
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March 23

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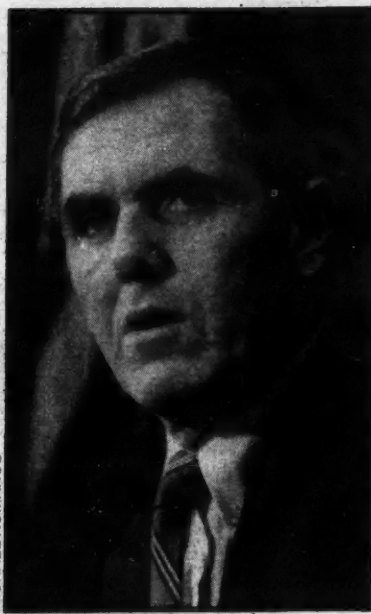
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Roache: not sweet 16s



Flynn supports his chief.

FURTHERMORE

Debunking Flynn's plan for 16-year-old 'adult' criminals

BY SEAN FLYNN

Trying to control crime is something like trying to fine-tune the economy. Police, courts, and prisons exert only uncertain and imprecise influence; changing them may effect levels of crime only marginally.

— David C. Anderson
Crimes of Justice

Bruce Wall found God when he was 18 years old. Before that, he was a punk.

Growing up in Roxbury, Wall dropped out of high school, stole cars, filled his head with glue fumes for kicks. People used to say, "You know that boy, someday someone's gonna find him all sliced up in the back seat of a car." Even Wall, a street kid, thought he would die young.

He didn't. He was pulled off the streets by a minister who cared enough to reach into the gutter, pull out the scraps, and try to put them back together. Now Wall is one of a handful of youth workers taking a message of salvation — in his case, Christian salvation — to the kids caught in the same vortex of destruction.

The moral to that story: people, especially young people, can change. They can be saved, they can be rehabilitated.

But Ray Flynn apparently has given up on that idea. Two weeks ago, he told reporters, in response to a question at an impromptu press conference, that he favors all 16-year-olds — kids just on the far side of puberty — "across the board" being tried as adults for any crimes they commit. In theory, that would mean a 16-year-old convicted of, say, stealing a car — something Bruce Wall did 24 years ago — would go to prison. Adult prison, like Cedar Junction or Norfolk or Concord, where they would mark time with the older, wiser, and harder criminal minds.

From a thuggishly simplistic point of view, that idea makes some sense. The way Ray Flynn figures things (actually, he said he was agreeing with an idea set out by Police Commissioner Francis "Mickey" Roache), the juvenile justice system isn't tough enough. To his thinking, if kids knew they could draw hard time for their crimes instead of a stern lecture, a lot of them would shape up and walk the straight and narrow.

But, again, that's the thuggishly simplistic way of looking at things. And the mayor shouldn't be a thug.

(Mayoral spokesman David Cortiella, calling at deadline, initially said the mayor didn't necessarily support all 16-year-olds being tried as adults; rather, he said, the mayor thinks 16-year-olds who commit "adult crimes" should be tried as adults — and that the definition of those crimes should be set by the legislature. However, the spokesman also said Flynn supports Roache's position, which, according to police spokesman James Jordan, is that all 16-year-olds should be tried in adult courts.)

It must be noted, of course, that when anyone talks about curbing youth crime

in 1989 they are speaking almost exclusively of the inner cities, the urban neighborhoods where drugs, guns, and gangs fuel a vicious spiral of violence. The reasons for that scourge, unfortunately, are complex and deeply rooted in history, weaving their way back through generations of neglect and oppression. Given that the hardest-hit areas tend to be the poorest, economics undoubtedly plays a part. Given, too, that the poorest areas are populated mostly by people of color, racism certainly is a major factor.

Likewise, if there is to be a solution, it perforce will be complex. So far, no one's even been able to find it, or at least no one's been able to put it into action. But it's a safe bet that throwing teenagers into the adult justice system isn't a good place to start. Indeed, it more likely would make things worse.

For starters, the mere fact that we have adults in prison testifies to the dismal reality that the threat of punishment can't even deter adults. Why, then, would one assume that a rebellious teenager, rife with the air of invincibility teens enjoy, would be any more deterred?

The *Globe* reported last week that a New York law, passed in 1978, to try 16-year-olds as adults has backfired — and for obvious reasons. Judges, it seems, tend to go easier on kids, preferring to give them probation or softer terms when they're tried in adult courts. The result, then, was that by taking kids out of the juvenile circuit, where they most likely would be detained in a youth facility and at least given a shot at rehabilitation, they were more likely to be put back on the streets by sympathetic judges.

That, of course, is natural. Despite all the "get tough" talk, no one really wants to put a kid in a hard-time lock-up. "Except in the most extreme circumstances," notes Emmett Folger, a street worker for 19 years, "I don't think people want to go back to having 16-year-olds in with 35-year-old murderers." He's right.

Besides, for those "extreme circumstances" — cases where kids are either so far gone or have committed incredibly heinous crimes — the state already has a system in place. Currently, kids as young as 14 can be tried in adult court, but only after a thorough hearing and examination process. Seventeen-year-olds are routinely tried as adults.

But even if trying 16-year-olds as adults did work in the short term — if it did take teenage criminals off the streets — there are serious questions as to whether it would work in the long run. Eventually, those 16-year-olds shipped off to prison — "a graduate school in the ways of crime," says the Reverend Graylan Ellis-Hagler, of Roxbury's Church of the United Community — are going to be released. At 16, they were shunted off by society, labeled misfits and undesirables, given several years to commiserate with other criminals, and

Continued on page 20

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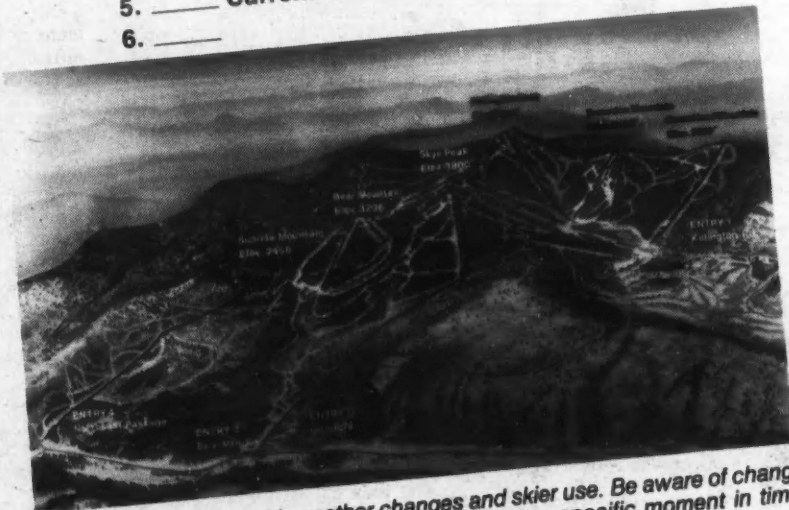
Depth of New Natural Snow 2" Skye Peak Rams Head
 Killington Peak Bear Mtn. Gondola
 Glades South Ridge Northeast Pass.

Machine Snow Made On Snowdon Snowshed Natural Snow Trails
Average Depth of Base 25-63" Snowmaking Trails 12-16"

Types of Surfaces	Powder	Packed Powder	Wet Snow	LOSS Granular	Frozen Granular	Frozen Granular Patches	Icy Patches	Thin Spots	Corn	Bare Spots	Limited	Closed
SNOWSHED NOVICE SLOPE		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>								
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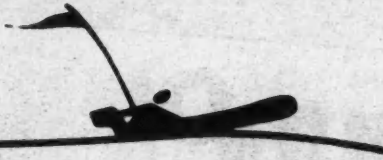
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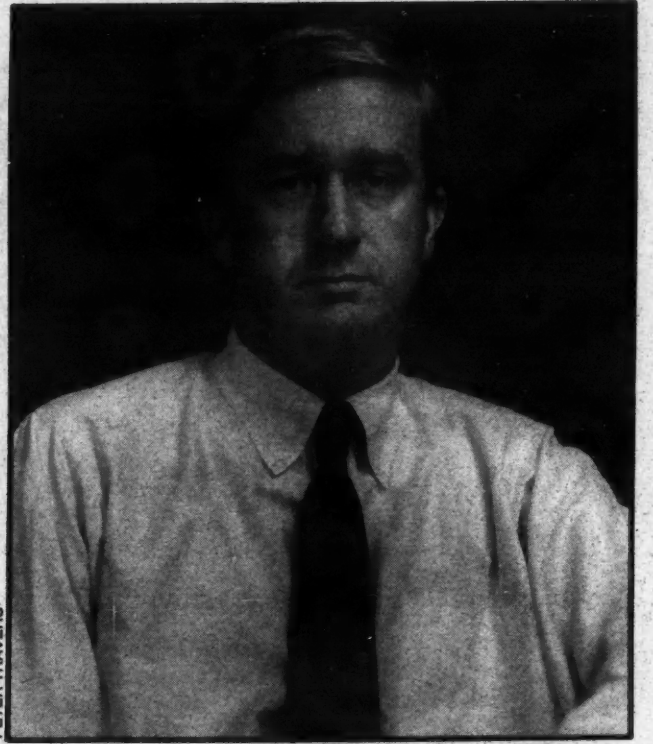
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Whither Weld?

The prosecutor as pol

by Francis J. Connolly



Weld: a hope and perhaps a GOP problem

On paper, it looks like a perfect fit. The Massachusetts Republican Party, after years of wandering through the electoral desert, sees itself on the outskirts of the Promised Land — but it remains a party in search of a topflight candidate. And Bill Weld, former crime-busting US attorney and the self-defined white knight of Ed Meese's Justice Department, looks and sounds an awful lot like a candidate in search of an office. As politics goes, this has all the makings of an ideal marriage.

Except, of course, that this is the Massachusetts Republican Party we're talking about here — a political operation that rarely lets a little thing like winning elections stand in the way of a good internecine bloodletting. And, despite the orgy of professed party unity that followed in the wake of George Bush's victory last November, and the high hopes generated by Governor Michael Dukakis's decision not to run for re-election in 1990, the simple fact remains that all the pieces are in place for yet another round of public head-butting by the Bay State GOP. One of the most important of those pieces is named William F. Weld.

Since resigning as head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division last April to protest the ethical vagaries of Meese's tenure as attorney general, Weld has done little to discourage speculation that he's got his sights set on elective office: preaching the gospel of party unity, pitching in to help raise money for the GOP state committee, and in general making the sort of cautious, candidate-like noises that so often precede a statewide campaign. And certainly, the sunburst of publicity that followed his resignation-on-principle last spring has automatically elevated Weld into the ranks of Republican front-runners for just about every major statewide office that will be on next year's ballot — governor, attorney general, and even US senator. But just what, if anything, is Weld really running for? The man's not saying, and that's what's making so much of the GOP establishment nervous.

Officially, of course, Weld isn't running for anything — yet. Even as he's been making the rounds of fundraisers and town-commit-

tee meetings, Weld has stuck to the stance of public reluctance that he first adopted after returning to Boston and becoming a partner in the prestigious law firm of Hale & Dorr. Last fall, Weld was coyly dismissive in discussing his chances of running for office: "I had 10 years in the private sector, followed by seven years in the public sector. So maybe to turn around and return to the public in two years might be a bit too soon." Still, the less-than-Shermanesque tone of that demurrals — coupled with Weld's appearance before a Lincoln Day GOP breakfast audience, during which he delivered what one observer described as "an awfully specific non-campaign campaign speech" — has convinced most Republican insiders that Weld is on the verge of making a run. They just haven't figured out which direction he'll be running.

Which is not to say that Weld won't benefit from a lot of free directional advice. For months now, a host of party officials and gray eminences have been chanting what amounts to the party's unofficial mantra: "Boy, wouldn't Bill Weld make a great attorney general." It's a suggestion that of course makes a lot of sense: with attorney general Jim Shannon widely considered vulnerable, at least in part because of his perceived reluctance to launch a state investigation into the 75 State Street affair, Weld — as a no-nonsense former prosecutor and a well-known ethical Eagle Scout — would be in a position to make a strong run at the AG's job. Throw in the fact that Weld ran for the office once before (in 1978, his underfunded and lightly regarded campaign was swamped by former attorney general Frank Bellotti) and you've got what looks like the perfect niche for Bill Weld.

That line of reasoning, at least, is what a lot of top Republicans are putting out. It's also a line of reasoning that ignores a couple of key facts: for starters, Weld has already wielded more power as US attorney in Boston and as chief of the Justice Department's Criminal Division than he ever would as attorney general; running for AG could easily seem a step down from those posts. And for seconds, Weld is easily the biggest name in state Republican circles these days — and why should the star player settle for a

Continued on page 16

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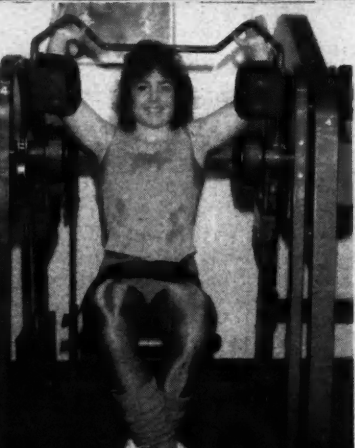
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Weld

Continued from page 14
 job that, in state terms, amounts to little more than third or fourth banana?

Not coincidentally, most of those top Republicans spouting the Weld-for-AG line have close ties to Andy Card, the deputy White House chief of staff who's harboring statewide ambitions of his own. A former state rep from Holbrook, Card is currently mulling over the decision to chuck his White House job and return home to run for governor — a dicey proposition, given Card's low name recognition, his absence from the state for the last six years, and the difficulty of putting together a statewide organization while he's still tending to the nation's business down in Washington. It's a proposition that would become infinitely more dicey if Card faced a Republican primary challenge from a well-known and highly respected media star like Weld.

Indeed, Card's chances in a primary against Weld would seem no better than 50/50. Despite expected heavy support from the White House and the likelihood of ample financial backing (star fundraiser Peter Senopoulos, recently signed on as the state party's finance chairman, is widely considered to be in Card's corner), Card would be hard-pressed to overcome Weld's considerable edge in name recognition and the reservoir of good will created by his public stand against Meese.

Granted, the latter attribute does not play so well with some Republicans: many in the Bush-Card camp consider Weld disloyal, believing that his public contretemps with Meese embarrassed Bush at a critical moment during the presidential campaign. Weld supporters counter, with at least some logic, that in helping to hasten Meese's departure from Washington, Weld actually helped get a 250-pound monkey off the GOP nominee's back. Whichever side you want to believe, the fact remains that in Massachusetts, the high-level Bush people are with Andy Card, and so on this issue — as on all others — they will say nice things about Bill Weld only at gunpoint.

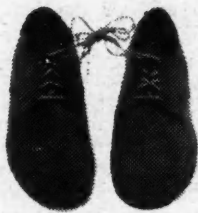
Given Card's potential weakness in a statewide primary, it should come as no surprise that party leaders are now floating the idea of dispensing with that unpleasant necessity next year. State committee chairman Ray Shamie, the one-time conservative maverick who has since made his peace with the Bush faction, has suggested that all potential candidates agree to abide by the results of the party's nominating convention, slated for March 1990: though the party is required by law to hold a primary election in September 1990, Shamie's idea is that every candidate would agree ahead of time not to enter the primary if he or she failed to win the convention endorsement. The putative advantage of such a scheme is that it would save the party's nominee the time and expense of a primary campaign, and allow him or her to conserve resources for the fall campaign against the Democrats. The idea's other notable feature is generally not discussed in public, but it is painfully obvious: Andy Card, with White House backing and with the able assistance of such skilled political technicians as his brother-in-law, GOP National Committeeman Ron Kaufman, would not find it too tough to control a convention of party activists. And that might just be the only way Card could control Bill Weld.

For the moment, the no-primary idea is only a suggestion, one that's unlikely to be adopted if both Weld and Card commit

Continued on page 20



*When Friend fell,
he called for Help.
But the only ones
there, were*



Ignorance,



Incompetence,

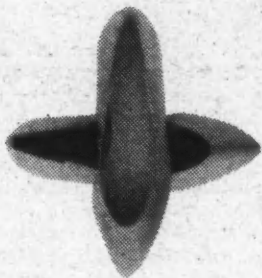


and Indifference.

*Friend called for
Help again,*



*but Confusion
came instead.*



*At last Help came,
and Help knew
what to do.
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are you Help?
If not,
learn Red Cross First Aid
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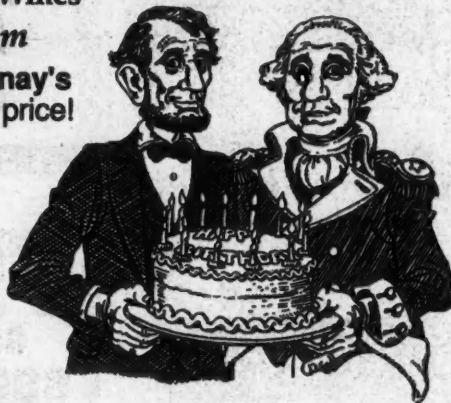
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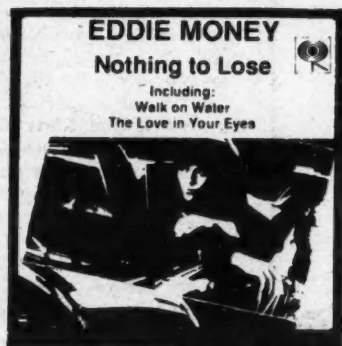


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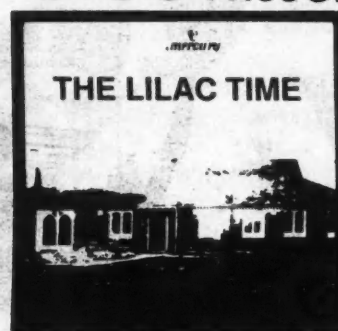
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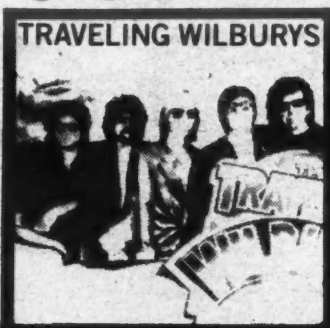
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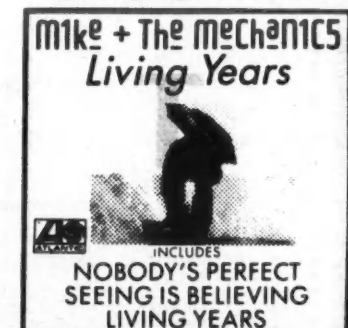
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Weld

Continued from page 16
themselves to running for the governorship in earnest. But it's a suggestion steeped in irony, at least so far as its author is concerned — for Ray Shamie would never have made his name in Republican politics if he had agreed to such a proposal five years ago. Back in 1984, with the nomination for US Senate on the line, the clear favorite of the party leaders and the old-time activists was former everything Elliot Richardson; Shamie would have stood no chance at all in a binding convention, and he in fact won the nomination only by running against the established party leadership with a well-financed, populist-conservative primary campaign.

There is a third option for Weld — one that would avoid a confrontation with Card, yet still allow him to run for an office more exalted than attorney general. And, on paper, it makes seeming sense for Weld to consider a run for the US Senate: incumbent John Kerry has spent only one term in Washington, he faced heavy criticism during his first couple of years in office for his publicity-grabbing ways, and his chairmanship of a Senate probe into alleged drug-running by the contra rebels has made him a favorite whipping boy of the New Right. In theory, Kerry should be vulnerable, and Weld would certainly seem the most likely Republican to take advantage of that vulnerability.

The problem for Weld, and for the state GOP, is that the theory just doesn't hold. Despite some early negative publicity, Kerry has generally spent a successful six years in Washington: he's won praise for his attention to constituency service and local issues, and — just as important — he's established close ties to the Democratic Party's big-money people, through his recent chairmanship of the party's Senatorial Campaign Committee. One Republican strategist confides privately that "Kerry's early [poll] numbers look an awful lot like Teddy Kennedy's. He's going to be awfully tough to beat, and the feeling within the party is that we're a lot better off concentrating on governor and a couple of other statewide offices. You really won't see much of a Senate race at all next year."

If that prediction holds true, Weld — who, according to associates, did not much enjoy the two years he spent living in Washington while with the Justice Department — certainly won't volunteer for a kamikaze raid on Kerry. And that fact is reflected in his recent public appearances: his speech to the Lincoln Day breakfast concentrated almost exclusively on state issues, particularly on the state's fiscal woes. Those aren't the sorts of things that a would-be US Senator would normally spend a lot of time chatting about.

Unfortunately for Andy Card, they aren't the sorts of things a would-be attorney general would usually want to talk about, either. □

Furthermore

Continued from page 12
then sent back to the same world that threw them out in the first place. Then what?

Yet despite all those practical considerations, Flynn's endorsement of such an idea is most troubling on a philosophical level. In essence, what the mayor really said on February 5 was "Let's lock up all those hoodlum punks." It's a catchy thought, one that reduces the crisis of youth crime into one feel-good, get-

Continued on page 25

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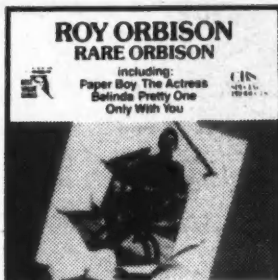
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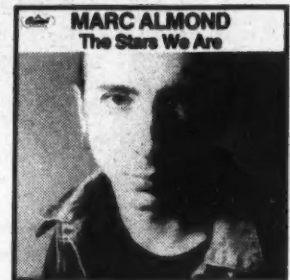
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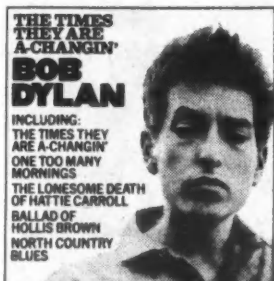
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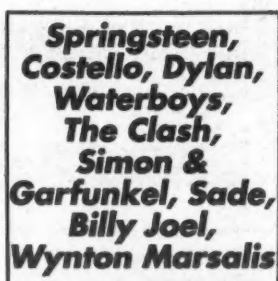
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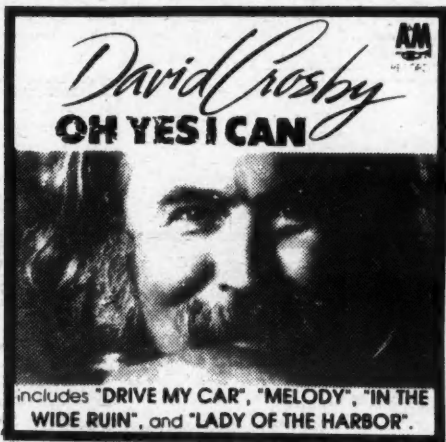


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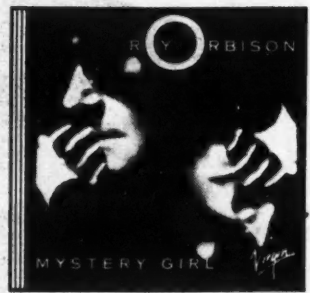
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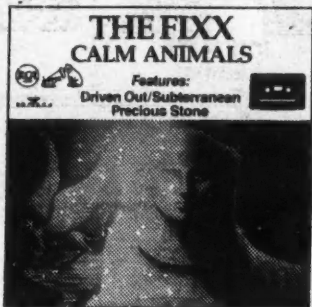
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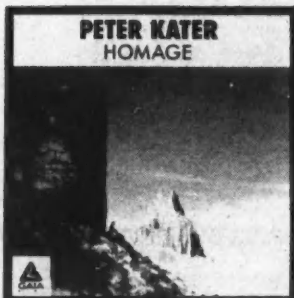
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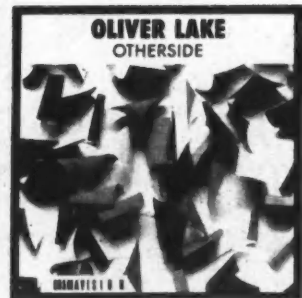
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Furthermore

Continued from page 20

tough nutshell without really addressing the problem. Worse still, with one poorly thought-out response, the city's helmsman would cast a whole legion of kids in trouble overboard. There are even critics who suggest Flynn, still building his national reputation, has been co-opted by the same "politics of fear" that George Bush flaunted in his drubbing of Michael Dukakis. "Black rapists on furlough will get you," Bush implied. "Black teens with guns are coming next," Flynn effectively said. But surely the Neighborhood Mayor must be aware of how deeply entrenched and tragically complicated Boston's social ills are. He must know that the school system in his city is a disgrace, that the courts in his city are already stuffed to the gills, that the police are overwhelmed. Surely he must know that the only version of the American Dream too many kids ever see is a warped nightmare of fast cash and flash that comes from hawking crack. Undoubtedly, he knows teenage criminals are more symptoms of a rotting social structure than they are the cause.

And surely he knows those are the things that need to be fixed — just as surely as he knows that locking up kids isn't the answer to anything.

"Once a kid is tracked into the adult system," says Bruce Wall, who also works as a clerk-magistrate in Boston Juvenile Court, "in my opinion, you've destroyed a life."

At 16, though, kids are still saveable — if the city and the community want badly enough to save them. But doing that will take time and money and serious commitment. It will require more effective and creative programs for juvenile criminals. It will take carefully coordinated and comprehensive outreach programs to reach kids before they get into trouble.

Most of all, it will take courageous and compassionate leadership, preferably from the man elected to lead the city. Cop-out clichés just won't cut it. □

Quote

Continued from page 10

employees' reactions to the city moves that included long quotes from union members charging the hospital was cutting obstetrical and gynecological services and claiming the hospital was "not a debtor" — that it had, in fact, put \$20 million a year in the city's coffers for the past four or five years.

The *Globe* didn't bother to solicit or print the city's or the hospital's response to the unions. If it had, readers might have realized that the "cuts" in gynecological/obstetrical beds amount to the hospital's moving eight of 17 beds from one floor to another. The reason the BCH administration decided to move eight, instead of 17, according to Kurland, is that the 17-bed unit has been running at 38 to 42 percent occupancy since July 1988, except on the two days following the announcement of the bed consolidation.

(At that point, hospital personnel admitted enough patients to bring the occupancy rate up to 90 percent. On that basis, the unions could tell the press the gynecological/obstetrical unit was running at more than 90 percent occupancy.)

The unions' assertion that BCH is not in debt and that it makes money for the city is simply not true, as union leadership, which has followed state health-care politics and policy closely, is well

aware. Nor is it true that the city has the money to keep BCH operating as it runs today.

BCH's revenues come from what the hospital collects for patient care, most of which is paid for by the state and the private sector. Approximately 26 percent of what the hospital takes in comes from Medicaid, the government insurer for the poor. Forty-four percent of BCH patients have no insurance, and the cost of their care is paid for by the state-administered bad-debt-and-free-care pool for the indigent, which is funded by employers who pay for health-insurance premiums and by the state.

The state has cut funds for both Medicaid and the pool significantly. Revenue from BCH's other sources of income — Medicare, Blue Cross/Blue Shield, and commercial insurers — is down as well. The city of Boston, as the union leaders know, has a limited tax base and very little cash to spend. It cannot raise taxes above what is allowed by Proposition 2½. And it, too, is facing a leveling in state aid.

Had reporters looked into BCH's operating budget a bit, they would have found out more: the hospital staff is incredibly bloated. BCH was a patronage dumping ground for years under Boston mayors John Collins and Kevin White. All but approximately 50 of its employees are protected by both a union and civil-service laws. Their salaries, for the most part, are as good or better than salaries at other hospitals. Their benefits are lavish by comparable standards.

All of that is costing a lot of money: BCH now employs 7.1 full-time employees per patient bed, as compared with a state-wide average of 3.25. Although the unions maintain that ratio reflects the fact that the hospital provides specialized care, Boston teaching hospitals, all highly specialized and extremely expensive institutions, average 5.5 full-time employees per patient bed. BCH operating costs per day run hundreds of dollars higher than costs at other hospitals.

There is a lot of room to cut personnel at Boston City Hospital without cutting essential services. The unions, in their campaign to keep the city from laying off the number of people it needs to cut to get the money to keep the hospital open, say they are protecting the patients. People believe them, in part because in the days of Mayors Collins and White, when City Hall would just as soon have seen the city's public hospital close, the hospital unions spoke up for what the poor who go to BCH needed.

Times have changed, though. The man in charge of City Hall is a staunch BCH supporter, and is doing more than any mayor since James Michael Curley to make sure Boston has a hospital for the poor. The unions aren't advocating in this case. What they're really doing is what unions are best at — protecting their jobs.

The poor patients who use BCH would be better served if more people knew that. It may be appealing for the press to lead with its heart in reporting uncritically the complaints of self-styled advocates. But it doesn't necessarily serve the public interest. And it certainly isn't good journalism. □

Convict

Continued from page 9

That same morning, a Connecticut inmate named George Truppi came out of his cell and made his way to the dining hall at CCI-Somers. Truppi was already serving a 30-to-60-year sentence for first-degree sexual assault, second-degree kidnapping, first-degree assault, and first-degree robbery for, among other crimes,

Continued on page 26

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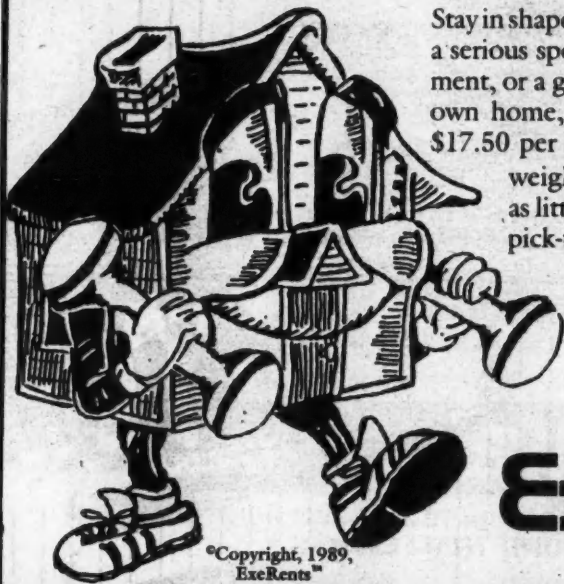
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Convict

Continued from page 25
 having stabbed a woman 11 times, according to Boston attorney Burton A. Nadler, who represents Susan Royce and the Royce estate.

And there, over prison breakfast, Thomas Royce died from multiple stab wounds, his blood and life streaming out of his 30-year-old body in full view of the inmates and the guards at CCI-Somers.

Officials at CCI-Somers conducted an investigation on that day. They interviewed every inmate who'd been present. Investigators reported that George Truppi, "when asked what happened to him, said, 'I don't know. What gets a guy up and out at six o'clock in the morning to take away someone else's life?'"

Truppi neither denied nor admitted the murder on that day, which had many eyewitnesses. "When asked . . . if he was sorry for killing inmate Royce, inmate Truppi replied, 'No.'" According to Nadler, other inmates relayed rumors of a bounty as high as \$5000 on Royce's life. Hey, what does get a guy up at six in the morning to take away someone else's life?

Royce's widow, Susan, is suing DOC commissioner Michael Fair, secretary of Human Services Phil Johnston, and their agencies on behalf of Royce's estate and his surviving son. Susan Royce told the *Phoenix* that she'd spoken with at least five DOC administrators during 1981, '82, and '83, including Sheila Mahony, pleading for a federal transfer to save her husband's life. Mahony, no longer with the department, could not be reached for comment. Susan Royce said she'd also appealed to DOC officials Frederick Butterworth, MCI-Walpole deputy Norman Carver (now superintendent at MCI-Concord), DOC head of investigations Linda Washburn, and Captain Kurt Wood, also a DOC investigator.

Captain Wood, when asked about inmate Thomas J. Royce, said, "I remember the inmate, I remember the name," but upon further questioning said, "You'll have to speak with public relations." Superintendent Carver's assistant referred all questions to DOC's press office. Linda Washburn did not return our calls. Butterworth and classification director Donal E. Murphy no longer work for the department and could not be reached.

DOC press czar, Deodato Arruda, declined to grant permission to any of the above individuals to speak with us. He refused to say whether Sheila Mahony's actions had been investigated, or to state the reasons Mahony and the DOC had transferred WM and DV to Somers. He also refused to locate Mahony for an interview. On the Royce case, Arruda claimed, "we have no record of a suit being filed against Michael Fair or Phil Johnston."

The state attorney general's office, however, acknowledged the existence of the lawsuit, of which the state received notice on November 30, 1984. Assistant Attorney General John O'Connor, who has been responsible for the Royce case for one month, says he has only a "rudimentary knowledge of the case: Royce was an inmate at Bridgewater State and Walpole. Supposedly he had real enemies within the system. Nobody wanted him in Massachusetts. He was an undesirable due to problems he was creating for himself."

When asked what defense the state had for transferring two known enemies of Royce to the same prison, one of whom was already known by the DOC to have conspired to stab Royce, O'Connor said, "Hold on a second." As he covered the tele-

Continued on page 28

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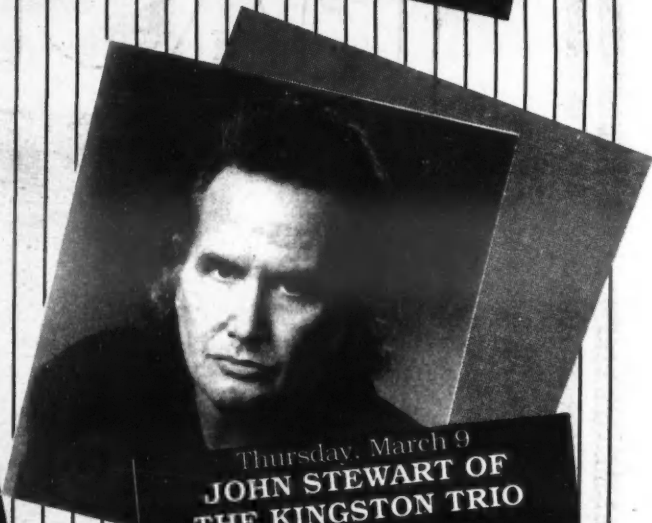
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Convict

Continued from page 26
phone receiver, he could be heard saying, "This is a guy from the Phoenix concerning the Royce case." He then returned to the phone and said, "I'm going to have to transfer you to the press office."

When asked if there was any evidence of a cover-up surrounding the circumstances of Royce's transfer and murder, Assistant Attorney General Apollo Catala, who had the case for four years prior to O'Connor, said, "I'm going to end this conversation," and hung up.

When asked for permission to interview attorneys O'Connor and Catala about the Royce case, Mary Breslauer, press officer for Attorney General James M. Shannon, said she would see if O'Connor

was available, but called back to say that the commonwealth would not be answering any questions about the case.

There are at least two sets of walls within the Massachusetts prison system: one to incarcerate 13,000 prisoners, the other to lock in the truth. The circle-the-wagons mentality of the DOC was plainly evident when spokesman Arruda mentioned that he had heard from each of the administrators the Phoenix had attempted to interview immediately after they had been contacted.

Attorney Nadler charges that both the DOC and state attorney general's office have employed obstructive delaying tactics and that when forced by court order to furnish documents, key pages have been missing. His paralegal, Jeanne M. Ponder, said, "There are tons of information to get yet."

"A son lost a father," declared Susan Royce. "I lost the man that I married. I don't want to see another family go through the agony and pain that my son and I have endured."

The question remains: if lawyers and newspapers have this much trouble getting answers from the DOC, what possible relief could an inmate with an eighth-grade education, or his family, have hoped for? At issue is not whether Tommy Royce was a nice guy. He wasn't. He was a fink to his fellow inmates and a pain in the ass to the administrators who sent WM and DV into CCI-Somers with the knowledge that they were known threats to Royce's safety.

Royce was sent to CCI-Somers allegedly under protective custody. When an inmate is transferred out of state, the DOC maintains legal jurisdiction, which means it retains custody

and control over the prisoner. (Today at least 28 state inmates are being held out of state.) The story of Tommy Royce is but one example of bureaucratic incompetence — or perhaps more intentional actions within the Massachusetts prison system.

"Our system is collapsing," Senator Patricia McGovern (D-Lawrence) recently announced. "We are on the brink of collapse." And the cause of our shame as the most overcrowded prison system in America, we are told by our governor, is resistance to new prisons by those "gutless wonders" in places like New Braintree. Yet the 490 residents of that central Massachusetts town have resisted a 500-bed prison for only three years, whereas the sardine can has been bursting for more than a decade. Michael S. Dukakis has been governor for 11 of the last 15 years. His sluggish and thuggish DOC presides over

a penal system that grows more primitive each day. The DOC confiscates homemade knives and sticks from the cells — all the while building a more menacing and massive time bomb on its own. □

Personally

Continued from page 3
uncommon in s.i.'s of recent years, but a precedent setter then.

An inadvertent one, at that, if Cheryl's to be believed.

"My breasts didn't even show through when the suit was dry," she told her interviewer, Curry Kirkpatrick. "But then I got soaked in there with the iguanas and..." Ah, the quirks of history.

Many of the cover girls were relative unknowns as models
Continued on page 32


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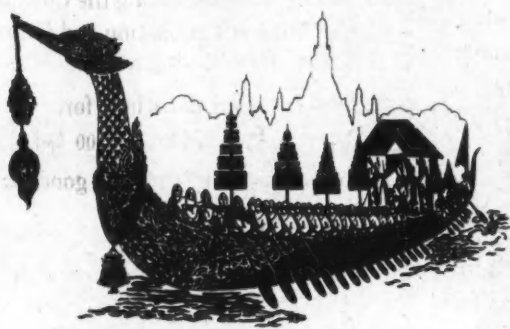
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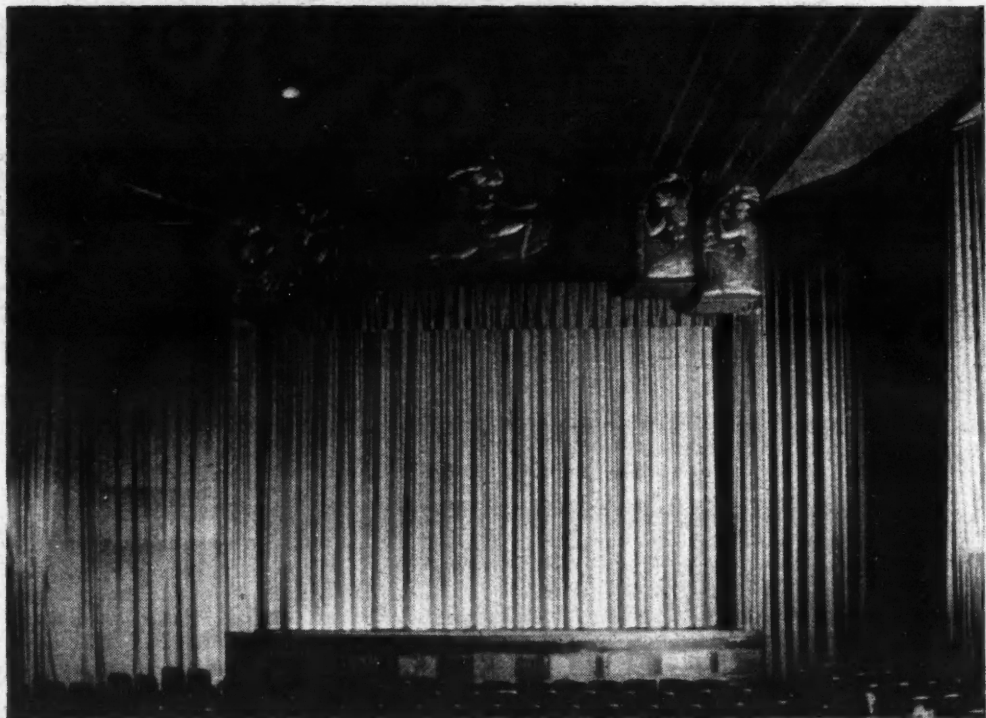
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The Coolidge Corner Theatre Foundation. Since that ruling, a dedicated volunteer group of professionals and concerned citizens, believing that the theatre can and should survive, has created the Coolidge Corner Theatre Foundation. We are confident that the theatre has the potential to become an invaluable cultural resource and economic asset to the Coolidge Corner area and the entire community. The Foundation has developed a strategy for rehabilitating the theatre as a non-profit, multi-functional theatre community cultural center.

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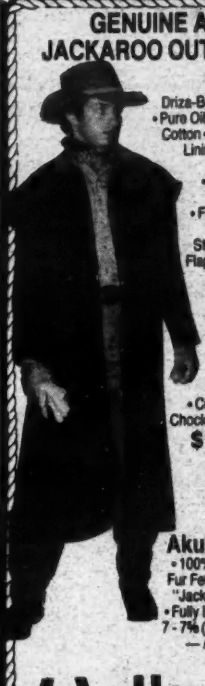
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Personally

Continued from page 28

when Jule Campbell chose them for the swimsuit display. This was primarily because they did not have the emaciated builds most popular among the high-fashion set, though some of their faces, like Tiegs's, were hot items. Campbell's "rounder" trend eventually became the ideal, and the cover girls of the past 10 years have all become superstars, with Paulina, for instance, earning a reported \$6 million a year from one contract with Estee Lauder alone.

Most of the older ones have retired to healthy, wealthy obscurity, generally practicing Supermom, though one works in a bakery and another is an interior decorator. The very first *SI* s.i. cover girl, Babette March, used to be a farmer, and now paints animals on clothes for a living and still can't figure out what all the fuss over her white bikini was about.

This year's special anniversary issue, the first stand-alone swimsuits-only, with no pretensions to wrapping the feature into either travelogues or discussions of the Road to the Final Four, contains mini-profiles of the 19 women who've been on past covers. (Tiegs, Brinkley, and Macpherson were each on three times, Porizkova twice, and the '76 cover pictured twins, which adds up to 25, for them that's counting.) Although hardly rife with critical thought, these interviews are fun reading, and the one with Paulina is the best. ("When asked if modeling is important, Paulina says, 'Oh, definitely. That and brain surgery. By spotlighting modeling, we are doing enormous things for world peace.'" "Money ... gives me the freedom to wait for a good movie part. I don't have to do *Sluts in Space*!")

There are also two tangy pieces by Frank Deford about the history of the *SI* s.i. and behind-the-scenes mechanics and anecdotes. Deford, who graces any subject he chooses, melds gentle mockery ("A tradition! The American Dream, magazine division: from moral outrage to hallowed tradition in only one generation.") with nods to modernity ("Says Billie Jean King, 'Women should ... start screaming that *Sports Illustrated* doesn't carry enough women's sports. That's what's important. That's what's sexist.'").

There's also a bow to the old-time "travel filler," which is a long, dumb piece about Mexico, with recipes for sautéed grasshoppers and more photos of animals than of bathing suits, and a sophomoric column by the *Globe's* Leigh Montville, illustrated with cartoons, for God's sake, which is more than it deserves.

The issue opens with a lively history of the bathing suit, including the story of how Annette Kellerman attained immortality by getting arrested for indecent exposure on Revere Beach in 1907.

Lastly, there is a comer. She is not the cover, Kathy Ireland; Ireland doesn't rate high, according to my unscientific, but not unreliable, personal poll.

The comer is a back-of-the-book beauty, Stephanie Seymour.

As my 21-year-old son put it after "reading" the issue: "She's got some nice bathing suits." □

Spurious

Continued from page 2

spent his life trying to escape from his Bombay childhood and overbearing father. Once on the ground, the two men find themselves oddly transformed; a pale, golden light emanates from Gibreel, while Saladin discovers

himself turning into a hairy, fire-breathing, horned goat-man."

As in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, the alleged blasphemy concerns a dream sequence. In *The Satanic Verses*, Gibreel suffers from strange dreams: of Mahound, a businessman turned prophet (assumed by the book's critics to be Mohammed) who inspires a "great religion," and of a grim-faced religious bigot called the Imam (assumed by Khomeini to be himself), who lives in a rented flat in Kensington. In one chapter, "Return to Jahilia," particularly disturbing to the devout, Rushdie casts prophet Mahound's 12 wives as prostitutes in a brothel.

For his part, Rushdie denies that Mahound is Mohammed. In a spirited open letter to Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, whose finance minister banned the book without reading it, he denied that the book is even about Islam. The chapters in question, he wrote, deal "with a prophet — who is not called Mohammed — living in a highly fantastical city made of sand (it dissolves when water falls on it)."

Rushdie continues, "He is surrounded by fictional followers, one of whom happens to bear my own first name. Moreover, this entire sequence happens in a dream, the fictional dream of a fictional character, an Indian movie star, and one who is losing his mind, at that. How much further from history could one get?"

Unfortunately for Rushdie's credibility on this point, he is known to enjoy a good joke. As a student at Cambridge, he was a member of Footlights, a theatrical club that has hatched some of Britain's funniest writers, including a couple of Pythons (Monty) and Douglas Adams, author of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

Moreover, Rushdie's third novel, *Shame*, published by Knopf in 1983 (and still banned in Pakistan), features two thinly disguised characters, a general and a politician, widely believed to be Ali Bhutto (the deposed and executed Pakistani leader) and Mohammad Zia ul-Haq (the late president of Pakistan, who was implicated in Bhutto's death). Rushdie still denies that this "saga of sexual rivalry, ambition, power, patronage, betrayal, death, and revenge, set in a country which is not Pakistan, or not quite" is a roman à clef, though Benazir Bhutto, Ali's daughter and recently elected prime minister of Pakistan, might disagree.

Rushdie is certainly correct when he says that *The Satanic Verses* is not to be read as history. (In the secular world some would argue that neither are accounts of the life of the prophet Mohammed, or of the lives of Christ or Moses, to be strictly ecumenical.) Unfortunately for Rushdie, and to a lesser extent for me, the ayatollah doesn't seem to agree.

I, as someone who eschews martyrdom and certainly does not envision suffering it alone, can only trust that if the faithful decide to unleash their wrath on me for obvious and admitted sins, they will apply the imam's law broadly and make my publisher (and the rest of the infidels at this bastion of secular humanism) history as well.

Although Rushdie's book tour has been canceled, he will probably make the rounds of the chat shows eventually. When he does, I would love to talk with him about the eerie parallels between his fictional characters' dissolute behavior and the life of John Tower's evil twin, Bubba.

Strange is the world in which the publication of a novel sets off murderous rioting, while in real life an allegedly dissolute pal and employee of the defense industry inches inexorably toward control of the Pentagon and sets off not even a peaceful march in Washington. □

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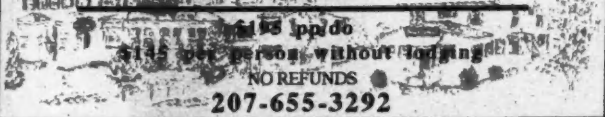
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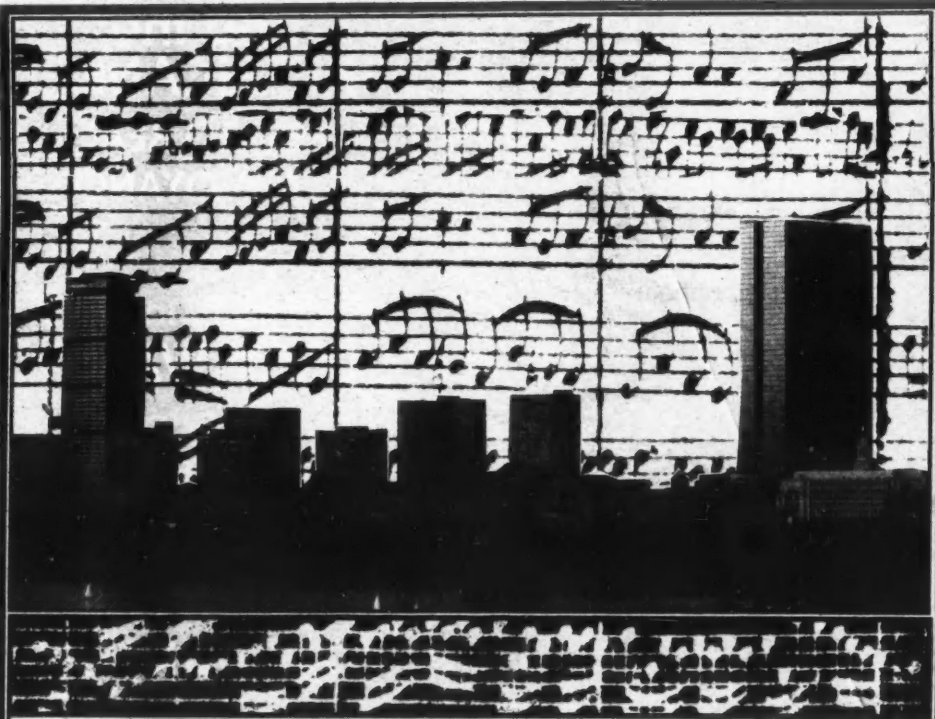
Bill Marx surveys the career of German novelist Peter Handke and finds his prose can sometimes be "a throbbing headache in the landscape of the mind."

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Reform

Continued from page 7

reform as a Dukakis imperative. The consensus style he and chief of staff John Sasso had enshrined as their governing ideal simply wouldn't allow it, for in the natural tension between consensus and reform, there can only be one winner.

Consensus has, as its prerequisites, the give and take of compromise and acceptability. Those qualities alone would mean that few of the governor's initiatives would represent a dramatic break with the past. But most of all, consensus is predicated on collegiality and cordiality. And those two qualities are the sworn enemies of reform.

Thus, choosing his new approach meant forswearing his old, and Dukakis did just that. He would rather suffer the Convention Center Authority than sacrifice Bulger's goodwill. And so, as part of the newly inaugurated era of good feeling, Bill Bulger went on an all-day retreat with the new governor and his new cabinet, and Fran Joyce's ancien-regime fiefdom survived unscathed.

With those early decisions, Dukakis set a pattern that hasn't changed. The initial step may have been small, but the gap between this governor and his former incarnation is now immense. As Aristotle pointed out, over time every governmental system tends toward its natural decay. Consensus is no different, and consensus corrupted becomes cronyism. Which is the point at which Mike Dukakis has now arrived.

Back in 1974, it would have been hard to imagine Mike Dukakis including Bob Crane, rogue personified of the old-boy patronage network, in the warmth of his Democratic Unity embrace. Yet that's exactly what happened in 1986.

It would have been equally hard to imagine a first-term Mike Dukakis peevishly fouling off Chris Lydon's questions on possible corruption in the 75 State Street controversy, but in his January 12 interview on *The Ten O'Clock News*, Dukakis might as well have been Bulger's spokesman. "Chris, I'm sorry. I don't know of any allegations that the Senate president's engaged in wrongdoing," Dukakis said, before resorting to a churlish "Christopher, Christopher, Christopher, Christopher, come on, come on."

Two weeks later, with new revelations heightening the public and press pressure for an investigation of the tangled 75 State Street affair, Dukakis hid behind Attorney General Jim Shannon and stubbornly refused to come out. "If there is new information which comes to his attention, it should be evaluated, and I'm confident he [Shannon] will do so" was all the governor would say to reporters who wanted to know if he thought a renewed investigation was warranted. The governor who had always said that public officials should lead by example had taken his cue from the '50s-era air-raid drills: duck and cover.

It was a low profile in courage. But the sad fact of the matter is that Mike Dukakis is no longer his own man. Five years of truckling to consensus has dulled his sense of outrage and bowed his backbone. His 18-month presidential campaign, dependent as it was on maintaining the charade of the "Miracle of Massachusetts" back home, mortgaged what was left of his independence.

Simply put, Mike Dukakis owes Bill Bulger. At Dukakis's behest, the Senate president bent the rules to the breaking point so that Dukakis could drape a "balanced" budget along with

the patriotic bunting in Atlanta.

Now, as a lame duck, the governor's power is ebbing, even as his budgetary problems increase. If his reputation is to survive, the Senate must grit its teeth and raise the revenues necessary to keep his legacy afloat. That means that Dukakis needs Bulger's help every bit as much as Bulger needs the governor's tacit support. A favor owed, a favor granted. A gentlemen's understanding. It's the spirit of old-boy politics, from a governor who has become the newest old boy. To paraphrase Huntington, the reformer of one era has become part of the vested interest of the next.

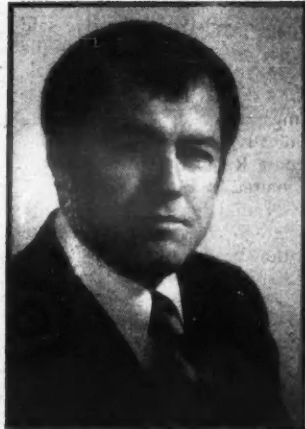
Reform dies when reformers decide their own political interests outweigh the cause of good government. Mike Dukakis has arrived at that point. Indeed, he arrived there some time ago. It's only the recognition of that fact that has come more slowly. □

Usury

Continued from page 7

Phoenix last week said that the interest payment Bulger claimed to have made was unusually high. The experts, who asked that their names not be used, agreed that, if Bulger paid compound interest — that is, if the interest was recomputed daily on the principal and previously earned interest in Bulger's possession — the amount Bulger paid on the loan would reflect a rate of interest of more than 25 percent annually. They said that if Bulger paid simple interest, his payment would seem to reflect a rate of more than 28 percent.

Under the state's "criminal usury" statute, designed to protect borrowers from unscrupulous lenders, interest rates of higher than 20 percent are barred unless



Finnerty: murky dealings

the lender has filed notification of intention to charge higher interest with the attorney general. After filing such notification, which remains in force for two years, lenders are required to keep records of such high-interest loans; the records may be reviewed by state law-enforcement agencies.

The usury statute carries penalties of up to 10 years in prison or a \$10,000 fine, or both, for people providing loans at more than 20 percent, and up to two and a half years in prison or a \$5,000 fine, or both, for any person who knowingly possesses records of such a loan.

No notification of intent to charge more than 20 percent interest was filed by either Finnerty or the St. Botolph trust for the years 1983, 1984, or 1985, according to Mary Breslauer, a spokesperson for the attorney general.

The discovery that the interest payment, as Finnerty and Bulger have described it, may have violated the state usury law follows the publication of other information that has called into question Bulger's and Finnerty's explanations of their 1985 transactions.

It was revealed last month that the first \$13,932 Finnerty paid out of the St. Botolph trust was used to make down payments on two shares in a cable-television limited partnership for Finnerty and Bulger, indicating that they have more than \$240,000 worth of transactions to account for.

Moreover, Bulger has not yet offered any explanation why he chose to borrow the money from Finnerty — instead of a bank or other lending institution — and at such a high rate of interest. At the time Bulger has said he asked Finnerty for the money — not knowing, he has said, about Finnerty's lucrative dealings with Brown — Finnerty had recently filed papers in his divorce proceedings indicating a net worth that would appear to total less than the amount Bulger says he asked to borrow. Bulger apparently also invested the money in a mutual fund that paid less interest than the Senate president ultimately appears to have paid Finnerty.

Other published reports have cast doubt on Bulger's claim that he was not a beneficiary of the St. Botolph trust, into whose bank account Brown's money was deposited. If Bulger was a beneficiary — as Brown tried to prove in his counterclaim filings — Finnerty's depositing Brown's \$500,000 there would seem to constitute a split of the money.

In one report, on Channel 2's *Ten O'Clock News*, it was revealed that Bulger's Social Security number appeared along with Finnerty's on the deposit slip used to place the \$500,000 in the St. Botolph account. Moreover, the St. Botolph trust paid for \$30,000 of the back taxes Finnerty and Bulger owed jointly on a piece of property they had bought together in Dorchester.

Senator Barrett, in an interview with the *Phoenix*, said he had not finished drafting his two special orders calling for a review of the State Street matter and of the Senate's code of ethics. He said he had not decided when to file the orders with the Senate Clerk. Barrett said that after such a filing, the orders would automatically be referred to the Senate Rules Committee, which is chaired by Bulger.

"Ultimately, somebody in the Senate has to evaluate any information bearing on the fitness of one of its members to serve," said Barrett. "What's at stake here is a good feeling about elected officials. I think the idea of holding public office has just taken another round of beatings."

Barrett said that under the orders he would offer, any ethics panel would be charged with a broad review of the rules governing senators' public and private transactions. "The question is, are public officials enriching themselves by mixing their public and private roles?" said Barrett. "The goal is to avoid even an appearance of impropriety. That's a tall order."

According to Barrett, even the adoption of the House of Representatives' rules of conduct would be an improvement for the Senate, whose list of ethical rules is far shorter and less detailed.

Barrett said he did not favor calling on a Senate ethics panel to launch a full-scale investigation of the State Street affair. Rather, he said, the panel should await findings by the US Attorney's Office, which is now conducting a review of the matter. The counsel hired by the panel, he said, should "not [be] investigatory. I'd rather have an expert on ethics."

Barrett said he had drawn no conclusions about the State Street affair, but favored a review of broad ethical issues regardless of the result of an investigation into the matter. "I have personal faith that the Senate president is going to come out of this looking good," Barrett said. "But other issues will remain." □

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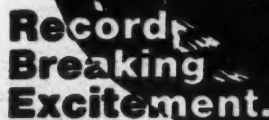
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INSIDE: A SHORT STORY BY ANDRE DUBUS

LIFESTYLE

BOSTON

THE BOSTON PHOENIX, SECTION TWO, FEBRUARY 17, 1989

FOOD AS ENEMY

The anatomy of an eating disorder

by Caroline Knapp

From the summer of 1982 through the winter of 1985, I ate the same thing almost every day: a plain sesame

bagel for breakfast, a Dannon coffee-flavored yogurt for lunch, an apple and a one-inch cube of cheddar cheese for dinner.

Nothing more.

Once in a while — with long, painful deliberation — I varied the diet. I'd substitute 10 Wheat Thins for half the apple at night, or I'd have a vanilla yogurt for lunch instead of a coffee one. On even rarer occasions, I had a bad day: those happened if I became overwhelmed by longing.

Continued on page 4

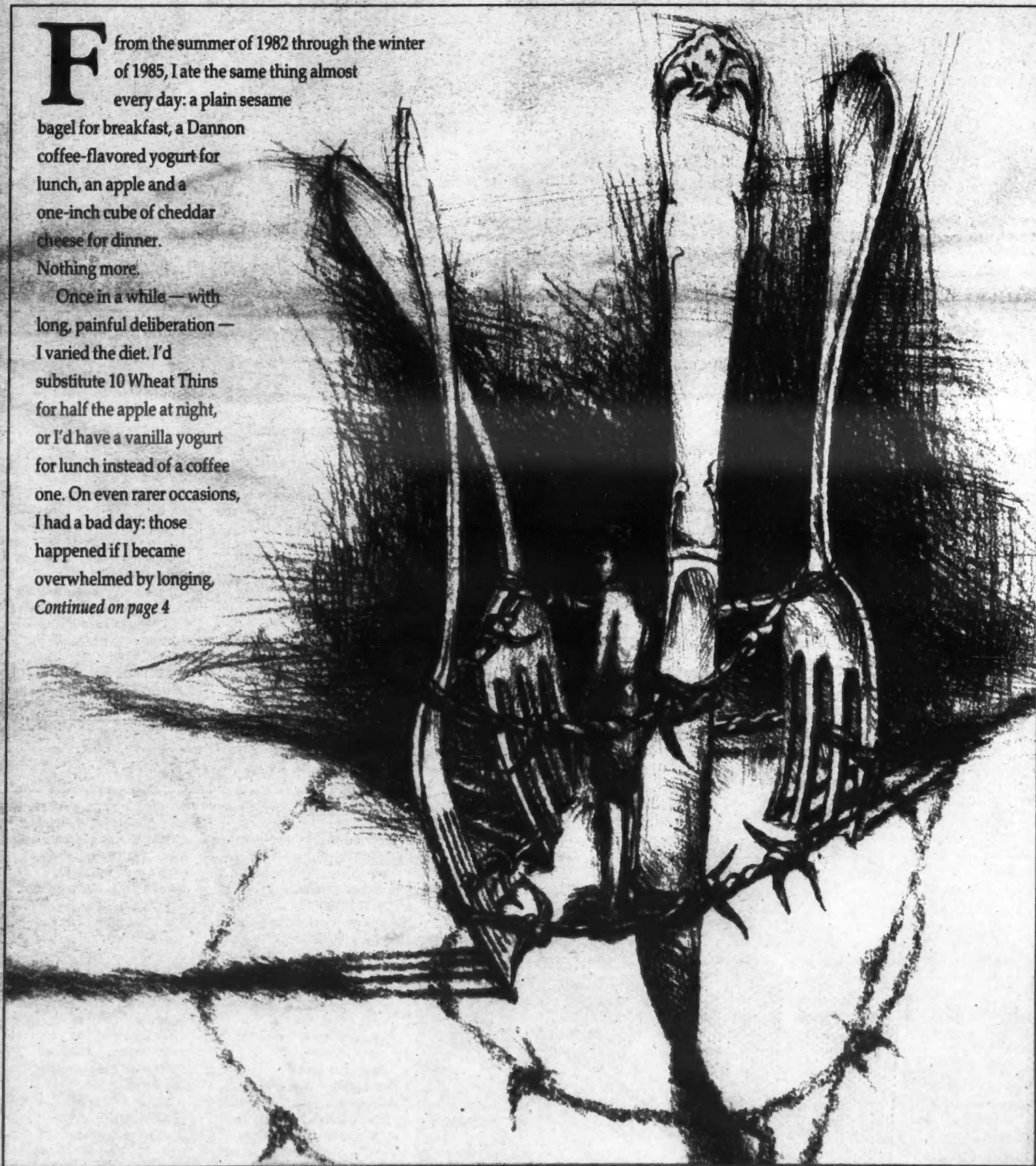
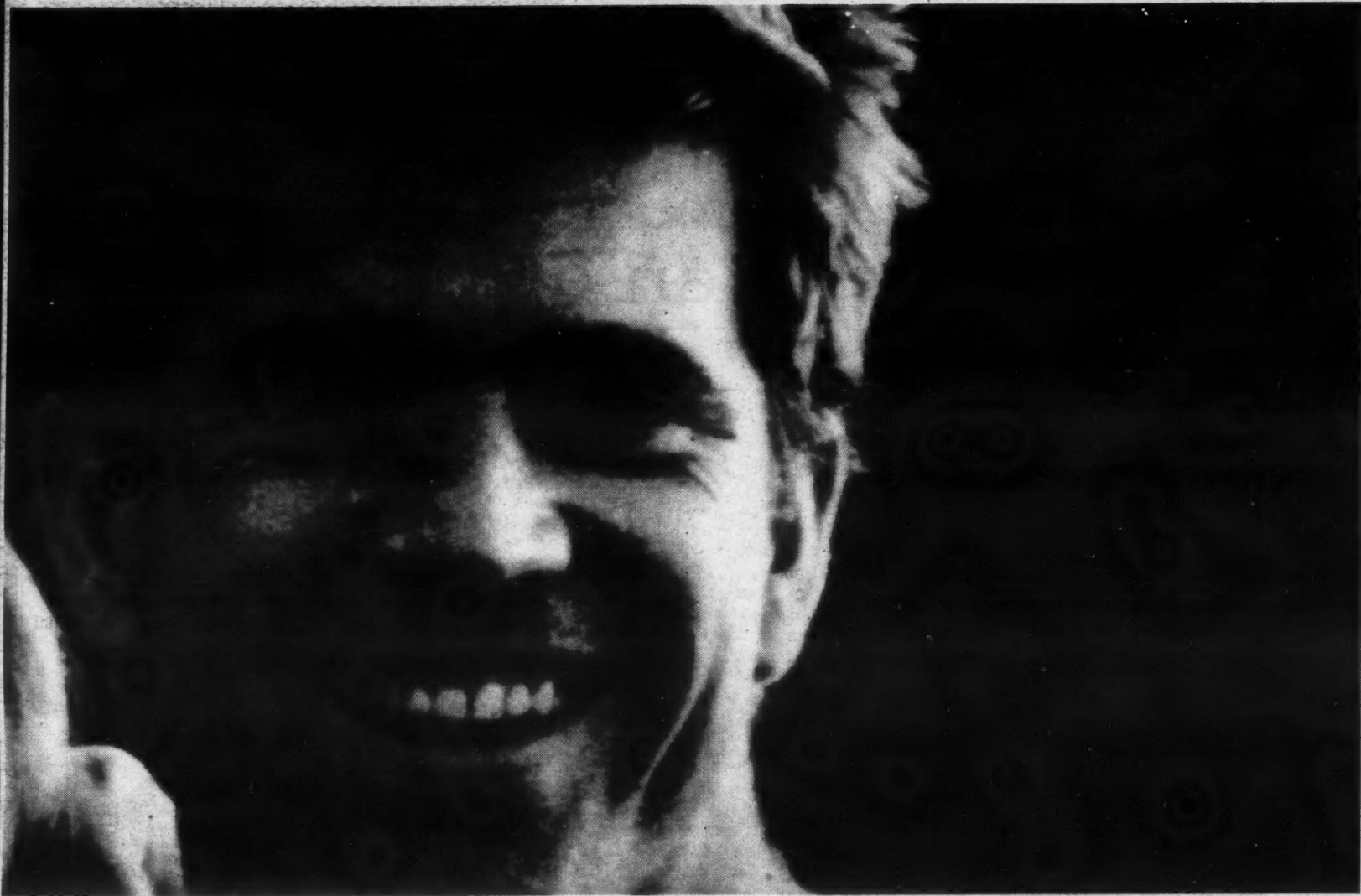


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U · R · B · A · N



FOR GIBSON GIRLS

For 25 years, the girlfriends, wives, mothers, sisters, and co-workers of America's men have contented themselves to roll back their eyes, shake their heads, and bear out the inanity of *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit week. But with the advent of the "SI 25th Anniversary Swimsuit Video" (airing on HBO tomorrow, Monday, and Wednesday; \$19.99 in stores), it's time we put up an active

resistance. I'm not talking withholding favors, here (can't see how that helps us any); I'm talking Mel Gibson orgies. Here's the plan. Rent every Mel movie that you can find on tape: *Summer City*, *Attack Force Z*, *Tim*, *Mad Max*, *Gallipoli*, *The Road Warrior*, *The Year of Living Dangerously*, *Mrs. Soffel*, *The Bounty*, *The River*, *Beyond Thunderdome*, and *Lethal*

Weapon. Invite over all the rabid Mel fans you know (translation: all of your female friends, relatives, and co-workers). Make popcorn. Pour whiskey. Begin. Lest your 18-hour Mel fest lack all redeeming social value, try to pursue an aesthete's course throughout. Keep an eye on your VCR's tape meter, and note the precise location of all loudly appreciated camera work (the split-second, full-frame still of Guy Hamilton's eyes 15 minutes into *The Year of Living Dangerously*; the beach

segment 89 minutes into *Gallipoli* when Mel strips down and goes for a swim, the climax of George Miller's opening *Mad Max* montage when Max removes his aviator shades and licks his lips.) At the conclusion of your screening, sort the all-time-best Mel moments into categories — Mel's eyes, Mel's biceps, Mel's tush, Mel's hands, Mel in bed, Mel grinning and looking bashful — and tape these, in whatever sequence you deem appropriate, onto a blank cassette. (For directions on

taping from one cassette to another, see your VCR's instruction manual.) For about the same price as the *Sports Illustrated* video (figure 12 rentals at \$2 apiece, plus \$5 for a blank tape) we women can thus have a token to our basest tendencies — and we retain artistic control. In deciding where in your home-video library to shelve your *Mel Moments* tape, keep in mind that HBO bills the *SI* swimsuit production as a documentary. Honest. Feel entitled to file your tape under "overdue comeuppance."



Bob Critchley, sheepskin kingpin

AUTO BAAAH

Of all the uses to which Bob Critchley puts his lush, imported sheepskin — custom seat covers for cars, steering-wheel covers, seatbelt covers (soft on pregnant women and kind to expensive clothing), ear muffs, hats, mittens, coats, slippers, baby booties, pillows, "wooly balls" (for infants and pets to bat around), bike-seat covers, bedspreads, dustmops, and more — the simplest construction, the \$10 sheepskin "shoe saver," is the most profound. The shoe saver, a rectangular cushion of sheepskin with a Velcro strip across its underside, protects the backs of drivers' right shoes from the wear and tear of acceleration and braking. It attaches to the driver's-side

floor of your car, just behind the pedals, providing a far gentler resting place for pumps and wingtips than the scratchy, gritty, factory-standard mat. All together, now, commuters: "Why didn't someone think of this sooner?" The Shearing Shed, Critchley's workshop and store, is the only place in town to buy this godsend. Critchley also carries Babycare lambskin bedding from New Zealand; stock up for spring's round of baby showers, and solve another of life's nagging problems. The Shearing Shed, at 395 Washington Street in Brookline, is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Saturday. The phone number is 232-3515.

E · Y · E

by Becky Batcha

YO, TANGELO

Oranges come in about as many shapes and personalities as automobiles do. Sunkist navels are like Ford Fairmonts: plump, reliable, a little bland — no seeds, but no real zest either. Clementines are like Volkswagens: small and round, with a mellow, comforting sweetness. Tangelos are the Trans Ams: fat and flashy with their nipple-top, with a crass, bracing tartness. Every variety pleases in its own way, but for six weeks every winter an orange appears that makes all the others look like lemons: the Florida Mineola.

"Mineolas are the Rolls-Royces of oranges," says Richard Comeau, the orange expert at Kay's Market in Watertown. "You have to eat them with a napkin they're so juicy. And sweet — other oranges don't compare."

Mineolas aren't much to look at — medium-sized, with mottled skin and a deflated tangelo-like nipple — but surface beauty doesn't count for squat in the fruit world (just look at Red Delicious apples). So don't go through a bin looking for a Mineola with the closest thing to airbrushed skin. Heft it up in your hand and feel its weight; the heavier the orange per cubic inch, the more juice it will have. The more juice, the more flavor. And an especially flavorful Mineola is the apotheosis of all fruit.

If you're skeptical, Comeau and his partner Kirk will be more than happy to give you an introductory lecture on fruit selection. And even if you're an expert, Kay's is worth a visit. In the heart of Watertown's Armenian neighborhood, this place

would do any European fruit and vegetable market proud: with overflowing bins of green, orange, purple, and red in every possible organic configuration, bickering, long-fingered old ladies who always squeeze before buying, and Middle Eastern spices and cheeses that give the air an exotic potency.

Browse all you want, but don't forget the cartload of Mineolas on the left side of the store. Florida Mineolas will only be around one more week, before their lesser Californian cousins (California Mineolas) replace them.

Kay's Market, at 594 Mount Auburn Street in Watertown, is open Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. and Saturday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The phone number is 923-0523.

— Burkhard Bilger

THE STRAIGHT DOPE®

by Cecil Adams

The other day one of my professors asked why moths were attracted to light. Someone thought it might be because they thought it was the moon. But even granting that moths might not be bright enough to tell a porch light and a celestial body apart, why should they be interested in the moon? Please, Cecil, this may be worth extra credit to me.

Shannon, Montreal

Always glad to help Straight Dopesters with their homework, ma petite. In fact, considering the number of requests I get, I'm thinking of opening Cecil's Grade-A Term Paper Research Service. Rate: \$100 the page. Sure, it's a little steep, but hey, you want to get into med school or don't you?

For many years it was thought the moon did have something to do with the attraction of moths to light. The so-called light-compass theory held that moths used the moon as a navigational beacon. By keeping it at a constant angle to their direction of travel, they were supposedly able to fly in a straight line. The trouble came when they made their sightings from a close-up light source like a candle flame. Instead of heading in a straight



line, they flew around the flame in an ever-narrowing spiral until finally, phhhht, moth flambé.

But this theory had more holes in it than a moth-eaten sweater. The main problem was that moths simply don't fly around lights in spirals. This was shown by the ingenious bug researcher Henry Hsiao. He tethered moths to little styrofoam boats in a tiny artificial pond — I love guys like this — and tracked their flight as they headed toward a light source. He found the moths flew more or less straight at the light until they got up close, at which point they veered off and circled around it at a more or less constant distance. They seldom actually touched the light.

A number of other theories have also been discredited. Some claim that, to the moth, bright lights mean open space and open space means safety. But moths are nocturnal, and the night sky has no light sources anywhere near as bright as a porch light. Besides, why should the moth feel compelled to fly around the light in circles? Others argue that moths associate light with warmth. Yet ultraviolet lamps, which are much cooler than incandescent bulbs, attract more moths.

Henry Hsiao to the rescue. He said moths exhibit two kinds of behavior. When they're distant from a light source (they're drawn to light from as far as 200 feet away), they make a beeline straight toward it. Why, nobody knows. When they get close, however, a different kind of behavior takes over. Instead of being attracted to the light, the moth is actually trying to avoid the light. When you think about it, this is only natural, since to a creature of the night like a moth, daylight and by extension any bright light means danger.

The moth doesn't fly directly away from the light due to a peculiarity of vision called a Mach band. A Mach band, which apparently is common to all sighted creatures, is the region surrounding a bright light that seems darker than any other part of the sky. Hsiao conjectures that the moth's atom-sized brain figures the darkest part of the sky is safest. Thus it circles around the light (usually at a radius of about one foot, depending on the species) until either its momentum carries it away or it finds a dark corner to hole up in.

In short, moths like some light, but not too much. Call it the "bright porch lights, big city effect": you may want to be where the action is, but you don't necessarily want to live above a singles bar.

Is there anything you need to get straight? Cecil Adams can deliver the Straight Dope on any topic. Write Cecil Adams, the Boston Phoenix, 126 Brookline Avenue, Boston 02215.

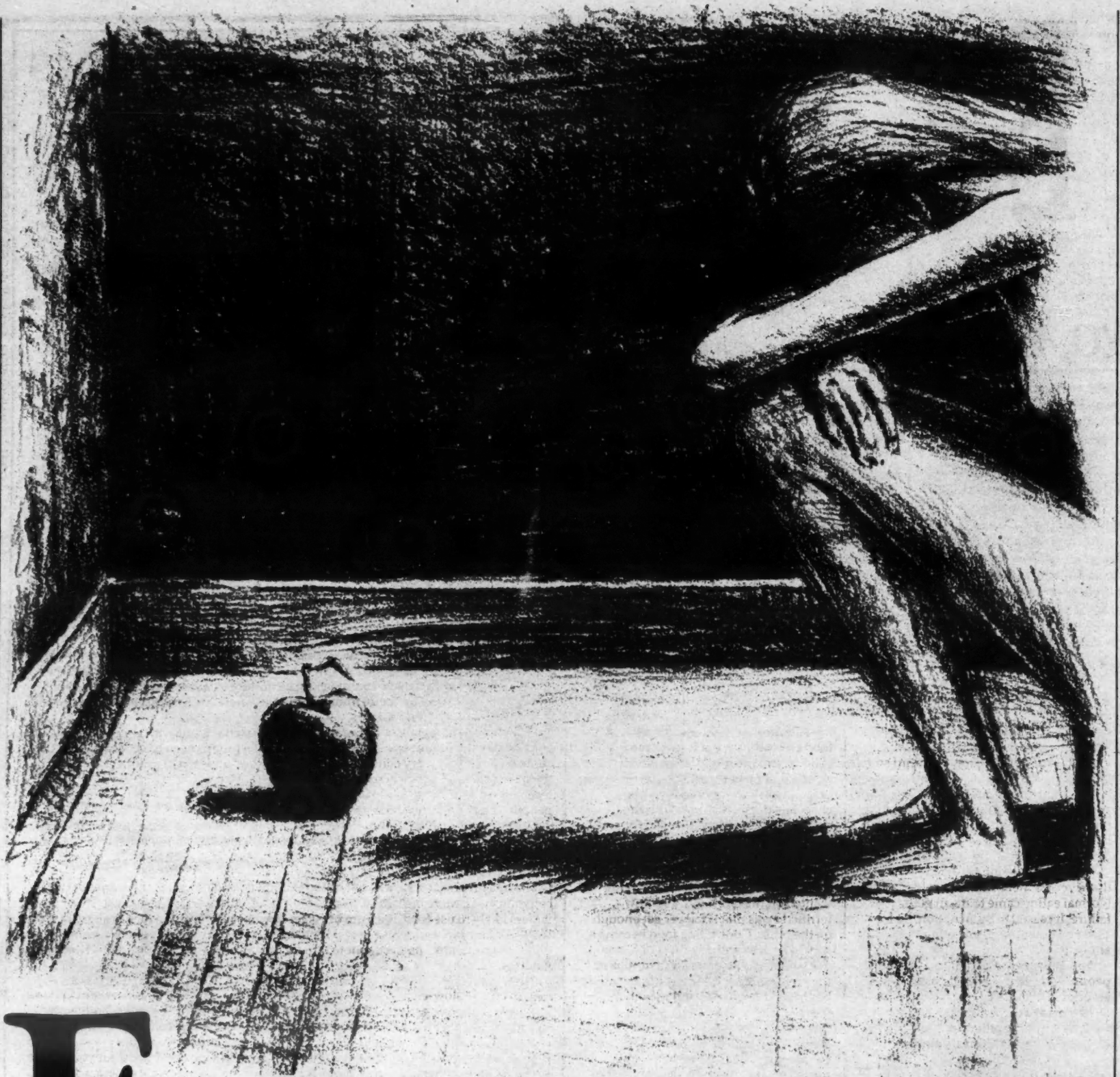


PHOTO BY MARJORIE SIEGEL

All juiced up

at 333-3212

attaches to the driver's side



FOOD AS ENEMY

by Caroline Knapp

Continued from page 1
or if I found myself in social situations where I really couldn't avoid eating, or if I absolutely couldn't stand it anymore. And then I would give in and eat, and eat, and eat, and eat — until I felt sick or crazy or both. But that didn't happen very often. For the most part, I had good days: a plain sesame bagel for breakfast (80 calories), a Dannon coffee-flavored yogurt for lunch (200 calories), an apple and a one-inch cube of cheddar cheese for dinner (150 calories). And nothing else.

Nothing else mattered — just food and my weight — and the effort to control them superseded everything. I lost friends because of it. I lied about it. Feelings — of love, sexuality, passion, rage, whatever — became no more than alien concepts, things that other people felt. Starving was my only goal.

The technical term for this affliction is anorexia nervosa. But in everyday language, it's an addiction — as powerful as alcoholism and in some cases as lethal. Conservative estimates are that one out of every 100 young women are case-book anorexics. Scores more, however, fall into anorexic behavior on a regular basis.

At the time, I was working for a Providence paper, my first journalism job. I was young, shy, scared, lonely, and, probably most of all, angry. I didn't know what else to do, so I starved myself.

Like any addiction, starving is a coping mechanism. It is self-protective. When I was starving, all I could think about was food: what I'd eat next, when I'd eat it, how I'd eat it, and whether it would be too much or not enough. And because all I could think about was food, I didn't have room to think about anything else: not the past, not the future, not men or friends or world events, and certainly not things like the fact that I was young, shy, scared, lonely, and angry.

Starving also gave me a sense of power. On good days — the days I stuck to my regimen — I used to test my will by walking home from work down a street full of food stores and restaurants. I passed a restaurant where I could see trays of pastries through a glass window. I passed a gourmet-food shop, a Dunkin' Donuts, a candy store, an outdoor café, a bakery. I could smell the honey glaze on doughnuts. I could smell French fries, teriyaki chicken wings, and homemade oatmeal bread. It gave me a tremendous sense of control. There I was in the midst of all that food and I could resist the craving to eat, no matter how hungry I was. I was strong, different.

On good days, I also felt superior. I would look at people on the street — shoppers carrying bags of food, couples eating at the café — and I felt detached from them. Above them. They were giving in to appetites I had transcended,

impulses I had conquered. At a time when I felt essentially worthless, starving was the one thing I could say I was good at.

I was very, very good at it. My normal weight is about 120 pounds. By the end of 1984, I weighed 85. I have a photograph of myself finishing a six-mile road race that fall. In the picture, my knees are wider than my thighs.

A little background on "typical" anorexics: about 90 percent are women. Most come from well-educated, affluent families that emphasize achievement. Most are young, 12 to 25 years old. And from what I can gather, most are excessively driven, perfectionistic people with abysmal self-perceptions, people who derive what little esteem they have from pleasing others.

I grew up in an upper-middle-class family, went to a private prep school, then an Ivy League college. I was pretty, popular, got straight A's, and won lots of academic prizes, none of which ever meant much because I tended to see anything good that happened to me as the product of something external — a fluke, warped judgment on the part of others, "luck." Inside, I was pretty certain I was flawed.

I wasn't ever fat, though. Growing up,

I rarely gave much thought to what I ate, and until I created one, I never had a weight problem.

Then I lost some weight during college, almost by accident. I didn't consciously diet — I didn't think about food or obsess about it. It was a rough time, I felt depressed and stressed out, and I just remember not eating much in response.

I also remember that people noticed. Girls said, "Ooooooh! You're so thin!" And "How do you do it?" And I think that planted a seed: becoming very thin was a way of standing out.

I ate less and I lost more weight. It was easy. I'd go to a bar near campus with friends, and I'd watch them dive into bowls of buttered popcorn. I wouldn't eat the popcorn — not even a kernel — and I felt very disciplined by comparison. Not eating made me feel strong.

Then, for a long time — and like a lot of women — I was just plain weird about food. After college, a boyfriend I'd been living with moved to California and I was living by myself for the first time. I hated my job and I was lonely. Sometimes I was very rigid with my diet. Other times I ate for comfort: cookies, huge salads full of meats and cheese, tuna melts, salt-laden soups. My weight fluctuated a lot, and my hunger signals started to get screwed up — I couldn't tell when the hunger was the real, physical kind and

when it was a more manic, frantic kind, the signal of some other kind of emptiness. For the first time, I started to understand what was going on with women I'd see at dinners and parties, women who seemed excessively preoccupied with food and diets and weight, women who expressed an almost palpable anxiety as they reached for a second slice of cake or an hors d'oeuvre and said, in voices a little too loud, "Oh, I really shouldn't." For the first time, my self-esteem started to get hopelessly tied up with the feel of my stomach and my thighs and I started to worry about being fat.

Early in the summer of 1982, the boyfriend who had moved to LA came back to visit. He had planned to spend the summer with me, but something came up and he ended up going to Europe with a friend instead. I didn't really feel it, but I guess I was furious. The day he left, I walked him to the train, then went back to my office. As I was walking along, I knew somewhere inside that I was going to starve myself until he came home. It wasn't so much a conscious decision as a response: he has done this thing to me and this is how I am going to react. By the time he got back from Europe, I had lost 15 pounds.

At some point in any addiction, a behavior stops being something you use to control your feelings and turns into something that controls you instead. I probably crossed that line that summer. Whatever I was trying to starve away — loneliness, uncertainty, anger — gradually became less important than the starving itself. It started to influence the decisions I made and the ways I spent my time: I started refusing invitations to go to dinner with friends because that would mean eating. I started calculating calories, and then eating fewer and fewer in order to protect myself against the times I did eat — a weird sort of "just to be on the safe side" mentality. I started eating privately, and eating only specific things, and then I started looking forward to those times, and then I started building elaborate rituals around them to make them more important.

And at some point, I crossed way over that line and there was no turning back. Normal eating came to mean guilt, failure. It ceased to be an option. So I clamped down, stopped eating altogether, or tried to.

And in the process, I stopped having people in my life — and the risks associated with them — too. Trying to keep food at a distance was a metaphor for trying to keep other things at a distance: people, feelings, vulnerability.

This was how a typical good day started: I would get up at six o'clock and buy my sesame bagel, a cup of coffee, and a *Providence Journal-Bulletin* on the way to work. I always got there by seven, a full hour and a half before anyone else came in. I would set the bagel on a little plastic plate that I kept in my desk, as if it were a gem. Then I would read through the front section of the newspaper, every word. And then I would eat the bagel, with the deliberation and intensity of someone performing surgery. Actually, that hour and a half was my favorite, most reliable time of day. The solitude was consistent, the ritual perfect and precise. I would tear off tiny bites of the bagel, each timed to a different section of the newspaper. A bite for each editorial on the Op/Ed page, a bite for the comic page, and so on, until it was gone. Then I would press the sesame seeds that had fallen off the bagel and onto the plate into my index finger and I would eat those. This became such a familiar pattern, and the familiarity was so comforting, that I wondered if I'd ever be able to give it up. Or want to.

No one at work knew I did this, even though the paper I worked for was small and quite collegial. Actually, that may not be completely true. I imagine lots of people suspected something was wrong, but I wouldn't let them close enough to do anything.

I kept them at bay mostly by lying, by creating illusions of normalcy and contact. I'd lie about spending time with friends in order to hide how isolated I was. I'd lie about about some huge breakfast I'd eaten — French toast or bacon and eggs — in order to establish in their minds that yes, I was an ordinary, functioning human being who ate regular meals. I told them that big lunches made me sleepy, that I just liked yogurt. And even though they said

things to me — "You're so skinny!" "You must eat like a bird!" — I got good at deflecting concern. "Birds actually eat twice their weight every day," I'd say. "Did you know that?" End of subject.

Going home was harder. I lived with two friends during this time, and hiding it from them took almost as much energy as actually starving. I was anxious all the time. I would walk home at night praying that my roommates — whom I genuinely liked — would be out. If they were, I could just shut myself up in my room. If they were home, I had to act. I would make a point of keeping my bedroom door open, not wanting to expose this wish, this need, for isolation. If they were eating dinner, I would make a point of joining them in the kitchen for at least 20 minutes. Then I'd perch up on the counter, a safe distance away, and listen to their various sagas, trying to feign genuine interest. "A raise? Great!" "You did! Terrific!"

Ignoring their meals was the hardest part. "Oh, no thanks," I'd say, lightly, when the offer came. "I grabbed a sandwich on my way home from work." Then I'd watch as they ate. It amazed me how casually they treated food. One of my roommates used to recline in her chair after dinner and smoke a cigarette. Almost invariably, she'd leave some of the food on her plate untouched, and while she smoked she'd push the uneaten portion around the plate with her fork — taking a bite of chicken, for example, and making little swirling patterns in the leftover sauce. I found that sight, the lack of reverence for food, astonishing.

Because all I could think about was food. When I was alone, I read food magazines and cookbooks the way other people read porn. Wednesday was one of my favorite days because the paper's food section came out. I still have a collection of recipes I copied down during that time, painstakingly, on index cards: they're all for breads, cakes, chocolate desserts, things with the richest fillings. Things I longed for and wouldn't let myself have.

Which is part of what the behavior was all about: food itself became a terrible, powerful symbol — of how much I wanted on the one hand, and how terrified I was that I'd never get enough on the other. Controlling food became a way of both expressing that conflict and denying it. At the time, I was furious at the important people in my life — at the boyfriend I felt had abandoned me; at my parents, whom I saw as passive and remote; at my sister, who had moved away — but I couldn't express the anger so I wore it instead: see what you've turned me into, see how desperate and unhappy I am? I was terrified of people, of being disappointed; on a deeper level, I was terrified of appetites in general — emotional and sexual, as well as physical. So I resolved to suppress them instead, squelch them, will them away. If you don't have any needs, they can't go unmet.

One night I came home and found my roommates in the kitchen with a friend. They were sitting at the table drinking beer, sending out for Chinese food, and they were all laughing. I felt incredibly wistful for a second, watching them there. It was such a relaxed, normal picture, and I was so far removed from it.

But it didn't matter. The rule was not to give in, not to give in, not to give in. It was the way I organized my life, the way I defined myself. So I went out running instead.

I remember how it felt, to run. My whole body ached. I felt all drawn and tight, as if my ribs and the bones in my knees were literally pressing against my skin. I was also exhausted. At one point, I tripped and just caught myself from falling on the pavement. I still have an image of how that looked and felt — three great, awkward, loping steps; arms outstretched and groping for balance; eyes wild. I panicked, and for a second I saw myself as wildly out of control, flailing in the dark, alone. I pulled myself together and kept running, but in that one moment, I realized how much I wanted to be there in the kitchen, eating Chinese food and drinking beer with my friends.

But I didn't join them. I came back, pretended I had stomach cramps (sometimes it was a headache), and disappeared into my room. On a ledge outside my window, for just that kind of

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From diets to disorders

Sometimes the question seems to be: so who doesn't have an eating disorder? Singer Karen Carpenter died of cardiac arrest brought on by anorexia. Actress Jane Fonda suffered from bulimia for years. Professional female athletes, like gymnast Cathy Rigby and world-class runner Patti Catalano, have taken their battles with eating disorders public. Meanwhile, reports of eating disorders among the general population are growing more frequent and more alarming. According to figures provided by Anorexia Bulimia Care, Inc., a non-profit advocacy group based in Lincoln, anorexia afflicts an estimated one out of 100 young women, bulimia one out of seven. And about 20 percent of the women on college campuses are said to suffer from eating disorders.

Despite the numbers, the conditions remain intensely baffling: How exactly do you define an eating disorder? Can all women who seem preoccupied with weight and diet be characterized as "disordered"? If not, how do you distinguish between a case of, say, chronic dieting and a full-blown case of anorexia? And why are the victims almost always women?

First, some clinical definitions. Literally translated, "anorexia" means "loss of appetite," which is extremely misleading: whether or not they admit it, anorexics are perpetually hungry, almost completely obsessed with food and appetite. The late Hilde Bruch, MD, a pioneer researcher in the field, defined anorexia more aptly as "the relentless pursuit of excessive thinness," a behavior that's marked by the denial of appetite — or at least of its satisfaction — and not the loss of it.

Bulimia — the cycle of binge eating followed by purging — is more widespread. A report from McLean Hospital, in Belmont, estimates that between 2.2 million and 7.6 million people — mostly women — will be afflicted with it at some point during their lifetime, and it's become almost epidemic on college campuses. Bulimia shares certain characteristics with anorexia — the addictive and secretive elements, the deflection of deeper, more painful issues into an obsession with food, and the near-total preoccupation with weight — but it's manifested quite differently. Rather than starving, bulimics consume huge amounts of food — usually in secret — then get rid of it, either by vomiting, by taking large amounts of laxatives or diuretics, by exercising excessively, or by a combination. Many women with eating disorders vacillate between the two behaviors, alternating periods of starving with periods of bingeing and purging.

A much murkier, nameless category includes women who are not clinically anorexic or bulimic but who are incapacitated to varying degrees by preoccupations with food and weight. Without actually falling into self-destructive or addictive patterns, they go through periods of bingeing and starving (or both), they think about food all the time, and they are excessively self-conscious about the size and shape of their bodies. In short, they help make up the 20 million "serious dieters" in America who have turned dieting into a \$10 billion business.

There are vast differences between women who fall into that category and those who go on to develop more serious disorders. But all the groups need to be looked at in the context of contemporary culture, which puts women under tremendous pressure to be thin. That's the sociological seed behind any kind of eating disorder — mild or life-threatening — and it goes a long way toward explaining why 90 to 95 percent of the people who develop anorexia and bulimia are women, not men.

The emphasis on thinness in this country is relentless and extreme. Just try to think of a woman who doesn't feel anxious about food, weight, or the size of her body. Or a woman who's never been on a diet. Or a woman who, given the chance, wouldn't change something about her proportions.

Men may feel that way, too, but not so extremely, and not with such perpetual self-consciousness. More important, as the statistics on eating disorders indicate, men are far less likely to use food as a form of expression or self-abuse. If a man is angry at the world, or miserable with his life or with himself, he is much less apt than a woman to divert the pain into a preoccupation with food or into bizarre, self-destructive eating patterns.

There are dozens of explanations for this. It has to do with the images around us — pencil-thin, hollow-cheeked women who leap out from TV and movie screens and the pages of fashion magazines, offering unremitting reminders of what we ought to look like. It has to do with the attendant mixed message we get from women's magazines (on one page, a way to "Get Thin in 30 Days"; on the next, a recipe for fudge cake), which reinforce an impossible cultural mandate — be nurturing to everybody but yourself. It has to do more generally with differences between male and female experience in this culture: self-esteem for men tends to be more action- than appearance-oriented, so problems are more likely to show up in the workplace than in the kitchen; men have greater cultural permission to express anger, so they're less likely to turn it in on themselves, or to "wear" it.

Add all those up and you get a much simpler, much crueler explanation: this culture does a miserable job of producing women who feel good about themselves.

From that perspective, eating disorders can be seen as an extreme point on a long continuum of self-destructive diet-oriented behavior, one that's reinforced by the emphasis on thinness. But that view is also a little misleading — and somewhat trivializing. For one thing, after a point in any eating disorder, when the addictive patterns have taken root, food and weight cease to be the real issues. Underneath it all, "thinness" is no more the goal for an anorexic as she's starving than "relaxing" or "having a good time" is for an alcoholic as he or she is reaching for another drink. As in any form of substance abuse, the substance of choice becomes a way out, an escape, a coping mechanism. In this culture, food is merely a natural substance for women to choose.

But cultural pressures are not the only culprits. Clearly, women who cross over the line from "ordinary" dieting behavior and forms of self-criticism and fall into patterns as destructive as those characterized by anorexia and bulimia are reacting to more than social pressure — they're expressing private, individual kinds of pain related to private, individual histories.

One thing is clear: for both the culture as a whole and for the populations at risk of developing eating disorders, the prognoses do not look good. The ideal images of women presented in the media have become ever more complicated and unattainable: these days, along with being thin, women now feel pressure to be well-toned and muscular and to have large, well-developed breasts, a combination that borders on the impossible. Yet far from protesting about the kind of insistent self-admonishment that fosters, women seem to take such harsh judgments for granted as part of female experience. It's easier, it seems, to berate ourselves for not living up to an ideal of perfection, no matter how out of reach it may be, than it is to berate the culture that presented the ideal in the first place.

Meanwhile, the patient population continues to grow and to become more diverse. Patricia Rosalind Warner, executive director of Anorexia Bulimia Care, Inc. in Lincoln, says she hears reports of eating disorders among an increasingly broad range of people. "Now they routinely include athletes, males as well as females, and, most alarming of all, mothers reporting intense food preoccupation and fear of fatness in their grade-school children," she says.

And how will they fare? According to general estimates, one third of those with eating disorders will fully recover. Another third will recover to the point where they can lead normal lives but will continue to be "disordered" to a degree — still excessively preoccupied, still at risk of falling back into destructive patterns. And another third will remain sick. They may spend the rest of their lives in and out of hospitals. They may die from a related physical condition, such as cardiac arrest brought about by electrolyte imbalances. Or they may commit suicide.

— CK

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 situation, I kept a baggie with the cube of cheese and the apple in it. That way, I could retrieve and eat my food in secret. Times like that I knew how lonely I was, and how fucked up my life was, but I couldn't do anything about it.

About once every two or three weeks, something would come up — a party at work, someone's birthday, a family visit — and I would eat. I planned for those times with a vengeance, cutting out the cube of cheese at night for days beforehand, calculating calories, imagining what would be served and how much I'd let myself eat. I often cooked, too, making something I'd fantasized about from my recipe file. In a way (and on some level I knew it was a bizarre way), those were the events I saved up for, week by week. A build-up of pressure, followed by a release, an unleashing. But the release was horrifying — a terrifying reminder of powerlessness, of the fact that underneath it all, my appetite was really much greater than my capacity for denial.

I remember making a dinner for friends one New Year's Eve. I spent all morning shopping — five different stores — and all day cooking. I bought the best bread. I made fettuccine with chicken, garlic, and three kinds of cheese. I made a chocolate-glazed hazelnut torte filled with buttercream. When we finally sat down to eat, I was so focused on the meal, so overwhelmed by it, I barely remember speaking.

Times like that, I tried to mask my preoccupation by imitating the others: ignoring the bread basket until they passed it around, taking seconds only after they took more too. But once I gave in, I was insatiable. And later, after everyone had gone home or to bed, I always did the same thing. That night, I stole back into the kitchen and knelt by the refrigerator-door light. My stomach aching, I ate two more pieces of bread, another plate of pasta, and two hunks of cake. It was like making up for lost time. Or hording up for the next long stretch, like a squirrel.

I loathed myself after episodes like that. I would go to bed aching and humiliated, my head reeling. When I woke up, the first thing I'd think about would be my stomach and face: bloated. And I would lie there, terrified that the bloat was eking its way into the rest of my body, into my thighs and chest and arms, that it was creeping in, undermining all that work, destroying my very identity. And my resolve would grow even more fierce: I will not eat. Today will be a good day. I will not eat.

Sometimes, in a small back corner of my mind, I would also acknowledge that the pain was more than merely physical: I was absolutely unable to manage my life. And I was furious, at least on some level. There I'd been, racing around the kitchen, a 90-pound waif cooking a 9000-calorie meal. And no one had stopped me.

I finally told my parents sometime in early 1984. I had gone home for a weekend and I was probably at the lowest weight I ever hit, about 84 pounds. It was a Saturday, early in the spring. I had been home for not long and they hadn't said anything about the way I looked. At one point, my mother was drinking tea in the kitchen and I peeled off my sweater, ostensibly because I was cold and wanted to put on something heavier. Underneath, I was wearing a camisole. I wanted my mother to see how the bones in my chest stuck out, how skeletal my arms were. I wanted her to see how sick I was. I may be remembering it wrong, but I don't think she said anything.

I drank a lot of wine that night and I finally started to cry and told them: I am having a problem and I don't know what to do about it; I think I am anorexic. All I remember is their eyes: concerned, a little scared, but mostly helpless: They couldn't identify with it, and I couldn't explain it.

People don't understand what this is about, even — or maybe especially — when it happens to someone close. About a week later, I got a note from my mother in the mail. It said, "EAT."

Once, a Sunday in May, my roommates were away and I had the house to myself. It was the first warm day of the season and all the trees outside were budding. I stayed inside all day, the

THE BOSTON HIT LIST

#22 — HELP FOR EATING DISORDERS

Help is available through the following hotlines, support groups, and treatment programs.

Hotlines

- ◆ **Anorexia Bulimia Treatment and Education Center:** 800-33-ABTEC. Literature and answers to questions are available 24 hours a day.
- ◆ **Bulimia Anorexia Self-Help:** 800-227-4785. Call from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Provides information regarding bulimia, anorexia, depression, anxiety, and phobias.
- ◆ **Bulimia Anorexia Self-Help Crisis Line:** 800-762-3334. Crisis intervention and information 24 hours a day.
- ◆ **National Anorexic Aid Hotline:** 614-436-1112. Offers referrals for support groups. Lines open during regular business hours. After business hours you can leave a message.

Support Groups

- ◆ **Anorexia and Bulimia Care (ABC):** Support groups meet in various locations. A \$20 fee is required to join the Anorexia Nervosa Society of Massachusetts. Call Pat Warner at 259-9767.
- ◆ **ABC's 7th Annual Eating Disorders Conference:** Eating Disorders — A Multidimensional Perspective, April 22, Boston Park Plaza Hotel. The fee is \$25 for members, \$40 for non-members. Call 259-9767 for information and tickets.
- ◆ **The Hanneman Hospital Eating Disorder Support Group:** Meets from 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. on the third Saturday of each month (except August) at Christ Church, 1 Garden Street, Harvard Square, Cambridge. The meetings are free and open to the public.
- ◆ **Mass General Hospital:** Call Darcy Andrews at 726-2724 for more information.
- ◆ **Overeaters Anonymous:** Call 641-2303 for more information.

Treatment Programs

(Generally, these programs include an initial evaluation, follow-up therapy, and support groups. Fees vary. Most may be covered by medical insurance.)

- ◆ **Behavior Associates:** 262-9116.
- ◆ **Bulimia Group:** Cambridge Hospital, 498-1000.
- ◆ **The Anorexia Nervosa and Associated Disorders Clinic at The Children's Hospital:** 735-7178. Offers outpatient care for ages 12 to 21. Inpatient treatment also available for those age 18 or under (735-7724).
- ◆ **The Delphi Center:** Quincy, 786-0137.
- ◆ **Eating Disorders Educational Forum at Newton-Wellesley Hospital:** An educational program for the family and friends of eating-disorder sufferers. The fee is \$5 per person. Call 243-6157 for dates and times.
- ◆ **Feeding Ourselves, Inc.:** Arlington, 661-3727.
- ◆ **Francis Stern Nutrition Center:** Tufts New England Medical Center, 956-5273.
- ◆ **Mass General Hospital:** Offers outpatient treatment and inpatient crisis intervention. Call Darcy Andrews at 726-2724 for more information.
- ◆ **Newton-Wellesley Hospital Eating Disorders Program:** 243-6157.

— Marianne McEvoy

shades drawn because I didn't want to see the spring, all that growth. Late in the afternoon, I went for a walk around the Brown University campus. Students were all over the place, sunburned, lounging on the grass, playing frisbee. I watched a couple in khaki shorts and white T-shirts walk past, holding hands. I felt so alien and so alone I couldn't stand it. I went home and sat in the living

room and looked out the window at an apple tree that was blossoming. The disparity between my life and other people's lives seemed so great I wanted to lie down and die.

But most of the time, I denied it all. I was cold all the time, even on warm days, and I denied that. I had dizzy spells, I'd stand up and lose my vision, and I denied that. I didn't menstruate for two and a

half years, and I denied that. I was 23, 24, then 25 years old and I had virtually no close friends, only the most superficial social life, certainly no sex life — and I denied that, too. I could live with the isolation. I could live with the profound boredom of thinking about nothing but my weight. But I could not live with losing control. I got used to being depressed.

I thought of the good days as "concave days." My hip bones would jut out a full inch on either side and I could run my hand across my stomach and follow the curve inward. When I took a deep breath and sucked in my stomach, I could see my whole rib cage. I found that extremely relieving.

At night, I often took a bath before my dinner. As I settled down in the water, I would examine my legs and arms and shoulders. I would ring the top of each thigh in my hands to make sure my thumb and index finger could meet around them. I'd run a finger against the bones that stuck out on my chest, press my forefinger along my collar bone on either side, examine the points of bone that ran up under the skin on my shoulders.

I never actually thought of myself as "thin" or "fat." On good days, I just felt angular. And even though my stomach throbbed, pulling inward in little aches, the sharp, angular feeling was a comfort. It meant I'd made it. I'd won.

This is how I ate dinner: At 10 minutes to nine, I would reach out to the ledge outside my window, pull out the baggie, and bring it to my bed. From my desk drawer, I'd get out a small china saucer and a knife, and then I'd settle down in front of the TV. I never ate before nine o'clock — any earlier would have meant exchanging anticipation for an unbearable longing for morning; it was easier to eat late, knowing I could just fall asleep afterward.

At nine I would start to slice the apple: first into quarters, then into eighths, then 16ths. I lined these slices around the saucer, forming a perfect circle, then moved to the cube of cheese. With the same precision, I sliced it into 16 slivers, paper-thin almost, and placed a sliver on each piece of apple. Then, one by one, I cut each slice of apple and cheese in half and took it to my mouth. I ate each fragment in exactly the same way, nibbling the corner of the fruit first, forming it into the same shape as the square of cheese, then eating the apple and cheese together, edge by edge, until nothing remained but a tiny square center, saved for last.

I ate slowly enough for each fragment to last four minutes. The ritual lasted two hours.

When it was over, I would wash the saucer and knife, put them back in my drawer and get into bed. And then I would lie there in the dark, thinking about the bagel I'd eat in the morning, and hoping that the next day would be a good day, too.

A woman I know who's recovered from an eating disorder once told me, "At some point, I just decided: I'd rather be fat than crazy." At some point, the damage you've wrought — on your life, your happiness, your relationships — simply becomes too clear. At some point, usually after you've been in therapy for years and made all the intellectual connections about what the behavior means and what you're trying to accomplish with it, you begin to accept that it isn't working, it just isn't working. And at some point, the obsession becomes so thoroughly, deeply, profoundly boring that you simply have no choice: you just can't do it anymore; you have to find other ways to cope.

Today, my weight stable and the bulk of this behind me, I see women everywhere who have not learned to cope. I see them at the beach in the summer, legs like sticks on the sand. I see them running along the banks of the Charles River, their faces gaunt and grim as those of prisoners. I want to stop them in their tracks and shake them. I want to say: "I know where you are, I know what you're doing, and believe me, it doesn't work." But I know they have to see that by themselves. And I know some of them never will.

I didn't start to recover until I left Providence, in the fall of 1984, and moved to Boston. That, at least, was a symbolic move, physically leaving the

Books to order

For readers who would like to learn more about eating disorders, here is a list of some of the more insightful studies on the subject.

The Golden Cage: The Enigma of Anorexia Nervosa, by Hilde Bruch (Harvard University Press, 1978). A compassionate account of anorexia by the late Hilde Bruch, a psychiatrist at the Baylor College of Medicine who treated hundreds of anorexic patients during the course of her practice, emerging as one of the foremost authorities on the disorder.

Conversations with Anorexics, by Hilde Bruch (Basic Books, 1988). Bruch's last book, completed shortly before her death, in 1984, this work focuses on the treatment of anorexia through case studies from her practice.

The Obsession: Reflections on the Tyranny of Slenderness, by Kim Chernin (Harper & Row, 1982). A partly historical, partly sociological, and very thoughtful look at the cultural and psychological forces that make women vulnerable to pressures to be thin and put them at risk for developing eating disorders.

The Hungry Self: Women, Eating and Identity, by Kim Chernin (Random House, 1985). In this work, Chernin expands on some of the themes she explored in *The Obsession*, broadening her perspective to take into account the ways that pressures around success and body image affect a broad range of women, from those who count calories to those who go on to develop more-serious disorders.

Hunger Strike: The Anorectic's Struggle as a Metaphor for Our Age, by Susie Orbach (Norton, 1985). A feminist perspective on anorexia, emphasizing the cultural significance of eating disorders in particular and women's preoccupation with food in general.

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THE FAT GIRL

by Andre Dubus

Her name was Louise. Once when she was sixteen a boy kissed her at a barbecue; he was drunk and he jammed his tongue into her mouth and ran his hands up and down her hips. Her father kissed her often. He was thin and kind and she could see in his eyes when he looked at her the lights of love and pity.

It started when Louise was nine. You must start watching what you eat, her mother would say. I can see you have my metabolism. Louise also had her mother's pale blonde hair. Her mother was slim and pretty, carried herself erectly, and ate very little. The two of them would eat bare lunches, while her older brother ate sandwiches and potato chips, and then her mother would sit smoking while Louise eyed the bread box, the pantry, the refrigerator. Wasn't that good, her mother would say. In five years you'll be in high school and if you're fat the boys won't like you; they won't ask you out. Boys were as far away as five years, and she would go to her room and wait for nearly an hour until she knew her mother was no longer thinking of her, then she would creep into the kitchen and, listening to her mother talking on the phone, or her footsteps upstairs, she would open the bread box, the pantry, the jar of peanut butter. She would put the sandwich under her shirt and go outside or to the bathroom to eat it.

Her father was a lawyer and made a lot of money and came home looking pale and happy. Martinis put color back in his face, and at dinner he talked to his wife and two children. Oh give her a potato, he would say to Louise's mother. She's a growing girl. Her mother's voice then became tense: If she has a potato she shouldn't have dessert. She should have both, her father would say, and he would reach over and touch Louise's cheek or hand or arm.

In high school she had two girl friends and at night and on weekends they rode in a car or went to movies. In movies she was fascinated by fat actresses. She wondered why they were fat. She knew why she was fat: she was fat because she was Louise. Because God had made her that way. Because she wasn't like her friends Joan and Marjorie, who drank milk shakes after school and were all bones and tight skin. But what about those actresses, with their talents, with their broad and profound faces. Did they eat as heedlessly as Bishop Humphries and his wife who sometimes came to dinner and, as Louise's mother said, gorged between amenities? Or did they try to lose weight, did they go about hungry and angry and thinking of food? She thought of them eating lean meats and salads with friends, and then going home and building strange large sandwiches with French bread. But mostly she believed they did not go through these failures; they were fat because they chose to be. And she was certain of something else too: she could see it in their faces: they did not eat secretly. Which she did: her creeping to the kitchen when she was nine became, in high school, a ritual of deceit and pleasure. She was a furtive eater of sweets. Even her two friends did not know her secret.

Joan was thin, gangling, and flat-chested; she was attractive enough and all she needed was someone to take a second look at her face, but the school

was large and there were pretty girls in every classroom and walking all the corridors, so no one ever needed to take a second look at Joan. Marjorie was thin, too, an intense, heavy-smoking girl with brittle laughter. She was very intelligent, and with boys she was shy because she knew she made them uncomfortable, and because she was smarter than they were and so could not understand or could not believe the levels they lived on. She was to have a nervous breakdown before earning her PhD in philosophy at the University of California, where she met and married a physicist and discovered within herself an untrammelled passion: she made love with her husband on the couch, the carpet, in the bathtub, and on the washing machine. By that time much had happened to her and she never thought of Louise. Joan would finally stop growing and begin moving with grace and confidence. In college she would have two lovers and then several more during the six years she spent in Boston before marrying a middle-aged editor who had two sons in their early teens, who drank too much, who was tenderly, boyishly grateful for her love, and whose wife had been killed while rock-climbing in New Hampshire with her lover. She would not think of Louise either, except in an earlier time, when lovers were still new to her and she was ecstatically surprised each time one of them loved her and, sometimes at night, lying in a man's arms, she would tell how in high school no one dated her, she had been thin and plain (she would still believe that: that she had been plain; it had never been true) and so had been forced into the weekend and night-time company of a neurotic smart girl and a shy fat girl. She would say this with self-pity exaggerated by Scotch and her need to be more deeply loved by the man who held her.

She never eats, Joan and Marjorie said of Louise. They ate lunch with her at school, watched her refusing potatoes, ravioli, fried fish. Sometimes she got through the cafeteria line with only a salad. That is how they would remember her: a girl whose hapless body was destined to be fat. No one saw the sandwiches she made and took to her room when she came home from school. No one saw the store of Milky Ways, Butterfingers, Almond Joys, and Hersheys far back on her closet shelf, behind the stuffed animals of her childhood. She was not a hypocrite. When she was out of the house she truly believed she was dieting; she forgot about the candy, as a man speaking into the office dictaphone may forget the lewd photographs hidden in an old shoe in his closet. At other times, away from home, she thought of the waiting candy with near lust. One night driving home from a movie, Marjorie said: "You're lucky you don't smoke; it's incredible what I go through to hide it from my parents." Louise turned to her a smile which was elusive and mysterious; she yearned to be home in bed, eating chocolate in the dark. She did not need to smoke; she already had a vice that was insular and destructive.

She brought it with her to college. She thought she would leave it behind. A move from one place to another, a new room without the haunted closet shelf, would do for her what she could not do for herself. She packed her large dresses and went. For two weeks she was busy with registration, with shyness, with classes; then she began to feel at home.

Her room was no longer like a motel. Its walls had stopped watching her, she felt they were her friends, and she gave them her secret. Away from her mother, she did not have to be as elaborate; she kept the candy in her drawer now.

The school was in Massachusetts, a girls' school. When she chose it, when she and her father and mother talked about it in the evenings, everyone so carefully avoided the word boys that sometimes the conversations seemed to be about nothing but boys. There are no boys there, the neuter words said; you will not have to contend with that. In her father's eyes were pity and encouragement; in her mother's was disappointment, and her voice was crisp. They spoke of courses, of small classes where Louise would get more attention. She imagined herself in those small classes; she saw herself as a teacher would see her, as the other girls would; she would get no attention.

The girls at the school were from wealthy families, but most of them wore the uniform of another class: blue jeans and work shirts, and many wore overalls. Louise bought some overalls, washed them until the dark blue faded, and wore them to classes. In the cafeteria she ate as she had in high school, not to lose weight nor even to sustain her lie, but because eating lightly in public had become as habitual as good manners. Everyone had to take gym, and in the locker room with the other girls, and wearing shorts on the volleyball and badminton courts; she hated her body. She liked her body most when she was unaware of it: in bed at night, as sleep gently took her out of her day, out of herself. And she liked parts of her body. She liked her brown eyes and sometimes looked at them in the mirror: they were not shallow eyes, she thought; they were indeed windows of a tender soul, a good heart. She liked her lips and nose, and her chin, finely shaped between her wide and sagging cheeks. Most of all she liked her long pale blonde hair, she liked washing and drying it and lying naked on her bed, smelling of shampoo, and feeling the soft hair at her neck and shoulders and back.

Her friend at college was Carrie, who was thin and wore thick glasses and often at night she cried in Louise's room. She did not know why she was crying. She was crying, she said, because she was unhappy. She could say no more. Louise said she was unhappy too, and Carrie moved in with her. One night Carrie talked for hours, sadly and bitterly, about her parents and what they did to each other. When she finished she hugged Louise and they went to bed. Then in the dark Carrie spoke across the room: "Louise? I just wanted to tell you. One night last week I woke up and smelled chocolate. You were eating chocolate, in your bed. I wish you'd eat it in front of me, Louise, whenever you feel like it."

Stiffened in bed, Louise could think of nothing to say. In the silence she was afraid Carrie would think she was asleep and would tell her again in the morning or tomorrow night. Finally she said Okay. Then after a moment she told Carrie if she ever wanted any she could feel free to help herself; the candy was in the top drawer. Then she said thank you.

They were roommates for four years and in the summers they exchanged letters. Each fall they greeted with embraces, laughter, tears, and moved into their old room, which had been stripped and cleansed of them for the summer. Neither girl enjoyed summer. Carrie did not like being at home because

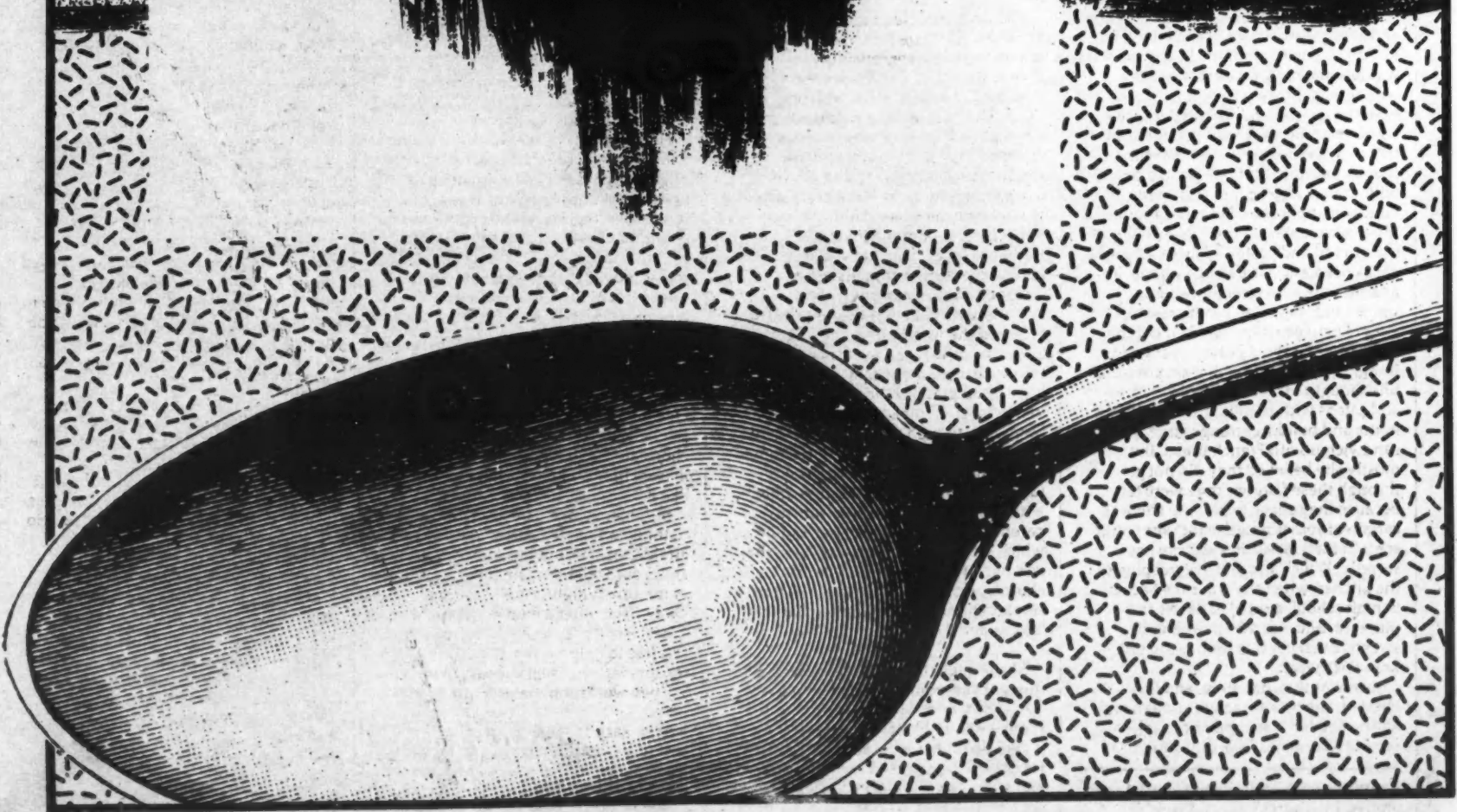
her parents did not love each other. Louise lived in a small city in Louisiana. She did not like summer because she had lost touch with Joan and Marjorie; they saw each other, but it was not the same. She liked being with her father but with no one else. The flicker of disappointment in her mother's eyes at the airport was a vanguard of the army of relatives and acquaintances who awaited her: they would see her on the streets, in stores, at the country club, in her home, and in theirs; in the first moments of greeting, their eyes would tell her she was still fat Louise, who had been fat as long as they could remember, who had gone to college and returned as fat as ever. Then their eyes dismissed her, and she longed for school and Carrie, and she wrote letters to her friend. But that saddened her too. It wasn't simply that Carrie was her only friend, and when they finished college they might never see each other again. It was that her existence in the world was so divided; it had begun when she was a child creeping to the kitchen; now that division was much sharper, and her friendship with Carrie seemed disproportionate and perilous. The world she was destined to live in had nothing to do with the intimate nights in their room at school.

In the summer before their senior year, Carrie fell in love. She wrote to Louise about him, but she did not write much, and this hurt Louise more than if Carrie had shown the joy her writing tried to conceal. That fall they returned to their room; they were still close and warm, Carrie still needed Louise's ears and heart at night as she spoke of her parents and her recurring malaise whose source the two friends never discovered. But on most weekends Carrie left, and caught a bus to Boston where her boyfriend studied music. During the week she often spoke hesitantly of sex; she was not sure if she liked it. But Louise, eating candy and listening, did not know whether Carrie was telling the truth or whether, as in her letters of the past summer, Carrie was keeping from her those delights she may never experience.

Then one Sunday night when Carrie had just returned from Boston and was unpacking her overnight bag, she looked at Louise and said: "I was thinking about you. On the bus coming home tonight." Looking at Carrie's concerned, determined face, Louise prepared herself for humiliation. "I was thinking about when we graduate. What you're going to do. What's to become of you. I want you to be loved the way I love you. Louise, if I help you, really help you, will you go on a diet?"

Louise entered a period of her life she would remember always, the way some people remember having endured poverty. Her diet did not begin the next day. Carrie told her to eat on Monday as though it were the last day of her life. So for the first time since grammar school Louise went into a school cafeteria and ate everything she wanted. At breakfast and lunch and dinner she glanced around the table to see if the other girls noticed the food on her tray. They did not. She felt there was a lesson in this, but it lay beyond her grasp. That night in their room she ate the four remaining candy bars. During the day Carrie rented a small refrigerator, bought an electric skillet, an electric broiler, and bathroom scales.

On Tuesday morning Louise stood on the scales, and Carrie wrote in her *Continued on page 12*



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Public Meetings To Be Held About BNN

Two public meetings will be held in March to encourage community residents, organizations, producers and viewers of BNN to assess the Boston Neighborhood Network which provides community access to cable television in the city.

The governance of BNN will be the focus of a Wednesday, March 8 meeting at 7 p.m. at the Roxbury Community College.

Outreach and services of BNN will be explored on Thursday, March 23, at 7 p.m. at Jamaica Plain High School. A public meeting on Feb. 7 solicited views from BNN access producers.

All of the recommendations will be evaluated by a 15-member-task force now studying the various aspects of BNN TV in three sub-committees.

A five-year-plan will be recommended to

the board of trustees of the Boston Community Access And Programming Foundation which operates BNN-TV, Cable Channels A3 and A8.

Members of the task force are:

Governance: Facilitator William O'Connor, consultant for the Boston University Campaign Fund; Marilyn Anderson Chase, Foundation board member; Curtis Henderson, BNN-TV access director; Efrain Collado, director of Canal 6, Villa Victoria, and executive producer of Visiones, BNN Spanish program.

Outreach And Services: Facilitator William Hahn, WRKO public affairs director; Paul Deare, director of the Center for Communications Media, University of Massachusetts and member of the Foundation board; Charles Raemussen, news director, BNN's Neighborhood Network News; Victoria Hull, producer of We Are The City TV; Joan Branfield, president of Jones Hill Association in Dorchester.

Organization And Staffing: Facilitator Robert Picard Communications Industry Management at Emerson College; Michael Taylor, executive director of the Private Industry Council and a Foundation board member; Lorraine Matthews, director of development and public relations at Roxbury Multi Service Center; Mary Clayton Crozier, BNN public information director.

Fat

Continued from page 8

notebook: October 14: 184 lbs. Then she made Louise a cup of black coffee and scrambled one egg and sat with her while she ate. When Carrie went to the dining room for breakfast, Louise walked about the campus for thirty minutes. That was part of the plan. The campus was pretty, on its lawns grew at least one of every tree native to New England, and in the warm morning sun, Louise felt a new hope. At noon they met in their room, and Carrie broiled her a piece of hamburger and served it with lettuce. Then while Carrie ate in the dining room Louise walked again. She was weak with hunger and she felt queasy. During her afternoon classes she was nervous and tense, and she chewed her pencil and tapped her heels on the floor and tightened her calves. When she returned to her room that afternoon, she was so glad to see Carrie that she embraced her; she had felt she could not bear another minute of hunger, but now with Carrie she knew she could make it at least through tonight. Then she would sleep and face tomorrow when it came. Carrie broiled her a steak and served it with lettuce. Louise studied while Carrie ate dinner; then they went for a walk.

That was her ritual and her diet for the rest of the year, Carrie alternating fish and chicken breasts with the steaks for dinner, and every day was nearly as bad as the first. In the evenings she was irritable. In all her life she had never been afflicted by ill temper and she looked upon it now as a demon which, along with hunger, was taking possession of her soul. Often she spoke sharply to Carrie. One night during their after-dinner walk Carrie talked sadly of night, of how darkness made her more aware of herself, and at night she did not know why she was in college, why she studied, why she was walking the earth with other people. They were standing on a wooden foot bridge, looking down at a dark pond. Carrie kept talking; perhaps soon she would cry. Suddenly Louise said: "I'm sick of lettuce. I never want to see a piece of lettuce for the rest of my life. I hate it. We shouldn't even buy it, it's immoral."

Carrie was quiet. Louise glanced at her, and the pain and irritation in Carrie's face soothed her. Then she was ashamed. Before she could say she was sorry, Carrie turned to her and said gently: "I know. I know how terrible it is."

Carrie did all the shopping, telling Louise she knew how hard it was to go into a supermarket when you were hungry. And Louise was always hungry. She drank diet soft drinks and started smoking Carrie's cigarettes, learned to enjoy inhaling, thought of cancer and emphysema but they were as far away as those boys her mother had talked about when she was nine. By Thanksgiving she was smoking over a pack a day and her weight in Carrie's notebook was one hundred and sixty-two pounds. Carrie was afraid if Louise went home at Thanksgiving she would lapse from the diet, so Louise spent the vacation with Carrie, in Philadelphia. Carrie wrote her family about the diet, and told Louise that she had. On the plane to Philadelphia, Louise said: "I feel like a bedwetter. When I was a little girl I had a friend who used to come spend the night and Mother would put a rubber sheet on the bed and we all pretended there wasn't a rubber sheet and that she hadn't wet the bed. Even me, and I slept with her." At Thanksgiving dinner she lowered her eyes as Carrie's father put two slices of white meat on her plate and passed it to her over the bowls of steaming food.

When she went home at Christmas she weighed a hundred and fifty-five pounds; at the airport her mother marveled. Her father laughed and hugged her and said: "But now there's less of you to love." He was troubled by her smoking but only mentioned it once; he told her she was beautiful and, as always, his eyes bathed her with love. During the long vacation her mother cooked for her as Carrie had, and Louise returned to school weighing a hundred and forty-six pounds.

Flying north on the plane she warmly recalled the surprised and congratulatory eyes of her relatives and acquaintances. She had not seen Joan or Marjorie. She thought of returning home in May, weighing the hundred and fifteen pounds which Carrie had in October set as their goal. Looking toward the stoic days ahead, she felt strong. She thought of those hungry days of fall and early winter (and now: she was hungry now: with almost a frown, almost a brusque shake of the head, she refused peanuts from the stewardess); those first weeks of the diet when she was

the pawn of an irascibility which still, conditioned to her ritual as it was, could at any moment take command of her. She thought of the nights of trying to sleep while her stomach growled. She thought of her addiction to cigarettes. She thought of the people at school: not one teacher, not one girl, had spoken to her about her loss of weight, not even about her absence from meals. And without warning her spirit collapsed. She did not feel strong, she did not feel she was committed to and within reach of achieving a valuable goal. She felt that somehow she had lost more than pounds of fat; that some time during her dieting she had lost herself too. She tried to remember what it had felt like to be Louise before she had started living on meat and fish, as an unhappy adult may look sadly in the memory of childhood for lost virtues and hopes. She looked down at the earth far below, and it seemed to her that her soul, like her body aboard the plane, was in some rootless flight. She neither knew its destination nor where it had departed from; it was on some passage she could not even define.

During the next few weeks she lost weight more slowly and once for eight days Carrie's daily recording stayed at a hundred and thirty-six. Louise woke in the morning thinking of one hundred and thirty-six and then stood on the scales and they echoed her. She became obsessed with that number, and there wasn't a day when she didn't say it aloud, and through the days and nights the number stayed in her mind, and if a mother had spoken those digits in a classroom she would have opened her mouth to speak. What if that's me, she said to Carrie. I mean what if a hundred and thirty-six is my real weight and I just can't lose anymore. Walking hand-in-hand with her despair was a longing for this to be true, and that longing angered her and wearied her, and every day she was gloomy. On the ninth day she weighed a hundred and thirty-five and a half pounds. She was not relieved; she thought bitterly of the months ahead, the shedding of the last twenty and a half pounds.

On Easter Sunday, which she spent at Carrie's, she weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, and she ate once slice of glazed pineapple with her ham and lettuce. She did not enjoy it: she felt she was being friendly with a recalcitrant enemy who had tried to destroy her. Carrie's parents were laudative. She liked them and she wished they would touch sometimes, and look at each other when they spoke. She guessed they would divorce when Carrie left home, and she vowed that her own marriage would be one of affection and

tenderness. She could think about that now: marriage. At school she had read in a Boston paper that this summer the cicadas would come out of their seventeen-year hibernation on Cape Cod, for a month they would mate and then die, leaving their young to burrow into the ground where they would stay for seventeen years. That's me, she had said to Carrie. Only my hibernation lasted twenty-one years.

Often her mother asked in letters and on the phone about the diet, but Louise answered vaguely. When she flew home in late May she weighed a hundred and thirteen pounds, and at the airport her mother cried and hugged her and said again and again: You're so beautiful. Her father blushed and bought her a martini. For days her relatives and acquaintances congratulated her, and the applause in their eyes lasted the entire summer, and she loved their eyes, and swam in the country club pool, the first time she had done this since she was a child.

She lived at home and ate the way her mother did and every morning she weighed herself on the scales in her bathroom. Her mother liked to take her shopping and buy her dresses and they put her old ones in the Goodwill box at the shopping center; Louise thought of them existing on the body of a poor woman whose cheap meals kept her fat. Louise's mother had a photographer come to the house, and Louise posed on the couch and standing beneath a live oak and sitting in a wicker lawn chair next to an azalea bush. The new clothes and the photographer made her feel she was going to another country or becoming a citizen of a new one. In the fall she took a job of no consequence, to give herself something to do.

Also in the fall a young lawyer joined her father's firm, he came one night to dinner, and they started seeing each other. He was the first man outside her family to kiss her since the barbecue when she was sixteen. Louise celebrated Thanksgiving not with rice dressing and candied sweet potatoes and mince meat and pumpkin pies, but by giving Richard her virginity which she realized, at the very last moment of its existence, she had embarked on giving him over thirteen months ago, on that Tuesday in October when Carrie had made her a cup of black coffee and scrambled one egg. She wrote this to Carrie, who replied happily by return mail. She also, through glance and smile and innuendo, tried to tell her mother too. But finally she controlled that impulse, because Richard felt guilty about making love with the daughter of his partner and friend. In the spring they married. The wedding was a large one, in the Episcopal church, and Carrie flew from Boston to be maid of honor. Her parents had recently separated and she was living with the musician and was still victim of her unpredictable malaise. It overcame her on the night before the wedding, so Louise was up with her until past three and woke next morning from a sleep so heavy that she did not want to leave it.

Richard was a lean, tall, energetic man with the metabolism of a pencil sharpener. Louise fed him everything he wanted. He liked Italian food and she got recipes from her mother and watched him eating spaghetti with the sauce she had only tasted, and ravioli and lasagna, while she ate antipasto with her chianti. He made a lot of money and borrowed more and they bought a house whose lawn sloped down to the shore of a lake; they had a wharf and a boathouse, and Richard bought a boat and they took friends water-skiing. Richard bought her a car and they spent his vacations in

Mexico, Canada, the Bahamas, and in the fifth year of their marriage they went to Europe and, according to their plan, she conceived a child in Paris. On the plane back, as she looked out the window and beyond the sparkling sea and saw her country, she felt that it was waiting for her, as her home by the lake was, and her parents, and her good friends who rode in the boat and water-skied; she thought of the accumulated warmth and pelf of her marriage, and how by slimming her body she had bought into the pleasures of the nation. She felt cunning, and she smiled to herself, and took Richard's hand.

But these moments of triumph were sparse. On most days she went about her routine of leisure with a sense of certainty about herself that came merely from not thinking. But there were times, with her friends, or with Richard, or alone in the house, when she was suddenly assaulted by the feeling that she had taken the wrong train and arrived at a place where no one knew her, and where she ought not to be. Often, in bed with Richard, she talked of being fat: "I was the one who started the friendship with Carrie, I chose her, I started the conversations. When I understood that she was my friend I understood something else: I had chosen her for the same reason I'd chosen Joan and Marjorie. They were all thin. I was always thinking about what people saw when they looked at me and I didn't want them to see fat girls. When I was alone I didn't mind being fat but then I'd have to leave the house again and then I didn't want to look like me. But at home I didn't mind except when I was getting dressed to go out of the house and when Mother looked at me. But I stopped looking at her when she looked at me. And in college I felt good with Carrie; there weren't any boys and I didn't have any other friends and so when I wasn't with Carrie I thought about her and I tried to ignore the other people around me, I tried to make them not exist. A lot of the time I could do that. It was strange, and I felt like a spy."

If Richard was bored by her repetition he pretended not to be. But she knew the story meant very little to him. She could have been telling him of a childhood illness, or wearing braces, or a broken heart at sixteen. He could not see her as she was when she was fat. She felt as though she were trying to tell a foreign lover about her life in the United States, and if only she could command the language he would know and love all of her and she would feel complete. Some of the acquaintances of her childhood were her friends now, and even they did not seem to remember her when she was fat.

Now her body was growing again, and when she put on a maternity dress for the first time she shivered with fear. Richard did not smoke and he asked her, in a voice just short of demand, to stop during her pregnancy. She did. She ate carrots and celery instead of smoking, and at cocktail parties she tried to eat nothing, but after her first drink she ate nuts and cheese and crackers and dips. Always at these parties Richard had talked with his friends and she had rarely spoken to him until they drove home. But now when he noticed her at the hors d'oeuvres table he crossed the room and, smiling, led her back to his group. His smile and his hand on her arm told her he was doing his clumsy, husbandly best to help her through a time of female mystery.

She was gaining weight but she told herself it was only the baby, and would leave with its birth. But at other times she knew quite clearly that she was losing the discipline she had fought so

Continued on page 16

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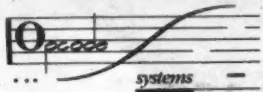
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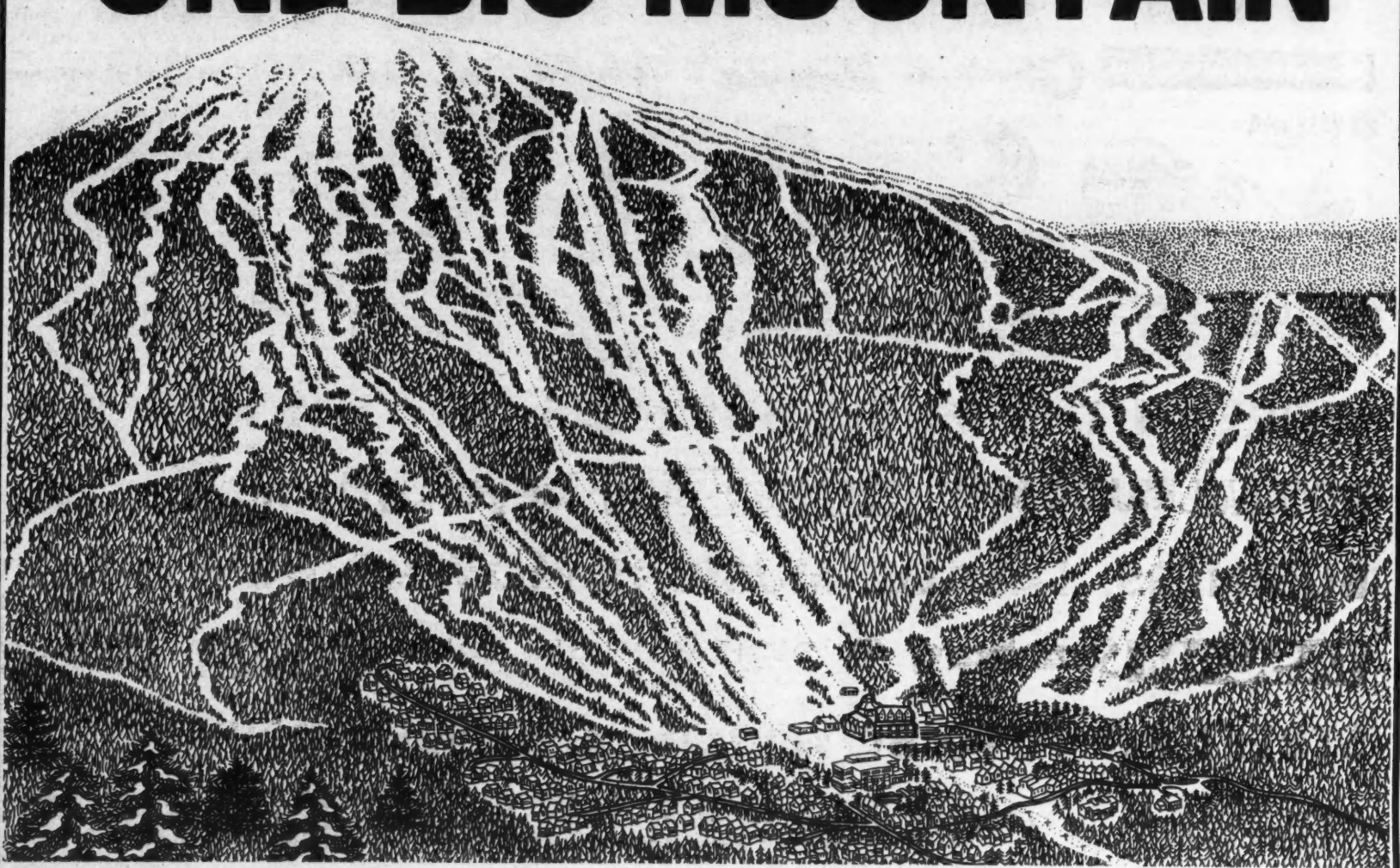
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BP

Fat

Continued from page 13

hard to gain during her last year with Carrie. She was hungry now as she had been in college, and she ate between meals and after dinner and tried to eat only carrots and celery, but she grew to hate them, and her desire for sweets was as vicious as it had been long ago. At home she ate bread and jam and when she shopped for groceries she bought a candy bar and ate it driving home and put the wrapper in her purse and then in the garbage can under the sink. Her cheeks had filled out, there was loose flesh under her chin, her arms and legs were plump, and her mother was concerned. So was Richard. One night when she brought pie and milk to the living room where they were watching television, he said: "You already had a piece. At dinner."

She did not look at him. "You're gaining weight. It's not all water, either. It's fat. It'll be summertime. You'll want to get into your bathing suit."

The pie was cherry. She looked at it as her fork cut through it; she speared the piece and rubbed it in the red juice on the plate before lifting it to her mouth.

"You never used to eat pie," he said. "I just think you ought to watch it a bit. It's going to be tough on you this summer."

In her seventh month, with a delight reminiscent of climbing the stairs to Richard's apartment before they were married, she returned to her world of secret gratification. She began hiding candy in her underwear drawer. She ate it during the day and at night while Richard slept, and at breakfast she was distracted, waiting for him to leave.

She gave birth to a son, brought him home, and nursed both him and her appetites. During this time of celibacy she enjoyed her body through her son's mouth; while he suckled she stroked his small head and back. She was hiding candy but she did not conceal her other

indulgences: she was smoking again but still she ate between meals, and at dinner she ate what Richard did, and coldly he watched her, he grew petulant, and when the date marking the end of their celibacy came they let it pass. Often in the afternoons her mother visited and scolded her and Louise sat looking at the baby and said nothing until finally, to end it, she promised to diet. When her mother and father came for dinners, her father kissed her and held the baby and her mother said nothing about Louise's body, and her voice was tense. Returning from work in the evenings Richard looked at a soiled plate and glass on the table beside her chair as if detecting traces of infidelity, and at every dinner they fought.

"Look at you," he said. "Lasagna for God's sake. When are you going to start? It's not simply that you haven't lost any weight. You're gaining. I can see it. I can feel it when you get in bed. Pretty soon you'll weigh more than I do and I'll be sleeping on a trampoline."

"You never touch me anymore."

"I don't want to touch you. Why should I? Have you looked at yourself?"

"You're cruel," she said. "I never knew how cruel you were."

She ate, watching him. He did not look at her. Glaring at his plate, he worked with fork and knife like a hurried man at a lunch counter.

"I bet you didn't either," she said.

That night when he was asleep she took a Milky Way to the bathroom. For a while she stood eating in the dark, then she turned on the light. Chewing, she looked at herself in the mirror; she looked at her eyes and hair. Then she stood on the scales and looking at the numbers between her feet, one hundred and sixty-two, she remembered when she had weighed a hundred and thirty-six pounds for eight days. Her memory of those eight days was fond and amusing, as though she were recalling an Easter egg hunt when she was six. She

stepped off the scales and pushed them under the lavatory and did not stand on them again.

It was summer and she bought loose dresses and when Richard took friends out on the boat she did not wear a bathing suit or shorts; her friends gave her mischievous glances, and Richard did not look at her. She stopped riding on the boat. She told them she wanted to stay with the baby, and she sat inside holding him until she heard the boat leave the wharf. Then she took him to the front lawn and walked with him in the shade of the trees and talked to him about the blue jays and mockingbirds and cardinals she saw on their branches. Sometimes she stopped and watched the boat out on the lake and the friend skiing behind it.

Every day Richard quarreled, and because his rage went no further than her weight and shape, she felt excluded from it, and she remained calm within layers of flesh and spirit, and watched his frustration, his impotence. He truly believed they were arguing about her weight. She knew better: she knew that beneath the argument lay the question of who Richard was. She thought of him smiling at the wheel of his boat, and long ago courting his slender girl, the daughter of his partner and friend. She thought of Carrie telling her of smelling chocolate in the dark and, after that, watching her eat it night after night. She smiled at Richard, teasing his anger.

He is angry now. He stands in the center of the living room, raging at her, and he wakes the baby. Beneath Richard's voice she hears the soft crying, feels it in her heart, and quietly she rises from her chair and goes upstairs to the child's room and takes him from the crib. She brings him to the living room and sits holding him in her lap, pressing him gently against the folds of fat at her waist. Now Richard is pleading with her. Louise thinks tenderly of Carrie broiling meat and fish in their room, and walking with her in the evenings. She

wonders if Carrie still has the malaise. Perhaps she will come for a visit. In Louise's arms now the boy sleeps.

"I'll help you," Richard says. "I'll eat the same things you eat."

But his face does not approach the compassion and determination and love she had seen in Carrie's during what she now recognizes as the worst year of her life. She can remember nothing about that year except hunger, and the meals in her room. She is hungry now. When she puts the boy to bed she will get a candy bar from her room. She will eat it here, in front of Richard. This room will be hers soon. She considers the possibilities: all these rooms and the lawn where she can do whatever she wishes. She knows he will leave soon. It has been in his eyes all summer. She stands, using one hand to pull herself out of the chair. She carries the boy to his crib, feels him against her large breasts, feels that his sleeping body touches her soul. With a surge of vindication and relief she holds him. Then she kisses his forehead and places him in the crib. She goes to the bedroom and in the dark takes a bar of candy from her drawer. Slowly she descends the stairs. She knows Richard is waiting but she feels his departure so happily that, when she enters the living room, unwrapping the candy, she is surprised to see him standing there. □

mean losing control; you learn that there are other, more sustaining ways of feeling strong; you learn that involvement with other people may feel burdensome and risky, but that it's a hell of a lot better than being alone.

Which are tough lessons. The process of giving up all that sharp angularity means giving up a range of other things: a blanket of protection, a deeply ingrained, safe, familiar lifestyle, a way of defining yourself. For a long time, I simply didn't trust myself around food: could I sit in front of a plate of cookies and not eat *all* of them? For a long time, I just felt conflicted and hopelessly confused: I'd refuse a dinner invitation and not know if it was because I was afraid of eating, afraid of interaction, or because I genuinely wanted to be alone. And for a long time, even when I knew exactly what I was doing with food, exactly where the impulses to starve or binge came from, there were terrible middle-points when I simply didn't have access to any other responses.

But managing food is like managing life. Factor in some time, some self-knowledge, some courage, and a lot of support — slowly, you learn how to cope. You learn how to feed yourself, in all senses of the word.

These days, I have good days, bad days, mediocre days, and — probably best — days when I don't think about what kind of day it's been at all. I can't remember the last time I used food to make a decision. I can't remember the last time I went hungry for more than a couple of hours. Which doesn't mean I never worry about food or weight. I'm still highly conscious of both, and I still wonder if I'll ever be completely "normal" about food — but then again, if normal means self-accepting, I'm not convinced that any woman in this culture is completely "normal."

I am convinced of something else, though: recovering is almost as hard as starving — but not quite. About a year ago, on the heels of a disastrous relationship, I wrote something down in a notebook about how useful starving had been, how well it had shielded me from things like disappointment and anger and loss. Then I crossed it out and I wrote, "This is hard, but it's not as hard as starving. It's not as hard as starving."

For anyone who struggles with an eating disorder or knows someone who is, that's an important fact to keep in mind. Anyone who has the strength to starve has the strength to change. □

Food

Continued from page 6

place where it all started. Another important move was to find the right kind of help. For me, that meant a shrink who didn't feel sorry for me and who described therapy as a "joint venture," something I would have some say in.

But there are no guaranteed ways to change. You just do. I stopped starving in the smallest ways: eating one and a half bagels in the morning instead of one because I simply couldn't stand to be so hungry; introducing cream cheese. In 1985 I stopped weighing myself altogether (and I haven't weighed myself since). In 1986 I took up sculling on the Charles River, a difficult and demanding sport that gave me something to master besides my own appetite. Later that year, I joined a support group for women with eating disorders. Each step teaches you something: slowly, you learn that relinquishing rigidity does not

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The Puzzle

by Don Rubin

#642 Going up?

Each of these elevators travels at the same speed and stops at every floor. Right now they're all going up, except the ones at the top, which are coming down. The cars reverse directions only at the top and bottom.

The object is to make your way from the ground floor via elevator number 1 to the ground floor via elevator number 7 by moving from car to car. You may switch from one elevator to an adjacent elevator only when the cars are on the same floor. (For example, if you take car number 1 four floors, car number 2 will have traveled up two floors, then down two, and you can get aboard.) You may not, however, wait around on a floor for an elevator to arrive.

How many floors, total, must you travel to reach your goal? (Purists will try to solve this puzzle in their heads.)

Rules

1. Prizes for solving the Puzzle will be Boston Phoenix Puzzle Winner T-shirts.

2. All entries must be received at the Phoenix office (addressed to Puzzle #642 Boston Phoenix, 126 Brookline Avenue, Boston 02215) by noon on Monday, February 27. Phoenix employees and their immediate families are ineligible.

3. In the event of disputes or ties, the judges' decisions will be final and arbitrary. We only have 10 T-shirts to give away each week, so when there are more than 10 winners we'll have a lottery.

4. All entries must be accompanied by the Puzzle page. When possible, the answers should be entered on the Puzzle page.

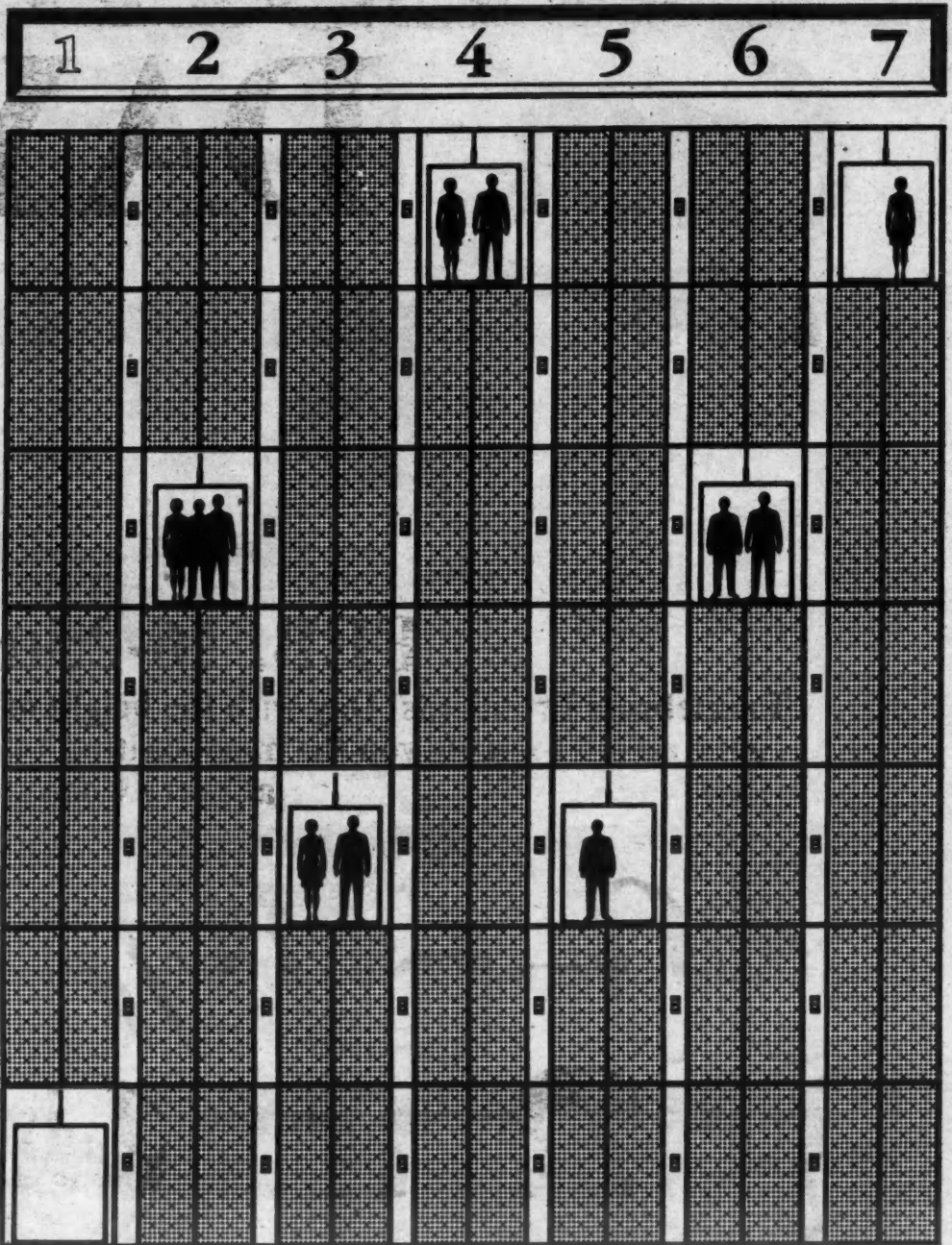
Name _____
 Address _____
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 T-shirt size _____

Solution #640

The triple features were: 1) *Meivin and Howard the Duck Soup*, 2) *Sleeping Beauty and The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, 3) *King of Hearts of the West Side Story* (or *King of Kong Island of Love Story*, or *King Solomon of Broadway to Hollywood Story*), 4) *Dirty Dancing in the Dark Passage*, 5) *Dr. No Way Out of Africa*, 6) *Watership Down and Out in Beverly Hills Cop*, 7) *Starting Over the Top Gun*, 8) ... *And Justice for All the King's* (or *President's*) *Men of Boys Town* (or ... *And Justice for All That Money Can Buy Me That Town*, or *And-So They Were Married to the Mob Town*, or *And Baby Makes Three Wise Girls About Town*, or ... *And Justice for All the Way, Boys Town*), 9) *A Patch of Blue Water, White Death Wish*, 10) *The Big Easy Come, Easy Go West* (or *The Big Red One Man's Way Out West*, or *The Big Night Passage West*), 11) *The Blackboard Jungle Jim Thorpe — All American*, 12) *Bronco Billy the Kid Galahad* (or *Bronco Billy: Portrait of a Street Kid Galahad*), 13) *Blume in Love Me Tender Mercies*, 14) *Trading Places in The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, 15) *April Love at First Bite the Bullet*, 16) *Anne of the Thousand Days of Heaven Can Wait*, 17) *Who Framed Roger Rabbit, Run Silent, Run Deep*, 18) ... *And God Created Woman of The Year of Living Dangerously*, 19) *Dinner at Eight Million Ways To Die Hard*, 20) *Bright Lights, Big City of Women in Love*, 21) *Talk Radio Days of Wine and Roses* (or *Talk About a Stranger in My Bed of Roses*), 22) *Fool for Love and Death Race* (or *Ray*) 2000, 23) *They Died with Their Boots On the Beach Blanket Bingo*, 24) *Anatomy of a Murder by Death on the Nile*, and 25) *The Elephant Man Friday the 13th*.

There are undoubtedly other correct solutions, but we haven't found them. Yet. We're sending T-shirts to the Ten Wanted Men (and women) below.

- 1) Pete "The Sage" Lincoln, Lunenburg
- 2) Marina Re and Michael Poisson, Dorchester
- 3) Paul Cerqua, Chelmsford
- 4) Brian Boubgault, Gardner
- 5) Paul Rickter, Arlington
- 6) Cindy Regan, Somerville
- 7) Alice Henderson, Framingham
- 8) Jane Wang, Framingham
- 9) Gerard J. Waggett, Dorchester
- 10) Rick Thurston, Cambridge



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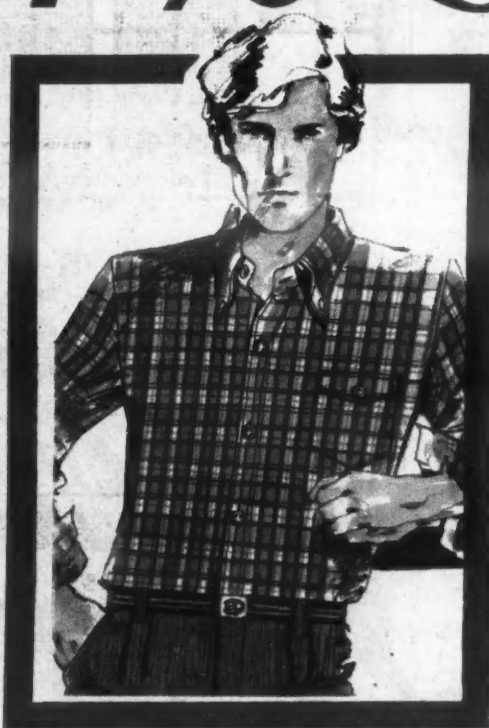
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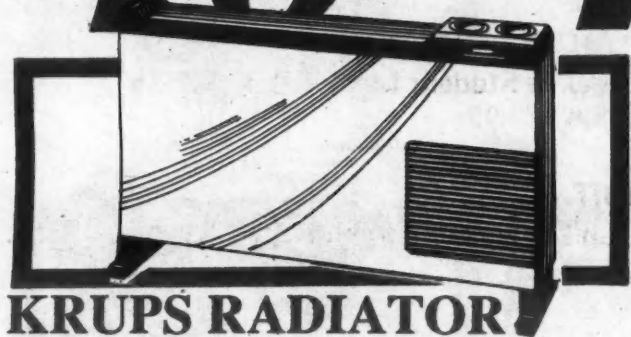
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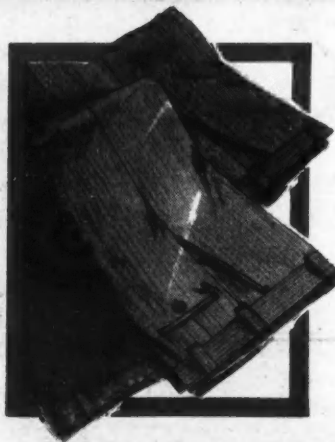
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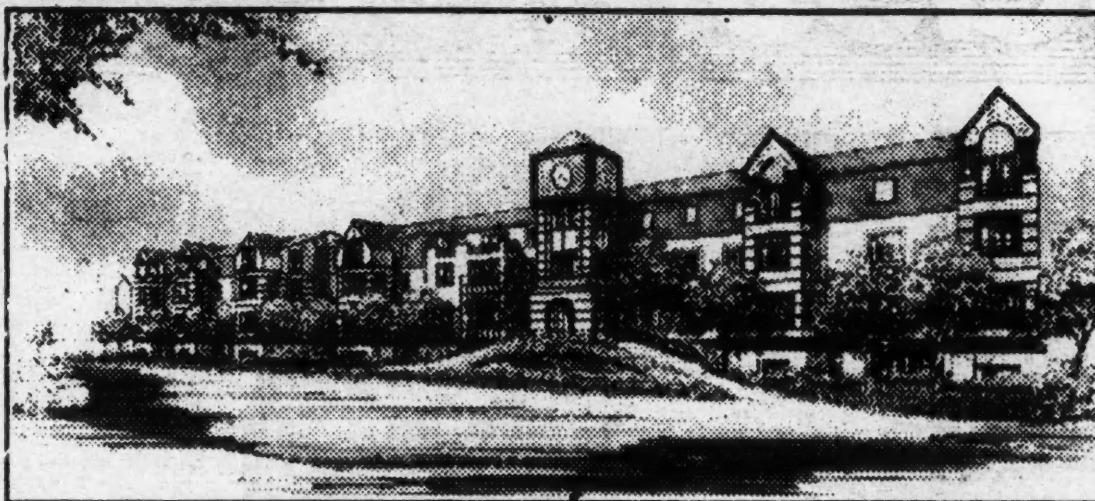
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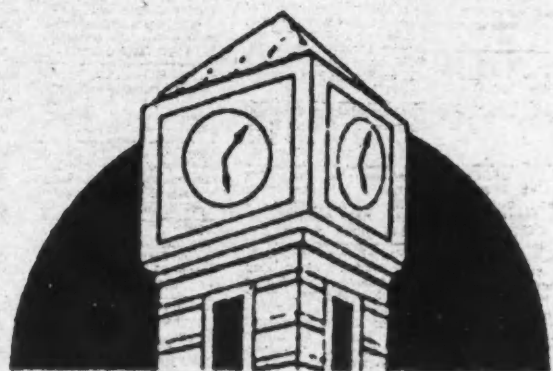
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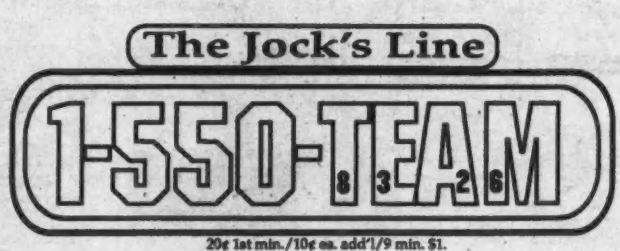
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**Why
lily-white
Republican
boys love
the blues**

by Ron Wynn

8 DAYS A WEEK

by Amy Finch

THE WEEKEND

FRIDAY 17

FILM: *True Believer* (Charles, Circle, suburbs), the new thriller from director Joseph Ruben (*The Stepfather*, *Dreamscape*), heads up this week's releases. James Woods stars as a once-radical lawyer now reduced to defending drug dealers; spurred on by his idealistic young assistant (Robert Downey, Jr.), he takes the case of a convict who claims he's innocent of the murder he was sent to prison for eight years earlier. *The Turbs* (Cher, Chestnut Hill, suburbs) stars Tom Hanks as a harried suburbanite whose plans for a peaceful vacation at home are shattered by the arrival of weird neighbors next door. *The Mighty Quinn* (Cinema 57, suburbs) has Denzel Washington as the police chief of a small island trying to clear his boyhood friend (Robert Townsend) of the murder he's accused of. And *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* (Copley Place, Allston, suburbs) is about two Valley Boys (Keanu Reeves and Alex

Winter) in danger of flunking their history exam and the intergalactic hipster (George Carlin) who presents them with access to a time machine they can use to visit the personages they'll be tested on.

MUSIC. Celtic-music fans held their breath when the Somerville Theatre suddenly shut down for a few days last month, but once again the venerable old lady of Davis Square is open, and *Patrick Street* usher in what promises to be an outstanding season. This traditional Irish "supergroup," featuring singer/mandolinist Andy Irvine and fiddler Kevin Burke, mixes roaring dance tunes with gorgeous ballads; it's a favorite with Boston crowds. The goings-on start tonight at 8 p.m. at the theater, 55 Davis Square. Tickets are \$12.50 to \$16.50; call 625-1081.

Over at Nightstage, African percussion great Babatunde Olatunji (*Shy Five* open) performs captivating call-and-response songs and other music indigenous to his continent. Two shows, at 8 and 11 p.m., at 823 Main Street, Cambridge. Call 497-8200.

The James Blood Ulmer Blues Experience (with Jamaaladeen Tacuma and G. Calvin Weston, and Shock Exchange opening) play at Johnny D's, 17 Holland Street, Davis Square, Somerville. Call 776-9667.

And straight-ahead at its best with the Phil Woods Quintet (Tom Harrell on trumpet) at the Regattabar, in the Charles Hotel, Harvard Square, tonight and tomorrow night; call 876-7777.

THEATER. *The 1940s Radio Hour*, Walton Jones's re-creation of an old-time radio broadcast, provides the excuse for a tuneful nostalgic journey through the swing era. It's at the Nickerson Theatre, 30 Accord Park Drive, Norwell (871-2400), through March 25. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m., and tickets are \$17 to \$20.

SATURDAY 18

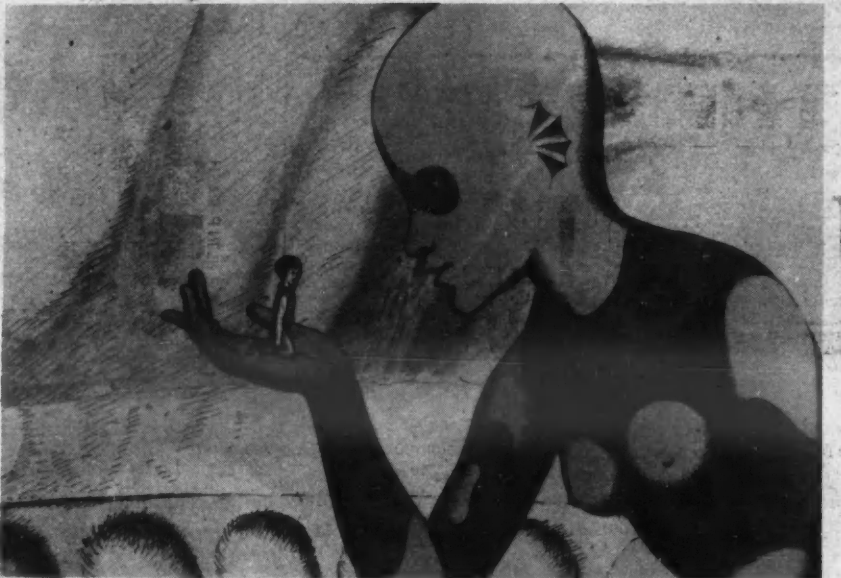
THEATER. *The Long Haul*, a free staged reading of Erica Funkhouser's "comic fantasy about two sisters fishing off Gloucester and the challenges presented by their unexpected catch," is offered at 8 p.m. at the Blackburn Theater Company, 8 Elm Street, Gloucester. Call (508) 283-9410.

Three appealing tales about growing up in 1940s Brookline, *Pill Hill Stories: Coming Home to Someplace New* is performed at

FRIDAY: The Dance Theatre of Harlem is celebrating its 20th-anniversary season with three performances at the Wang Center, tonight through Sunday. The company's Boston premieres of *Billy the Kid* and *Polovetsian Dances from Prince Igor* join Balanchine's *Bunraku* and *Four Temperaments*, Agnes de Mille's *Fall River Legend*, and John Taras's *Firebird*. Call 787-8000.



SATURDAY: The Tony Award-winning National Theatre of the Deaf performs an adaptation of the cult film *King of Hearts*. The show will be presented in a combination of sign language and the spoken word at Blackman Auditorium, Northeastern University. Call 437-2247.



SUNDAY: The programmers of the Somerville Theatre's annual 24-Hour Science Fiction Marathon are playing it fast and loose this year, leaving the schedule open to last-minute whims. So here's a list of some of the titles that may be playing: *Blade Runner*, *Repo Man*, *Killer Clowns from Outer Space*, *Fantastic Planet* (in photo), *Alien Nation*, and the usual sampling of vintage '50s schlock (*The Blob*, *The Crawling Eye*, *The Hideous Sun Demon*, and *Flight to Mars*). It starts at noon and runs through noon tomorrow. Call 625-1081.



ROGER FARRINGTON/FORBIDDEN BROADWAY

WEDNESDAY: With *Forbidden Broadway 1989*, the annual event eagerly awaited by theater aficionados, director/lyricist Gerard Alessandrini updates his wicked spoof of the commercial theater. This year's victims include Robert Goulet, Madonna, and Cher. We can hardly wait. The show runs indefinitely; call 357-8384.

HOT TIX

For those of you who like to plan ahead — and sometimes it's necessary if you're going to get the seats you want — here are some events you might consider buying tickets for in advance. You can get details by calling the numbers below; you may also be able to obtain tickets from the various agencies around town (remember that they charge a handling fee). Just don't say we didn't warn you.

Mastergate, through March 5, at the American Repertory Theatre; call 547-8300.

Jonathan Butler, February 17 at the Berklee Performance Center; call 266-7455.

Dance Theatre of Harlem, February 17 through 19 at the Wang Center; call 482-2595.

Emerson String Quartet, February 18 at Jordan Hill; call 538-2414.

Gene with the Wind, February 25 through March 2 at the Brattle Theatre; call 876-8837.

Geto Beribiel, February 25 at Nightstage; call 497-8200.

Sam Kinison, February 26 at the Worcester Centrum; call (508) 798-8888.

Bruse Cochran, March 3 at the Opera House; call 426-2786.

That Petrol Emotion with Voice of the Beehive, March 30 at the Paradise; call 254-2052.

Lyle Lovett and Leo Kottke, March 15 at Berklee Performance Center; call 266-7455.

Bananasrama, March 21 at the Orpheum; call 482-0851.

Bob Nelson, March 31 at the Paradise; call 254-2052.

Duxbury High School Auditorium. Renowned hometown storyteller Jay O'Callahan's trio of childhood tales is fairly straightforward, and the characters are braided as tightly and colorfully as a rag rug. Curtain is at 8 p.m., and tickets are \$10 to \$12. Proceeds will benefit the Cranberry Area Hospice, an organization that supports the terminally ill and their families. Call (508) 746-4178.

Monica Bauer's one-woman musical, *Sarah of the '60s*, follows the trials and tribulations of flower-power survivors. Bauer wrote the book, lyrics, and music, and she stars in this production at the Performance Center of the Blacksmith House Bakery, 56 Brattle Street, Cambridge. Curtain is at 8 p.m. tonight and tomorrow. The \$5 ticket charge will benefit the Massachusetts Coalition for the Homeless.

FILM. Before moving on to lighthearted crowd-pleasers like *The Coca-Cola Kid*, Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev invented his own brand of free-form erotic/intellectual cinema — highbrow fuck films like *Sweet Movie* and *WR: Mysteries of the Organism*, the latter of which is tonight's feature at the Boston Film/Video Foundation. This bracingly funny 1971 movie posits the cosmic-orgasm philosophy of Wilhelm Reich as the only true antidote to political repression. It shows at 7:30 at BF/VF, 1126 Boylston Street, Boston. Admission is \$5. Call 536-1540.

MUSIC. *Scruffy the Cat's* studio sound may be inching toward blandness, but you can count on their live shows to get you jumping

around in sweaty bliss — only staunch hardhearts could resist their goofy stage presence. The mandolin-wielding *Blood Oranges* open, which should prove interesting, since their countrified-bluesy melodies sound a bit like nascent *Scruffy*. Check them out at T.T. the Bear's, 10 Brookline Street, Cambridge. Call 492-0082.

SUNDAY 19

MUSIC. Today at Bunratty's (186 Harvard Avenue, Allston) it's "Care To Rock," a benefit featuring Willie "Loco" Alexander, the Rain, the Bristols, the Slaves, *Lazy Susan*, the *Bloodhounds*, and others; proceeds go to Chris Hueben, who over the holidays suddenly became blind in one eye. Doors open at 4:30 p.m., and the music starts at about 5 p.m., with the Varnits; call 254-9820.

THEATER. Controversial UMass professor Julius Lester celebrates Black History Month in an evening of stories, some from the recently rehabilitated Uncle Remus tales of Joel Chandler Harris, some from Lester's novel *Do Lord Remember Me*. It's presented by Storytellers in Concert at the First Church Congregational, Harvard Square, Cambridge, at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$6 in advance, \$7 at the door, \$5 for seniors and students.



WEDNESDAY: Video captured Vietnam protests, crime, and urban tension with a you-are-there vividness. The ICA's new series, "American Video: Subject to Change," follows more than 20 years of documentary video work, ranging from rough-hewn '60s street tapes to the independent work of today. The series runs through March 5. Call 266-5152.



PHIL IN FLASH

THURSDAY: Tonight at the Rat, it's special fun with a long-awaited *Underachievers'* reunion. Three years ago, lead singer Cilla Harrison and drummer Bob MacKenzie had a baby, and young Harrison MacKenzie is finally old enough to be left with friends overnight. So the parents, with guitarist Noel Boulanger, are reuniting for a special gig. Cilla's voice is a breathtaking mix of *Siouxsie Sioux's* growling and *Polystyrene's* crooning — we're talking primal punk scream. Yell for "Friend o' Mine." Also featuring the *Popalopes* from San Francisco and old favorites *Johnny* and the *Jumper Cables*. Call 247-8309.

THE WEEK

MONDAY

20

TELEVISION. The PBS series *War and Peace in the Nuclear Age* has reached "At the Brink," the Cuban Missile Crisis episode. Never has nuclear war loomed so large as when Khrushchev and Kennedy clashed back in 1962. It's important television and it's exciting to watch; it begins at 8 tonight on Channel 2.

TUESDAY

21

MUSIC. If you like jazz, you'll want to be out listening tonight, because there is an embarrassment of promising performances. The *Harper Brothers* are a quintet of young modernists who prepped at the elite schools of Betty Carter (the Stephen Scott/Michael Bowie/Winard Harper *Continued on page 4*)

FLICKS IN A FLASH

COMPILED BY COLLEEN LANNON

BASED ON VARIETY'S TOP TEN FOR WEEK ENDING 2/8/89	BOSTON PHOENIX	BOSTON GLOBE	BOSTON HERALD	NY TIMES	PEOPLE	TIME	NEWSWK	NEW YORKER	VILLAGE VOICE	LA TIMES	NEW YORK
1. RAIN MAN	★	★	★	★	★		★	🐔	★	★	
2. THREE FUGITIVES	🐔	🐔	🐔	🐔	🐔		🐔		🐔	🐔	
3. HER ALIBI		🐔	🐔	🐔	🐔				🐔		
4. WORKING GIRL	★	★	★	★	★	★		🐔	🐔		
5. BEACHES	🐔	🐔	🐔		🐔		🐔	🐔	🐔	🐔	🐔
6. WHO'S HARRY CRUMB?		🐔	🐔	🐔	🐔				🐔		
7. MISSISSIPPI BURNING	🐔	🐔	★	★	★	★	★	🐔	🐔		★
8. TWINS	🐔	★	🐔	🐔	🐔		★		🐔		🐔
9. DANGEROUS LIAISONS	★	🐔	★	★	★	★	★		🐔		★
10. THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST	🐔	★	🐔	🐔	★	🐔	🐔	🐔	🐔	★	★

LEGEND: ★ = RAVE REVIEW, A GEM; 🐔 = MIXED RESPONSE, CRAP SHOOT; 🐔 = TURKEY

Continued from page 3
rhythm section) and Art Blakey (trumpeter Philip Harper) and released a fine Verve album last fall; they make their area debut at Nightstage (823 Main Street, Cambridge; call 497-8200). Two old friends with complementary temperaments for balancing experiment and lyricism, guitarists **Jon Damien** and **Bill Frisell**, present a quintet featuring the voice of Dominique Eade in a concert at the Berklee Performance Center (136 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston; call 266-7455). Meanwhile, the Regattabar's new Steinway receives some welcome early-week attention from the great **George Cables**, who visits with a trio (unlike the Harpers and Damien/Frisell, he stays over tomorrow as well). For R-bar information, call 876-7777.

WEDNESDAY 22

SALMAN RUSHDIE. He won't be speaking at WordsWorth or at the Harvard Book Store Café as scheduled, because he won't be in the country. But a panel on censorship comprising members of the publishing community and author Stratis Haviaras will hold a discussion at 5:30 p.m. at the Brattle Theatre, 40 Brattle Street, Harvard Square, Cambridge. Call 354-5201.

THEATER. Tonight's show at the Zeiterion Theatre (684 Purchase Street, New Bedford) is *The Best of Mummenschanz 1969-1989*, a retrospective of works by the Swiss troupe of three mimes/acrobats who have made theater a plastic art. Curtain is at 8 p.m., and tickets are \$13.50 to \$19.50. Call (508) 994-2900.

Out in Waltham, Brandeis University's Spingold Theater Arts Center presents Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* as part of its Young Artist Series. The company, composed of students in the school's MFA program, hope greatness will be thrust upon them as they undertake the Bard's funny, festive tale of mistaken identities, misguided passions, duels, and practical jokes. It all opens tonight at 8 p.m. at Brandeis University, 415 South Street, Waltham. Tickets are \$8; call 736-3400.

MUSIC. Another night of abundant jazz choices, with the accent on some local heroes. **Bert Seager** leads his excellent quintet (John McNeil is now on trumpet) at Boston College's Robsham Theatre, on campus, in Chestnut Hill. **Herb Pomeroy**, whose big band was the hub of the Hub local scene at one time, brings the 1989 edition to Nightstage (823 Main Street, Cambridge; call 497-8200); X-O opens. **Laszlo Gardony** assembles two of our finest (Mick Goodrick, Bob Moses) and two New York guests (Stomu Takeish and Dave Tronzo, the latter on slide guitar) at Ryles (212 Hampshire Street, Inman Square, Cambridge; call 876-9330); and, of course, the Fringe maintains the Wednesday-night tradition at the Willow (699 Broadway, in Somerville; call 623-9874).

NOW AVAILABLE. Lots of noteworthy video releases this week. U2's *Rattle and Hum* can't boast much in the way of action — there are almost no interviews with band members, and precious little that does happen seems spontaneous. But Bono is mesmerizing on stage, and there's no denying the band's musical power. It's available this week, along with *Married to the Mob*, *The Decline of Western Civilization, Part II*, *A Fish Called Wanda*, and *A Handful of Dust*.

THURSDAY 23

THEATER. Actor Spencer Trova plays ultimate Brahmin Oliver Wendell Holmes in *An Evening with Dr. Holmes*, a one-man show presented by 'Round the Corner Productions at the Performance Place, Elizabeth Peabody House, 227 Broadway, Somerville. Trova is well known for his portrayal of Jesus in *The Body and the Wheel*. The show runs through March 11, and tickets are \$5 to \$7; call 623-5510.

MUSIC. Soca performers rarely get farther up the East Coast than the Big Apple, but one of the leading lights of the Trinidad carnival will drop by tonight. **Arrow** is the originator of "Hot, Hot, Hot" (made more famous by Buster Poindexter), and that's only the tip of his flame. It's likely to be a bit hysterical for a worknight, but you can start the weekend early at Johnny D's, 17 Holland Street, Somerville. Call 776-9667.

SALON. Arnold Rampersad, author of the two-volume biography *The Life of Langston Hughes*, describes his writing experiences and what it was like to penetrate the literary world during the Harlem Renaissance. The first volume came out three years ago, to widespread accolades; the second was just published and has already garnered positive attention. Sponsored by the MIT Writing Program, this lecture, "Biography and Langston Hughes," begins tonight at 8 in MIT's Killian Hall, 160 Memorial Drive, Cambridge.

FRIDAY 24

THEATER. *Déjà Views* is a performance piece by the Dance Theatre Consort that "incorporates slides, movies, poems, music, and dance to create a sometimes serious, sometimes humorous sense of déjà vu." It's at Mobius, 354 Congress Street, Boston (call 542-7416), tonight and tomorrow night. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$6, \$5 for students and seniors.

If you're shy, maybe you'd better skip *Figure in Space*, Teresa Venditto's latest performance/installation piece, since audience members are encouraged to bring drawing materials. The production deals with "the practice of political and media whitewashing in an art class, where students are instructed to distort/disappear politically provocative work." It's free and it's at the Museum School Auditorium, 320 the Fenway, Boston, tonight and tomorrow at 8 p.m. Call 482-9678.

The Newbury Street Theatre opens its 14th season with *Vanish like a Summer Tantrum*, a new play by the theater's resident playwright, Lydia Sargent. This "feminist adventure for nine women" is about a group of women reminiscing about their first forays into revolution. Tonight's preview performance is free (hereafter, tickets are \$6) and starts at 8 p.m. at the Newbury Street Theatre, 565 Boylston Street, Boston; call 262-7779.

(Bob Blumenthal, Carolyn Clay, Sally Cragin, Robin Dougherty, Owen Gleiberman, Paul D. Lehrman, Milo Miles, Bob Sullivan, and Charles Taylor helped out this week.)



THURSDAY: Willy DeVille, who performs at the Paradise with a band as Mink DeVille, has been up and down and through the mill in his more-than-12-year career. His smoky tenor and fascination with hip-gangster poise have gotten him underrated as a punk rebel, overrated as a white soul singer, and written off too soon too many times. He's back in town, and if nothing else, that proves he's in this for the long haul, for real. Call 254-2052.



THURSDAY: Saxophonist/singer bluesman A.C. Reed slides toward cliché and generalities on record. On stage, he puts the hammer down and can honk the jump tunes with the best of them. Serious party. Two shows, 8 and 11 p.m., at Nightstage. Call 497-8200.



FRIDAY THE 24TH: Whether viewed as a breakthrough gay movie or a reactionary throwback, *La Cage aux folles* remains a pretty irresistible farce — Michel Serrault's mincing drag queen Albin, in particular, more than makes up for in charm what he lacks in political correctness. The 1979 art-house smash shows tonight through Sunday at the French Library. Call 266-4351.

FUTURE PERFECT

Princess Tam-Tam and *Zouzou*, two films starring dancer and cabaret sensation of the '20s and '30s Josephine Baker, will run at the Brattle Theatre from March 3 through March 9. Baker's uninhibited sexuality captivated audiences in Europe, South America, and the United States and for good reason — nobody ever wore a banana skirt like the "ebony Venus." Call 876-6837.



Wild Women Don't Have the Blues, a one-hour PBS special airing February 27 at 11 p.m., recounts the heyday of Bessie Smith (in photo), Ma Rainey, Ida Cox, Alberta Hunter, Mamie Smith, and other legendary women performers who were the first to blend country blues and theatrical vaudeville in the '20s.

Keyboardist, singer, and former violin player on the Velvet Underground's desolation row, John Cale has been wandering in the wilderness without a steady record deal for some years now. His angular art punk combined with sick-soul-of-Europe classicism doesn't fit in any better now than it did 10 or 20 years ago; but since he has failed to become enshrined as a venerable rebel, he's no doubt more bitter than ever and ready to spew unrecorded vitriol over all who come to hear at Nightstage on March 4. Call 497-8200.



NEXT WEEKEND

When worlds collide

Terry Allen is a natural storyteller. The tale is oblique but epic in the diverse sculptural objects of his *Youth in Asia* series, which cumulatively tells the tragic story of how American boys were plucked out of their hometowns and sent off to Southeast Asia to kill commie gooks. But in his songs, the stories are specific — homely, even. When you first hear them, they may remind you of the stories of Raymond Carver or Bobbie Ann Mason, about the quiet desperation in which Americans live.

Terry Allen is a visual artist, country-and-Western singer, and songwriter. When you consider that painter David Hockney causes consternation when he wants to take photographs, you can imagine the categorization problem Allen creates. No surprise, then, that he's turning up at an art school: that's where you expect the unclassifiable. The Museum School is playing host to him as both artist and singer. New works from the *Youth in Asia* series are included in "Heroics Recast," an exhibition that's already opened at the Grossman Gallery of the Museum School. And next week he will sing his songs, accompanying himself on the piano.

Allen's work shows the kind of old-fashioned American faith in the people that's been lost in most contemporary art, but he's not a sentimentalist. He reports the bad with the good. "High Plain Jamboree," for example, is about a bar girl and a family man who spend time in a honky-tonk roadhouse "making jukebox memories" whenever he and his wife have trouble. Allen's "Lubbock Woman" is "sittin' in the front room just watchin' the TV, paintin' her nails red in a black negligee. She's just teased up

her wig and painted her eyelids blue. She's out to win, but she's destined to lose." Why? "Too much rouge, too much booze, too many movie magazines." Who is she? "She's 40, and lonely, and raw, and raunchy." But why do we care about her? "She has a good heart." These characters — tragic, lost, bored, and banal — all have good hearts.

I asked Allen how he reconciles his two creative outlets. He said he doesn't. "People always ask me, 'What kind of artist are you?', and my mind goes blank. I don't really know. Specialization is other people's problem. It's no big deal for me. They feed off each other. If I'm making a physically tedious object, maybe I'll go play the piano. Often the music will generate visual images I'll use later on. I do try to choose materials that go best with particular ideas." He considers himself lucky. "There are so many worlds. People restrict themselves. In making art, making music, I'm able to inhabit different worlds."

However, Allen does combine his two worlds in a few of his most sardonic songs. In "Truckload of Art," he reports on a group of "artists and painters and sculptors and musicians and poets and writers and actors and dancers and architects" from New York City who feel superior to everyone else. So they send off to the West Coast, like an unwanted care package, a truckload of "the most significant piles and influential heaps of artwork to ever be assembled in modern times." Of course this art ark goes off the road and its load goes up in smoke. But Allen told me he won't sing "Truckload of Art" at the Museum School; it gets so many requests, he's sick of it. Maybe he'll sing "The Art Mob" instead. "You better look good, you better act right, 'cause the art mob's out tonight."

Terry Allen appears at the Museum School on February 27 at 5:30 p.m. For information call 267-6100, extension 718.

— David Bonetti

STATE OF THE ART

Nightclubbing

Yet another nightclub is opening. Its name: **One Necco Place**. Necco is the latest project of Harry Booras's Entertainment Network, which runs the Channel. Located off Necco Street, hard by the Channel, the club is situated in the center of the Fort Point artists' colony. Necco is — unlike its cavernous cousin — an intimate concert space that holds about 250. Its 120-square-foot stage is equipped with high-quality lighting and sound. And unlike the rock-oriented Channel, Necco will feature jazz, blues, R&B, reggae, folk, and alternative music. The potables will also be of a different genre. According to the management, imported beer, brandies, champagne, and wine, as well as a wide variety of non-alcoholic beverages (including espresso and cappuccino), will be offered. The **Robin Lane Duo** and the **Yes Brazil Band** will play for the private opening party. **Errol Strength** will be on stage when the doors open to the public, on Thursday the 23rd. Subsequent nights will feature the **Motor City Rhythm Kings**, **Screaming Coyotes**, the **Dewey Redman Trio**, and **Ed's Redeeming Qualities**.

On Wednesday the 22nd, **Channel 25's Dance Jam** (produced by the Entertainment Network) will be taping a special party at Citi to celebrate the Grammys.

Action, meanwhile, continues to percolate at the **Lyons brothers' Citi/Axis** complex. DJ **Wiley LaMay** who usually spins at **Gallery DV8**, upstairs at **Axis**, is bringing his avant-garde sensibility to the mainstream. He will be DJ-ing at Citi on Friday night from now on.

But don't be fooled. Citi/Axis isn't going sissy. At least not if last week's **Born To Be Wild** party was any indication. Sponsored by the hair salon of the same name, the party featured a **rock ballet** set to music by **Guns n' Roses** and models decked out in **motorcycle and scuba wear**. The motif, explained clubster **Amber Clapp**, is "sex and sport."

It does indeed appear that sex is back on the club scene. You can mark its return with the **Details** party at Citi on Thanksgiving eve last year. Two weeks after that affair, the **Village Voice** coincidentally — or perhaps presciently — headlined its front page **CLUBLUST: THE DOWNTOWN SEX SCENE MAKES A COMEBACK**. Although things may not be as steamy here in Boston as **Michael Musto** says they are in New York, there are signs of stirring. **DV8** is soon unveiling a new multi-media exhibition by **John Dellarocca**. Entitled "Flesh and Bones," the show will feature video, photography, paintings, silkscreens, and sculpture. The idea, organizers say, is to be "sensuous and erotic."

A new cabaret complex is in the works, this time for the North End. To be called the **Theatre Lobby** at **Hanover Street**, the club will be booked by **Andrew Dougherty**, manager of **Barrence Whitfield** and the **Savages**.



Parmigianino, The Lovers (circa 1528)

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"PIETRO TESTA (1612-1650): PRINTS AND DRAWINGS." Organized by the Philadelphia Museum of Art and curated by Elizabeth Cropper. At the Sackler Museum until March 12.

"ITALIAN ETCHERS OF THE RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE." Organized by the Museum of Fine Arts and curated by Sue Welsh Reed and Richard Wallace. At the MFA until April 2.

In 1650 Pietro Testa threw himself in the Tiber and drowned. The despondency that led to his suicide was caused, it was said, by his lack of success as a painter. Indeed, whereas as a youth he customarily failed to receive mural commissions, at the time of his death he was no longer even being considered for them.

Testa should have been patient, however, and taken the long view. Today, 339 years after his death, he is receiving his first retrospective. "Pietro Testa (1612-1650): Prints and Drawings" includes all 38 prints he is known to have made, five of his paintings, and many preparatory drawings.

This long-delayed recognition isn't going to shake up the ranks of the old masters. In no way is this a rediscovery of a lost Caravaggio. Testa's limited life's work is mediocre; you may well wonder why anyone would put such effort into exhuming a reputation that seems so justly buried.

Certainly Testa gets better than he deserves. His champion, Elizabeth Cropper of Johns Hopkins, does an impeccable job of presenting his work for reevaluation. And the exhibition and the catalogue raisonné (the size of a telephone book) that accompanies it could serve as models for similar projects.

Don't get me wrong. The Testa show offers refined pleasures to anyone who cares about the refinements of 17th-century drawing. Testa devoted himself to etching, the print technique that most closely captures the spontaneity of drawing, and he was called, during his lifetime, "the exquisite draftsman from Lucca."

The problem is, his work is too exquisite, too refined. You might say it lacks blood or guts, but that's also a problem. In the religious and mythological allegories he favored, there's all too much blood and guts, so that there developed a discrepancy between the gory subjects and the style he chose to depict them. As was common to his age, Testa aspired to philosophy in his art, and his prints grow increasingly preachy as his painting career falters. His late works become absolutely priggish. Testa wasn't the first or last artist to combine a harsh morality with sadism.

In the early *Three Lucchese Saints Interceding with the Virgin for the Victims of the Plague*, Testa's elegant line finds delight in delineating the hideous effects of the plague, though perhaps he goes a step too far by picturing a putto holding his nose against the stench of the rotting bodies. In the painting *An Allegory of the Massacre of the Innocents*, Testa focuses the drama on a single executioner in the process of slashing a baby, the decapitated head of its sibling a sign of its fate. Meanwhile its hysterical mother spurts milk from her breasts as the soldier tramples her in his frenzied killing.

On the other hand, there's *I Find Delight Only in Learning*, in which the noble-minded artist represents himself turning his back on graphically rendered orgies of the flesh to face the bust of Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom. It has to be noted, however, that his gaze lingers a moment over the full buttocks of a naughty, Caravaggio-esque satyr.

Testa's prints are for the most part overworked machines in which the spontaneity of his ideas gets stifled. His contemporary Rembrandt made 280 prints, for which only 15 working drawings survive. There exist up to eight drawings for each of Testa's 38 prints, and whatever life his work possesses is in those drawings. The two most exciting works here are a dynamic red chalk study of Apollo and a terrifying black chalk portrait study for Charon. In final form — Apollo in an allegory of the seasons, Charon in the painting *Aeneas on the Bank of the River Styx* — their vitality is extinguished.

Poor Testa! He has to wait almost 350 years for his retrospective at the Sackler, and what does the MFA do? It mounts *Italian Etchers of the Renaissance and Baroque*, an exhibition that makes it clear



Federico Barocci, *Madonna and Child in the Clouds* (circa 1581)

Art

Crown prints of Italy

Plus Testa-mony at the Sackler

by David Bonetti



Pietro Testa, *Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple*

who the real stars are. Among these are familiar names, like Parmigianino and Annibale Carracci, and some little known ones — for instance, Giuseppe Caletti, with his image of a rustic David carrying off the head of a truly gigantic Goliath.

Actually, the real star of the show is the MFA Department of Prints, Drawings, and Photographs, which this season is largely responsible not just for the superb Goya extravaganza (organized by curator emeritus Eleanor Sayre) but for this groundbreaking exhibition. There are more than 150 works — etchings, drawings, and illustrated books — on view, and some require close attention. You may want to make several visits.

Italian etchings of the period — some of them by the most famous artists — are little known even to specialists. Yet the range of subject matter is astonishing. There are the expected religious subjects: Madonnas, Crucifixions, St. Jeromes, Annunciations, Transfigurations. After all, the early part of the era coincided with the Counter-Reformation.

But there is a wide variety of secular subjects as well: views of Rome for tourists to take home as souvenirs; landscapes; portraits; an engineering book showing the lowering of the obelisk behind the Vatican for moving; a drawing manual and a page by Jusepe de Ribera of studies of ears; depictions of festivals, pageants, weddings, and funerals at the Medici Court; a curious series of *Bizzarie* that Chirico would have loved; hunt scenes; and of course the mythological tales still popular after a millennium and a half of Christianity. The etchings also reveal the stylistic changes of the period, from the angular linearity of Mannerism to the more tonal, painterly, and architectonic forms of the Baroque.

It's hard to choose highlights from so many masterworks, but here goes.

Federico Barocci (1535-1612) made only four prints, all of which are included here. His painting is too saccharine for my taste, but his etchings are something else. Barocci's *Annunciation* makes evident the outpouring of love between Mary and the Archangel Gabriel that is curiously absent from most depictions of the scene. Still, a cat lies curled asleep in the foreground, the mystical union it witnesses inconsequential to its animal kingdom.

Annibale Carracci (1560-1609) headed the Bolognese Academy that codified the ideals of the High Renaissance. He's often vulgarly portrayed as the conservative villain of the time. Yet his best works are profoundly humane.

His *Holy Family* balances idealism with realism. Mary and Joseph are at home: Joseph is sitting on the window ledge, reading a large volume. Mary tends the infants Christ and St. John. Light fills the space: not the divine light of Barocci's print, but the light of the natural world. Mary's wistful look suggests she knows her son's fate. Yet only the halo over her head tells us this is the holy family, not a Bolognese family on its day of rest.

Neapolitan Salvador Rosa (1615-1673) was an 18th-century favorite for his romantic lifestyle. An outsider in Rome, he painted on speculation; but he was a master etcher. *The Rescue of the Infant Oedipus* marks the moment when a shepherd cuts down from a tree the infant, who had been abandoned because of the prophecy he would kill his father and marry his mother. This is a large print; the shepherd and Oedipus are small figures in a wild, romantic setting. The emotional subject here is the tree. Large, ancient, ravaged, it twists and turns as it rises out of the earth, shaking its leaf-laden branches in the wind.

Jacques Callot (1592-1635), a Frenchman, was printmaker at the Court of Cosimo II de' Medici. His *Temptation of St. Anthony* is a marvel of the sort we call Boschian. The hermit saint (find him in this cast of thousands and you win a gold star) is tormented by the demons of an overworked imagination. This is a true technical tour de force, and you don't have to understand the etching process to realize that Callot has done just about everything the medium allows.

A final word. The exhibition and its catalogue were sponsored by Fabriano Paper Mill, one of the world's most esteemed paper makers. The catalogue, itself a monument to contemporary scholarship, is printed on paper from Fabriano, and it's one of the most beautiful books you'll see published by a museum. □

Blessed be the guys that bind

Joe Turner's Come and Gone goes well at Trinity

by Carolyn Clay

JOE TURNER'S COME AND GONE, by August Wilson. Directed by Israel Hicks. Scenery designed by Robert D. Soule. Lighting by Michael Giannitti. Costumes by Bill Lane. With Lawrence James, Barbara Meek, Ed Hall, David Kennett, Allen Oliver, Michael Rogers, Danielle Davis or Tamyah Ward, Viola Davis, Shawn Lee or Mark Roderick, Stella Reed, and Lorey Hayes. At Trinity Repertory Company, Providence, Rhode Island, through March 26.

In Joe Turner's *Come and Gone*, playwright August Wilson seeks to bind the African American to his "song" — and that's not just whistling Dixie. This, the best so far of Wilson's cycle depicting the black experience in 20th-century America, is set in a Pittsburgh boarding house in 1911 — a warm, stolid structure behind which the smokestacks of industry belch and sputter. Inside, landlords Seth and Bertha Holly dispense hot biscuits and cold comfort to a migratory assemblage whose roots have been either severed or denied. The other characters, making wobbly or transient connections, are like the proverbial ships in the night — over all of whom, as Jesse Jackson would point out, looms the shadow of the slave ship, and in its wake cultures obliterated from the mind but still pulsing in the blood. The "song" of these selves stretches back beyond Walt Whitman and across the water.

Wilson, a poet before he was a dramatist (and married, like Langston Hughes, to the blues tradition), tries in his plays to meld realism and mysticism. In *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*, which takes its germ as well as its title from a mournful Memphis ditty about the infamous turn-of-the-century indenturer, he succeeds in a way that Maxwell Anderson never did. Admittedly, the boarding-house drama takes a back seat only to the barroom drama and the stranded-strangers dramas as a structural convenience. But Wilson makes of his inn less a hack dramatist's tool than a way station on some ritual journey of the race. Bertha Holly's country kitchen with its communal table, floating before a

bleak urban slumscape, isn't just a setting; it's a symbol.

Presiding over the table, supposedly, is landlord Seth, a Northern black whose freeman daddy left him the house — and who will look no further back than a single generation, for fear history might threaten his middle-class fiefdom. But the spiritual head of the house is Bynum Walker, a "conjure man" who heals with roots and performs pigeon sacrifices in the yard. Sort of a Yoruba king of the road who has at last come to roost, Bynum has, as he puts it, the "binding song"; his job is to join people, to one another, their roots, their fates.

The garrulous Bynum also has a strange tale to tell, to anyone who'll listen. He is looking for a "shiny man" he once encountered on the road, a glisten-

Theater

ing, bloody-handed black Jesus who took him to the ocean's edge. There, at once discovering his ancestry and his destiny, he had a vision, the contents of which he quakes to reveal. Bynum's dream is the key to *Joe Turner's* healing theme, and Ed Hall's performance in the role — which he reprises at Trinity Rep, having tested it at Yale Rep, at Boston's Huntington Theatre, and on Broadway — is the key to its grandeur.

Hall's Bynum, his country-preacher incantations modulated by folksiness, his baggy old clothes decorated by prayer beads and a weedy Boutonnière, is like Walter Brennan as shaman. His advice to a young, guitar-strumming hustler about Woman as a spiritual necessity rather than a sexual convenience leavens wisdom with homespun pomposity. Even his first-act-finale rite of exorcism has a little flour on it, so that Wilson's spiritual motifs and oratorical poetry never outgrow the kitchen and beg for a church. Unaided in this instance by the unforgettable Delroy Lindo, who inhabited the pivotal role of Harold Loomis in the original production, Hall spryly shoulders and carries the play.

Harold Loomis is the mysterious figure who shows up on the boarding-house

doorstep with a little girl in tow and the black man's burden — along with a heavy, ever-present overcoat, even though it's August — on his back. Like most of the other boarders, he has come up from the South, and like most of them, he's looking for something. The difference is that he knows what it is. Loomis, as Bynum intuits, is one of Joe Turner's men; "caught" in 1901 and illegally held for seven years of cotton picking, he is searching for the wife who disappeared during his internment. So sinister an enigma is Loomis that you think he means to do her harm. (He claims to be a deacon in the church, to which Seth replies, "I'd sure like to see the preacher.") As it turns out, the missing wife is less his harbor than a necessary roadmark to the future. He needs to see her face, he finally explains, in order to have "someplace to start from." Indeed, her 11th-hour presence does prove a catalyst, putting Loomis back in touch with the wrenching, agnostic song Joe Turner both inspired and "stole" from him.

Among other things, *Joe Turner* is an indictment of Pentecostal Christianity, with its doctrines of fundamentalism and forgiving the unforgivable. "Why God got to be bigger than me?" Loomis wonders, in the end rejecting the "blood of the Lamb" in favor of his own — and becoming, in the process, Bynum's long-sought "shiny man." It is Wilson's belief that the African American must reach back beyond assimilationism to the rich, bitter heritage of his forefathers; as he makes clear in *The Piano Lesson*, the playwright puts credence in ghosts, both literal and figurative. Here Bynum and Loomis share a vision — rather obviously rooted in the journey from Africa to slavery — of bones walking across the water, sinking under, and then washing up on shore, miraculously enveloped in black flesh.

At Trinity, where *Joe Turner* has been directed by Israel Hicks with one eye on the operatic and the other on the sink, the play's earthy, realistic detail stays right in the front seat (albeit the passenger one) with its mysticism. The wonderful Barbara Meek, as chicken-frying, Juba-dancing Bertha Holly, and Law-

rence James, as her propriety-conscious craftsman husband Seth, see to that, with Meek dispensing so many grits and biscuits that spiritual nourishment seems like mere dessert. James is both blowhard funny (gloweringly giving Loomis, who he thinks is crazy, a day-by-day countdown to eviction) and, in his futile attempt at succeeding according to white man's rules, quite touching. A strong actor, he probably should have played Harold Loomis, the weak link in this otherwise Joe Turner-worthy chain of a production.

As Loomis, Michael Rogers is suspicious all right; he lurks about like Lurch, all shifty-eyed, and looking like a man about to jump out of his skin and pounce on someone. But this is not the man Harold Loomis is; it's the one Seth Holly sees. Whereas the much larger Delroy Lindo brought a sorrowful, near-tragic presence to Loomis (and was frightening in his otherworldly paroxysms), Rogers is a surly, make-my-day lightweight. And he has an exotic sing-songy accent that suggests less than a speaking acquaintance with Memphis. There is, however, something a bit dangerous about him, and he makes it pay off in the play's final, purgative scene.

Among the other actors, few of them Trinity regulars, Boston's Allen Oliver is cheekily appealing as young Jeremy Furlow, an innocent abroad (and sometimes at sea) in his own land; and Viola Davis, who has in her face some of Alfre Woodard's chiseled sweetness, gives a strong, quiet performance as Mattie Campbell, one of the women dispensing sexuality but looking for permanence. Stella Reed is Mattie's formidable rival, the heavily becleaved I-don't-do-windows Molly Cunningham. And David Kennett, as stubby junk salesman and "people finder" Rutherford Selig, gives one of his most casually chilling white-trash performances. Friendly and pragmatic, Selig explains that his family have been rounding up "Negres" for years; first they found them for slave owners, and now they find them for one another.

Well, Wilson implies, somebody has to. In *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*, he makes Alex Haley's journey not as a detective but as a dramatic poet. The play stands as a moving tribute to the rootlessness of black life early in this century and as a conjuration of spiritual connective tissue. For Harold Loomis, Joe Turner may have come and gone, leaving him in possession of his instrument yet tone-deaf to his song. But as theater, *Joe Turner* is here to stay. □



Barbara Meek, David Kennett, Ed Hall: the "song" of these selves stretches back beyond Walt Whitman and across the water.

Talk-show circuit

Broadcast Live! and Mark Twain

by Paul Clements

Believe me, television just ain't no good. It skews our world vision and muddies the line between fantasy and reality. It turns healthy young minds into melting gelatin. It causes cataracts and probably makes us sterile. I'm telling you, America's riding first-class on the express train to Hades, and TV is our leering, malevolent conductor.

Of course you've heard that before. From Paddy Chayefsky to Allan Bloom,

Aisle hopping

the tube has suffered enough swipes by intellectuals and artists to ruin any hope of its finding an impartial jury. And in *The Broadcast Live! Show* (at Mobius, closed), a multimedia assault by video/performance artist T.W. Li, we get more testimony for the prosecution. Li's curvball is to make his theater audience do double duty as a studio audience attending a live TV show. In this guise, we are prodded, pampered, and cue-carded into accepting the inevitability of his perspective.

Produced and directed by Li and



RICH MOOS/MOBIUS

The Broadcast Live! Show: it's too much, but at least it's the right stuff.

written by Li, Julia Wilkes, and the single-named Clyde, *Broadcast Live!* digs at the local news, game shows, talk shows, and commercials that saturate our lives. The satire's a bit obvious in content and sophomoric in execution. But *Broadcast Live!* works when it appropriates TV's sensual overkill and takes it one step farther. The production, produced and inhabited by "thousands," is a

rococo dreamscape, a feast of palpable textures. Li barrages us with silk suits, kitchen utensils, video cams, human flesh, wigs, confetti, and Christmas lights. At its best, it's too much, but of the right stuff.

The didactics kick in early, when the crowd is shuffled into a narrow hallway to the audio accompaniment of mooring cows. When the "show" starts, we are

informed that a lucky audience member will be flown to California to star in his or her very own tabloid TV show. The cue cards insist we GET REALLY EXCITED and BE AMAZED. Our dinner-jacketed host Clyde — Jerry Mathers as '80 lounge lizard — offers hosannas to an ominous corporate sponsor that makes gas-mask replacement cartridges and nuclear-

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Blood of the poets

Not About Heroes like Sassoon and Owen

by Bill Marx

NOT ABOUT HEROES, by Stephen MacDonald. Directed by Spiro Veloudos. Music and sound by Alan Laing. Set designed by Peggy K. Miller. Costumes by Kathleen P. Brown. Visual effects by James B. Hill. With Steve McConnell and David Fox. At the Lyric Stage, Wednesdays through Sundays through March 12.

A title like *Not About Heroes* practically clubs you over the head with its ironic implications. Chances are good that the play will offer nothing but valiant souls to cheer about.

And sure enough, Stephen MacDonald's literate-but-static re-creation of the affectionate relationship between two of England's greatest World War I poets, Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen, is no portrait of two versifying cowards skulking along the Sonnet. The bravado isn't of the Rambo variety: sensitive wordsmiths exchanging their quills for bayonets, racing to the trenches, and dispatching a platoon of Huns. MacDonald is after a subtler kind of heroism, his combat writers weighing their abhorrence of the waste of human life against the demands of their country, their consciences, and their verse. Down in the trenches poets die for their art.

So the playwright demands courage not only from his war poets but from his two-man cast. Without a pair of bravura performances to support the fragile historical drama, *Not About Heroes* bites the footlights. Since Owen and Sassoon met only twice, the actors have to juice up the sophisticated talkfest, which is made up of snatches of letters, verse, and reminiscence.

The superb performances by Nicholas Pennell as Sassoon and Henry Czerny as Owen in Canada's Stratford Festival production turned *Not About Heroes* into an affecting anti-war drama, a lyrical tale that sang sweetly and movingly of arms and the penmen. Alas, the Lyric's stolid duo of Steve McConnell and David Fox deliver the language but none of the pathos. The production becomes a glorified poetry reading punctuated by "grand" gestures (especially by McConnell) that sweep away the bits of

humanity and humility MacDonald has tried so hard to eke out of his characters' literary leavings.

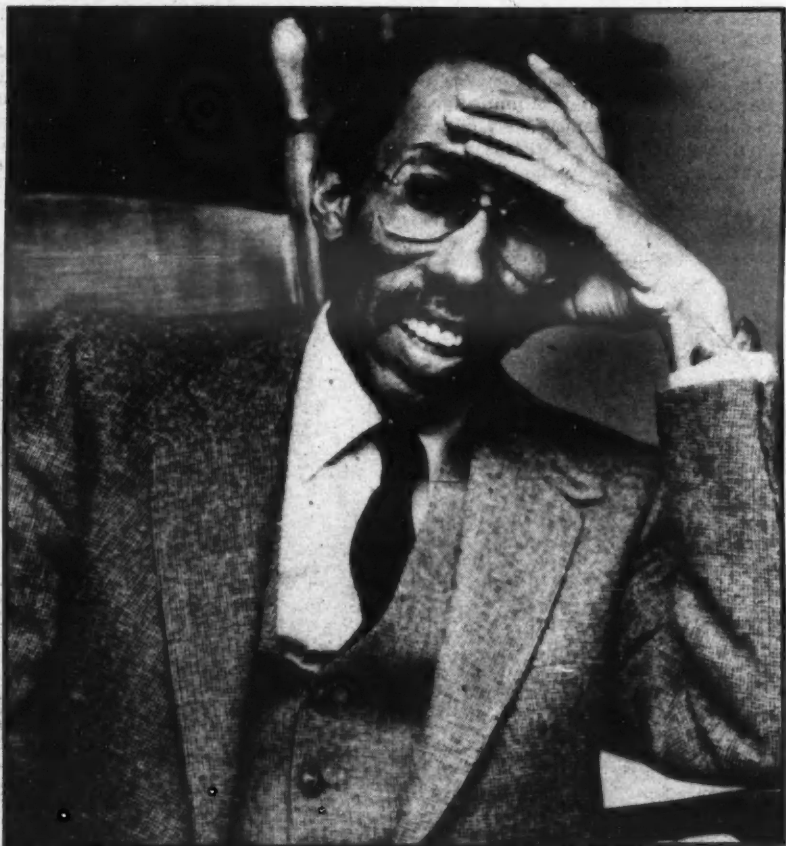
The play opens in 1918 with Sassoon, already an established poet who has been decorated for bravery, stuck in a war hospital in Edinburgh. He's been sent there because he published a protest against the "evil and unjust" conduct of the war; the idea is to undermine his protest by raising doubts as to his sanity. In hospital he meets the native, fledgling poet Wilfred Owen, who after four months in France is suffering from shellshock and questioning his nerve.

The cranky, stiff-upper-lipped Sassoon dismisses Owen's innocent hero worship but not his incipient genius. Under Sassoon's alternately gruff and tender tutelage, the eager apprentice soon becomes a master. The elder author then arranges for his friend's poetry to be published and for him to make the right connections in London. But the writers' love of the Muse — one of the best scenes has Sassoon making suggestions in the wording of one of Owen's greatest poems, "Anthem for a Doomed Youth" — dwarfs the affection they show to each other. The male bonding is as dry as beef jerky, with Owen a pup frisking around a stoic old bloodhound who grows misty-eyed when the youngster's out of sight.

Both writers are repulsed and fascinated by the war — still entranced by traditional beliefs in duty and manhood, they can't stay away from the front. Sassoon is wounded in the head after he leaves the hospital; Owen, to prove to himself that he's not a coward (and live up to Sassoon's example), meets his death a week before the Armistice is signed. In this way MacDonald manages to push an anti-war theme without raising the specter of cowardice — no one in the audience is going to think Sassoon and Owen are sissies.

Under the rub-a-dub direction of Spiro Veloudos, the Lyric production rinses out many of the subtle tinctures in the Sassoon/Owen friendship. The play's homo-erotic undercurrents are overlooked (Fox blasts out of McConnell's farewell embrace), along with its hints at

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Julius Lester: peeling the folklore back to its essential core

Song of the South

Who reframed Brer Rabbit?

by Ketura Persellin

On February 19, when Julius Lester appears, "in concert," his instruments will be Brer Rabbit and the gang — Brer Turtle, Brer Buzzard, Brer Fox, among others. He will be telling folk stories he has rewritten — stories, as he puts it, "from the largest single body of black folktales that we have." (The performance, under the auspices of Storytellers in Concert, is at the First Church Congregational in Cambridge at 7:30 p.m.)

The adventures of Brer Fox, Brer Possum, Brer Wolf, and their critter companions, whose exact origins are unknown, were collected and recorded

about a hundred years ago by Joel Chandler Harris, a white Southerner. In the process, the tales — in which, for example, "Mr. Fox Is 'Outdone' by Mr. Buzzard" and "Mr. Wolf Tackles Old Man Tarrypin" — were put in the mouth of a freed slave named Uncle Remus who speaks to his audience, a little white boy perched on his knee, in dialect. The 10 volumes Harris eventually published, says Lester, "probably make up the most accurate record we have of black speech at that time."

But 19th-century storyteller Uncle Remus has, in the 20th century, come to be

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Faith healing

James Woods is a True Believer again

by Owen Gleiberman



James Woods with Tony Haney and Graham Beckel: his assaultive intelligence becomes a treat for the audience.

TRUE BELIEVER. Directed by Joseph Ruben. Written by Wesley Strick. With James Woods, Robert Downey Jr., Yuji Okumoto, Margaret Colin, and Kurtwood Smith. A Columbia release. At the Charles and the Circle and in the suburbs.

Hollywood used to be able to turn out zesty, engrossing little thrillers that were the definition of a good night out. Now, we're lucky if we get two or three a year. *True Believer* is one, and this has been such a dead month at the movies that I came out grateful for its verve, its fast-break wit, its pungent performances. Eddie Dodd (James Woods) is a New York defense lawyer who made a name for himself in the late '60s and early '70s by taking on civil-liberties cases. Passionate, "caring," and as tricky as a good lawyer needs to be, he was the young Perry Mason of the counterculture. Now the activist market has run dry, and he's become a burn-out by default.

In court, Eddie still shows traces of his old flamboyant, moralistic style. His new specialty, though, is defending mid-level drug dealers. He gets them off on technicalities — not by pretending they aren't dealing, but by demonstrating illegal entrapment, etc. He's still using "the system" against itself, only now his clients are scum. You could call Eddie a sell-out, except that he doesn't make much money. That's why he's such a sad case. On some level, he doesn't want to cash in. He feels so guilty for having lost his idealism that he punishes himself by

remaining in economic purgatory; his shabby office and shabby clients are proof of his integrity — and they're pretty thin proof at that. *True Believer* (surprise!) is about how Eddie comes alive again by taking on a case that sparks his outrage. It's about how he finally burns off the guilt.

A young Korean man, Shu Kai Kim (Yuji Okumoto), is in prison for a crime he may not have committed — the murder of a Chinese youth-gang member seven years ago in Chinatown. Now he has killed a fellow inmate, a crazed neo-Nazi, and his mother begs Eddie to take the case. Eddie, spurred on by his new, fresh-out-of-law-school clerk (Robert Downey Jr.), who idolizes him for his civil-liberties work, begins to see that the Korean may have been railroaded in the first place. He decides to re-open the original case.

True Believer reworks a lot of conventional courtroom-thriller tricks. Its story of a once-proud, now-jaded attorney redeemed by a down-and-out client is highly reminiscent of *The Verdict* and *Suspect*, and the film features all the usual red herrings and the usual corruption in high places. (How could the corruption be in low places? Eddie Dodd has nowhere to look but up.)

The fun of the movie is in how clever the reworking is. The screenwriter, Wesley Strick, a former rock critic for *Creem* and *Rolling Stone* (this is his first script to be produced), comes up with the sort of light-fingered cynical banter that keeps a thriller hopping. In this era of non-written high-concept movies,

Strick's edgy, up-to-the-minute dialogue is a joy to listen to, and the actors relish it. And director Joseph Ruben gives the movie pace and soul. Ruben, who hooks you from the dreamy, quasi-avant-garde opening shots (slow-motion footage of the Chinatown murder), has a rare gift for bringing out actors in even the tiniest roles. There isn't a performer here who doesn't make a mark — and James Woods, who's been stuck in too many half-baked projects, gives his juiciest performance since *Salvador*.

Wearing his hair in a visual oxymoron (a graying pony tail), Woods has a slightly depraved, rotting-hippie aura here, and he's certainly convincing as a burn-out. Yet this may be the most sheerly likable he's ever been. Woods can do furious psychos, but he's always put an instinctive comic spin on his lines, and his toothy, face-splitting smile offers glimmers of friendliness. He's also one of the few actors who's utterly incapable of playing someone foolish or gullible (he's simply too smart for it). Yet Woods, a major talent, has never quite had the ease of a star — the sort of ease Jack Nicholson, even at his most hostile, has had.

Here, he relaxes a bit, and his assaultive intelligence becomes a treat for the audience. Puffing on a joint behind his office door, his Eddie Dodd is an acrid wheeler-dealer with a mellow, generous center. He's struggling to be cold and pragmatic, but he can't quite shed his counterculture skin. In writing the screenplay, Strick clearly copped a page or two from *Salvador* — the whole

notion of James Woods as a former idealist searching for redemption. This character isn't as emotionally rich (or as romantic) as Richard Boyle was; he lacks both the fractious, speed-freak intensity and the depth of desperation. But Woods has been given several scenes that echo his great Catholic-confessional monologue in the earlier film, and he brings them a righteous, edge-of-tears quality that recalls the young Richard Widmark at his most impassioned. Staring at Shu Kai Kim from across a prison phone, Eddie sees that the young Korean, too, is an innocent who's been corroded by circumstance. He identifies with him; he takes the case to save them both.

Robert Downey Jr. underplays his own quick-wittedness, and the modesty becomes him. He supports Woods's performance the way Emilio Estevez supported Richard Dreyfuss's in *Stakeout*. There's a central irony to the premise: the junior lawyer, with his \$30 haircut and preppie manners, has to convince the scruffy, long-haired ex-crusader that the law is still a noble profession. Downey's Roger is infatuated with the impassioned '60s, yet in his style and temperament, he has the ironic, teched-out precision of the

Film

'80s. The actors turn their buddy-buddy bickering into a sly dialogue between '60s heat and '80s cool, even if the film's decade-versus-decade dynamic is finally a little freeze-dried. It's a good idea that never quite becomes more than a conceit.

As Shu Kai Kim, Yuji Okumoto works wonders with a nearly wordless role. The character has been so victimized that we could easily be bullied into feeling sorry for him, yet Okumoto, through his furious, placid stare, suggests that the seven years in prison have given Kim a treacherous knowledge that's slowly killing him from the inside. This is no noble innocent: Kim's soul is going down the tubes, and his not fighting it is his form of defiance.

The film has one other terrific performance. As Robert Reynard, the wily prosecutor who put Kim behind bars, Kurtwood Smith steals just about every scene he's in. Smith, who played the cackling criminal mastermind in *RoboCop*, is like Jack Nicholson with fewer demons and a higher hairline. His eyebrows bear down with laser-like will, and he does something very canny: he makes this cutthroat, Reagan-era prosecutor an ethical pragmatist, a man who believes passionately that he's acting for the greater good. His face-offs with Woods (who brings his own complex moral baggage into the equation) are the highlights of the film.

I don't want to give much of the plot away, but suffice to say that Ruben keeps the roller coaster flying. There's a terrific, scary scene involving a family of white supremacists, and the flashbacks — shot, like the opening murder, in grainy black-and-white — have a hallucinatory immediacy. In its tight, genre-movie way, *True Believer* unveils a conspiracy as multi-faceted as the real-life one in *The Thin Blue Line*. The movie is about how railroading someone isn't just a matter of issuing a single bureaucratic order. There are motives — and tricky logistical factors — at every level. That the film feels less imaginative than it might have 10 years ago reflects how much corruption we now accept without a twinge. □

Trailers

COUSINS

Jean-Charles Tacchiella's 1976 *Cousin, Cousine* was a meant-to-be-robust romp about a wrinkle-free adulterous affair — the right man finds the right woman, each wriggles out of a mismatched marriage, and no one suffers much for it. The picture was an art-house hit, but its mixture of artificial earthiness and Continental polish made me cringe, and so did its queasily self-congratulatory stand on bourgeois morality (which it was actually an example of). *Cousins*, the newest in the boom of American remakes of French comedies, is the Hollywood reincarnation of *Cousin, Cousine*, and it's even worse than the original — it doesn't have Marie-France Pisier (who provided at least a temporary lift).

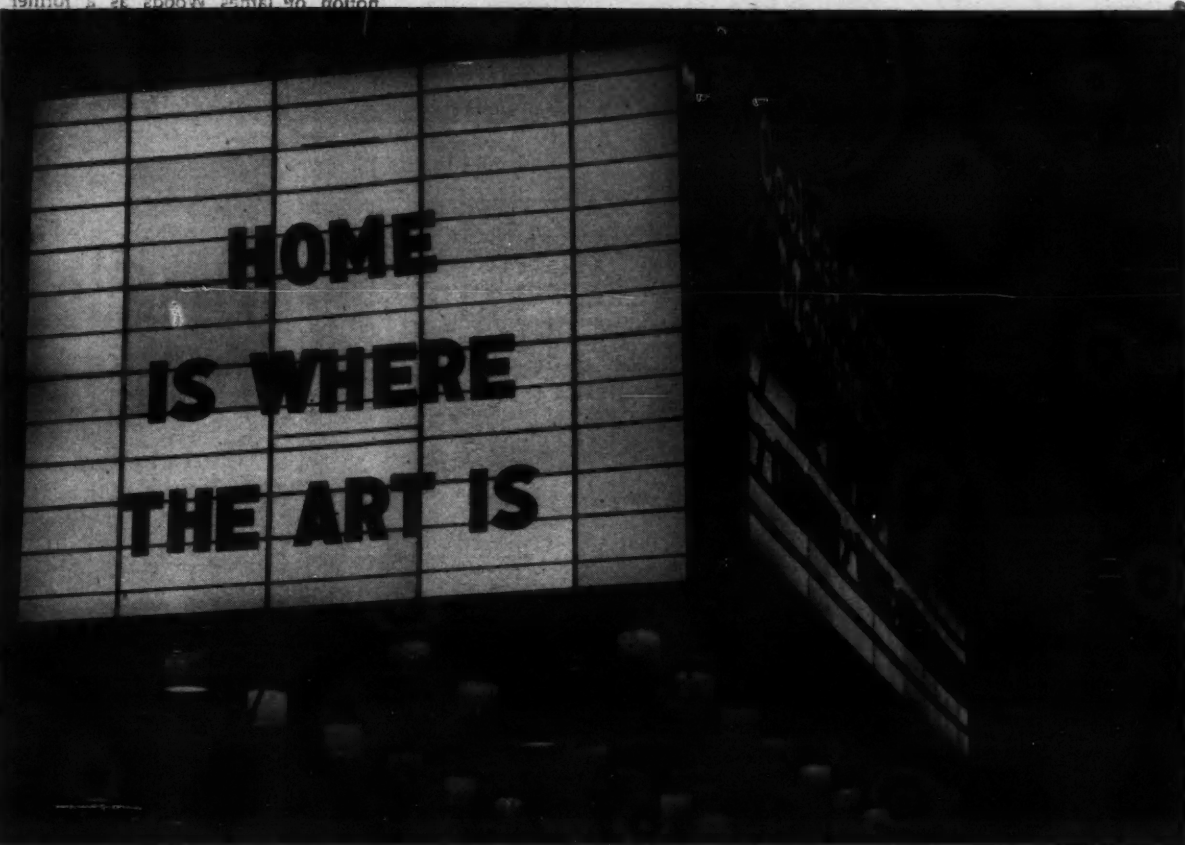
This version, directed by Joel Schumacher, features Ted Danson, and

Isabella Rossellini as the cousins-by-marriage (they meet at the wedding of her mother and his uncle) who become attracted to each other when their respective spouses (Sean Young and William Petersen) indulge in a brief fling. It's hard to imagine Danson and Rossellini as a couple, but since they're playing fake characters, you don't really have to: it might just as well be their clothes — Danson's two-tone shoes and ice-cream suits (he's a dapper free spirit) and Rossellini's dumpy wholesome white skirts and sunbonnets (she's a mother, and committed to things) — that mate.

The movie also features Lloyd Bridges (as Danson's dad) and George Coe and Norma Aleandro (in a curled hair-do that threatens to crawl right off her skull), but they don't make much of an impression, either. Sean Young, does, though. Since I saw her in *No Way Out*, I've been convinced Young is the worst American actress since the heyday of Ali MacGraw, but in *Cousins* I became fixated on that



Ted and Isabella: it might as well be their clothes that mate.



MICHAEL ROMANOS

The repertory theaters have been dropping like Friday the 13th supporting players.

Keeping a good rep

Boston tries to maintain its moviegoing options

by Mark Caro

Y'know, there's no such thing as movie theatres anymore, just concrete bunkers at the end of the mall.

—Handwritten sign inside the Somerville Theatre.

Chances are, those words will end up in some garbage bin soon after December 31, when the current Somerville Theatre management loses its truncated lease and surrenders the building to Chatham Light Realty Corporation of Cambridge.

Then again, "Chances are" doesn't mean much these days. Just ask the Coolidge Corner Moviehouse supporters, who began their longshot battle to save the 55-year-old Art Deco theater last September, when it was set to be razed. Now, during a one-year suspension of demolition courtesy of the Brookline Historical Commission, the Coolidge Corner Theatre Foundation is scrambling to gather funds to buy the building itself by March 15.

If the '70s were glory days of independent movie houses, the '80s have proclaimed the triumph of real estate, corporatization, video mass-consumption. Repertory theaters nationwide have been dropping like *Friday the 13th* supporting players. In the Boston area, the number of commercial repertory screens is down from 10 in the late '70s to three. And if the Coolidge Corner and Somerville boosters don't quickly strike a formula for how an independent movie house can survive into the '90s, that number will soon dwindle to one. (The Brattle's lease expires in May of next



MARK MORELLI

The best place in the country for a repertory moviehouse

year, but the building's owners say they're committed to maintaining the theater as the center of their Brattle Street development.)

The Coolidge Corner is closest to the wrecking ball, but its rescue mission is farther along than anyone might have dreamed six months ago. Justin Freed, the Coolidge's owner and programmer since 1977, announced the theater's impending shutdown last summer. Freed had battled unfriendly demographics,

unimpressive receipts, and the USA Cinemas/Loew's virtual first-run monopoly long enough. So he and his family sold the building to developer Jonathan Davis, who had previously converted Boston's Exeter Moviehouse into Conran's.

Before Davis could knock down the structure and erect his own, in came David Kleiler, founder of the Rear Window film program, and his ad hoc collection of save-the-Coolidge activists.

The Kleiler gang mobilized support from within the Brookline community and Town Hall and the Boston arts scene. By December the Coolidge Corner Theatre Foundation was circulating sprawling (if sketchy) plans to convert the movie house into a non-profit, "multi-functional cultural center" to be utilized by Brookline school and community groups and Boston-area arts organizations during day and night. And most evenings it would feature repertory film programming.

"We're not trying to say that Justin failed in not making it work," says Kleiler. "We're saying the way to make it work is a complete restructuring. I think the idea of the mixed-use, cultural facility run by a non-profit organization is the only way for the theater to survive."

But the Theatre Foundation can't test its proposition without access to the space. The market rental rate would no doubt exceed the theater's means, so the Foundation decided its best option would be to buy the building. Considering that the Brookline Planning Board and Historical Commission have yet to approve Davis's own plans (and in the face of widespread support for the theater), he has said he'd be willing to sell.

"If the preservation of the theater is feasible, I'm not going to be the obstacle to that," Davis says, "If it means selling the theater at not so big a profit, I'm willing to do that."

On Monday, January 30, he set his terms: the Theatre Foundation must be prepared to buy the building for \$2.6 million by March 15. "In a process that might normally take a year, we have six weeks," says Kleiler. "It's an uphill swim." The foundation is now pursuing a variety of schemes: trying to obtain commitments from organizations that have expressed interest in using the space occasionally, such as the Museum of Fine Arts, the American Repertory Theatre, and the University Film Studies Center Archive (which is about to lose its MIT home); appealing to private donors; approaching banks and, perhaps more promisingly, the Massachusetts Industrial Finance Agency (MIFA) about obtaining low-interest funds; and meeting with another developer who would purchase the building and incorporate the theater into his plans.

Numerous professionals, including representatives of the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, have feverishly worked gratis on the project. "In September, when we started this crazy thing, I'd have said it was a 100-1 shot," says Kleiler. "Now I'd say it's a 2-1 shot. I think it's going to happen, but until we get substantive response from the bankers and have our business plan complete, I can't raise the odds."

Some others, of course, remain skeptical. "I think it would be great if Brookline were the only community that could save its 1000-seat vintage movie emporium," Davis says. "But I don't think it's feasible." USA Cinemas consultant George Mansour agrees: "They've gotten a lot farther than I thought they would, but I don't think they'll make it."

"Justin Freed is a very smart exhibitioner," says Bo Smith, the Museum of Fine Arts' film coordinator, "and the fact that he can't make it work indicates that it will be difficult for anyone who takes it over." Yet Smith, who once ran a multi-cultural center in Madison, Wisconsin,

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lip-glossed pucker, that daffy, hyper-bright smile, those helium-stoned line readings — and I realized she's not an actress. She's a Toon. *At the Copley Place and the Circle and in the suburbs.* — Steve Vineberg

THE 'BURBS

The trouble with Joe Dante's movies is that there's way too much going on in them. The profusion of gimmicks and twists wasn't a problem in his last picture, the inexplicably overlooked *Innerspace*, because there he seemed to know just how to blend comedy and adventure; the film was like the perfect amusement-park ride. But for too much of *Gremlins*, Dante hedged on whether he was playing it straight or satirically. And though there's less going on in *The 'Burbs* than in any of his other pictures (it's basically a two-joke movie), he still can't get a handle on the tone.

Tom Hanks plays a harried suburbanite who opts out of his family's



Hanks: there goes the neighborhood.

usual two-week-vacation routine for a relaxing stay on the homefront. Trouble is, his mind keeps wandering to thoughts of the weird new neighbors next door. No one's seen them, and no one can account for the lights and noises that come out of their basement at night, or what appear to be graves dug in their

backyard. Hanks's worst fears are fueled by the suspicions of his old neighbors, a nosy slob (Rick Ducommon) and a buggy Vietnam vet (Bruce Dern).

For about an hour, Dante keeps punching away at one of his two jokes (grown men acting like children) and stringing us along on the other one (just what's going on with the weirdniks next door?). Neither idea is terribly original. The first one provokes a few laughs, thanks mostly to Bruce Dern, who has a ball parodying all his psycho roles; his lieutenant treats being a suburban homeowner as a paramilitary operation.

But if you're going to tease the audience for an hour, you'd better have one hell of a pay-off. And the scene in which Hanks and friends finally visit their new neighbors isn't it. Everyone sits around the living room staring uncomfortably at one another — does Dante think that awkwardness equals menace? The scene is like a *Saturday Night Live* sketch that drags on pointlessly. As the head of the family, Henry Gibson (one of

those performers whose sheer presence gives pleasure) gets some comic mileage out of his Eastern European accent, and the mad nightclub performer Brother Theodore suggests a mating of Mel Brooks and Maria Ouspenskaya.

Dante can't seem to decide what he thinks of the suburbs. He loves trashing middle-class niceness, as he did in *Gremlins* and his startling episode of the *Twilight Zone* movie, but the Spielbergian glow he gives his white-picket-fence settings is never completely dispelled. He's like a kid who fantasizes about wrecking his hometown but can't imagine living anywhere else. The last 15 minutes of *The 'Burbs* is a series of baffling flip-flops. For all Dante's talent, the messiness of his movies shuts you out instead of turning you on. Watching the last section of *The 'Burbs*, you'd swear he directed each minute of it with no notion of what came before or after. *At the Cheri and the Chestnut Hill and in the suburbs.*

— Charles Taylor



John Malkovich and Michelle Pfeiffer in *Dangerous Liaisons*: Frears opens the play up without diffusing it.

The play's the thing

What happens when theater works get dramatic on film

by Carolyn Clay

David Mamet, a man who's blown cigar smoke from Broadway to Hollywood and back, writes that working in the movies "taught me to stick to the plot and not to cheat." It's true that film tends to chase storylines as if they were speeding vehicles manned by Uzi-wielding drug barons. But the medium has cheats of its own — and some mega-aversions, among them bold metaphor and stylization. Look at Mamet's plays, in contrast to his movies. In *Glengarry Glen Ross* and *Speed-the-Plow*, the Mamet-speak has been boiled down to a glaze of mannerism and intent; in *House of Games* and *Things Change*, Joe Mantegna lets it fly, but in bullets, not arias. You can stop the music but not the story.

Of course Mamet, so far, has treated his film and stage pieces as separate animals. He has yet to open the barn door and let them migrate. Whereas Hollywood in general, with its paucity of fine writers (witness the near-worship of Robert Towne), seems inclined to lasso every Broadway hit it can, regardless of suitability to the more literal, active medium. (And sure there are exceptions; as little ostensibly happens in *Au revoir, les enfants* as in *American Buffalo*.) Currently there are three films afoot based on prize-winning theater pieces — at least two of which, it could be argued, had no business becoming movies.

The most successful crossover, *Dangerous Liaisons*, is the one that sticks

closest to its juggernautical source, Christopher Hampton's elegantly depraved *Les liaisons dangereuses* (which is in turn based on the 18th-century novel by Choderlos de Laclos). *Talk Radio*, on the other hand, aggressively fleshes out Eric Bogosian's skeletal, Obie-winning theater piece with plot, suspense, and flashbacks, not to mention an overlay of the life and death of Denver radio baiter Alan Berg, who was killed by neo-Nazis. And *Torch Song Trilogy* has, well, ceased to be a trilogy and become a period sit-dram about a croaking frog prince who (as *Saturday Night Live* synopsis) "just wants to be loved — is that so wrong?"

Frankly, it surprised me that so arch a play as *Les liaisons*, however grand, gained rather than lost upon being turned into a film. At least as presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company, the piece was stylized to within an inch of its periwig, in black, white, and blood — an imagery film director Stephen Frears echoes in a shot Robert Wilson would envy, of the dead Valmont, his crumpled torso like a spider in the snow, blood trailing off like a cape. The film, however, creates a metaphoric context of its own, from the opening moments when we watch Glenn Close's Marquise de Merteuil and John Malkovich's Vicomte de Valmont being embellished and trussed for socio-sexual combat; it's like knights being suited up in heavy metal.

Moreover, Frears opens the play up, as

they say, miraculously without diffusing it. You know how it always is with Neil Simon plays turned into movies. All of a sudden, the prisoner of Second Avenue, or whoever, gets up and leaves the living room to walk around the block — for no reason other than to show off more real-live scenery? This silliness is usually fatal, as is the transplantation of a play that's allegorical — and *Les liaisons* can be read as a treatise on sex and power as easily as a daisy-chains-of-the-rich-and-famous roundelay — into a necessarily less figurative setting. The classic example is the exposure, on celluloid, of *Equus*. Literate piffle stunningly staged, it was reduced to the idiotic argument that it's better to poke horses' eyes out than to be devoid of "passion."

Of course *Les liaisons dangereuses* is a better play than *Equus* (or *Torch Song Trilogy*, or *Talk Radio*). But Frears, in trundling it among opulently medieval chateaux, removes the slightly stilted drawing-room feel that the play, restricted to its vast, stark parlor, could not entirely escape. Moreover, he brings us close enough to the bare faces of the characters: the almost imperceptibly freckled, slit-eyed Close; the poutily reptilian Malkovich; Michelle Pfeiffer, looking as if she were born to weep — so that every psychological nuance registers. Despite Malkovich's calculatedly slinky performance, only the moment where Close's Merteuil has to tell him her life story, concluding that she was

born "to dominate your sex and avenge my own," seems stogy.

Torch Song Trilogy, on the other hand, was born to be stogy. I mean no one in the real world, not even Harvey Fierstein, could talk like Harvey Fierstein. For those of us who adore the man's man with the Drano whisper, the thought of *Torch Song* without Fierstein is pretty dreary (one of its faults as a play is that it's hopelessly, umbilically tied to its unique author and star). And at least the Paul Bogart-directed movie preserves the performance, in all its camp-vamp glory and near-matronly vulnerability.

But *Torch Song* was conceived and written as a trilogy whose three related one-acters, "The International Stud," "Fugue in a Nursery," and "Widows and Children First!," are so stylistically diverse that their juxtaposition jangles — and takes the edge off central character Arnold Beckoff's relentlessness. Bogart retains some of the monological man-in-a-make-up-mirror feel of "The International Stud," but for the most part, the overriding tone of the film is that of the least interesting of Fierstein's three plays, the dueling-yentas "Widows and Children First!" (After *night, Mother*, I'd say it's a good idea to avoid plays turned into movies starring Anne Bancroft; the woman should have been frame-frozen while girl-fighting Shirley MacLaine in *The Turning Point*.) Gone completely is the virtuosic affectation of "Fugue in a Nursery," which was performed atop a giant, raked bed and structured like a fugue. In the movie, we get a quaint and linear story that seems more important — and sometimes more preposterous — than the character of Arnold Beckoff.

A bit of the same happens with *Talk Radio*, though here the usurpation of riff and character by action is deliberate. Director Oliver Stone set out to expand Eric Bogosian's near-plotless theater piece — which was about the vitriolic charge of talk radio and the talent of Eric Bogosian — to accommodate the fate of Alan Berg. In other words, *Talk Radio* is not, like Jonathan Demme's film of Spalding Gray's *Swimming to Cambodia*, a whiz-bang cinematic treatment of a one-man show fueled by the energy of its perpetrator. It's not supposed to be. It does, however, indicate the medium's essential distrust of dramatic impressionism over storytelling.

In the theater piece, hatemonger Barry Champlain simply is; no effort is made to give him a past, a future, or his just deserts. In the film, he must have a history as a "suit salesman with a big mouth," an ex-wife love interest, and lots of sinister-looking black glass off which to bounce his self-loathing. (Admittedly, there are things a camera can do that a playgoer's naked eye cannot; the way Stone's circles Bogosian, faster and faster, as Champlain hurtles out of control has a metaphoric integrity of its own.)

What disturbs me is not so much the surrounding gimmickry as the amelioration of Barry Champlain, for whom, in the film, so many excuses are made. (Fervent, liberal, and insecure, perhaps he just wants to be loved — is that so wrong?) It's as if Stone were reaching back toward the dictum of legendary Broadway producer Sam Harris, who claimed a play needed someone to root for. In the theater, at least, *Talk Radio* reached beyond that in Bogosian's merciless depiction. Here Barry Champlain may loom larger than life, but he's not in the room with you, taking the veneer off civility and the paint off the walls. □

Klaus: The wrath of Kinski

The lips make Mick Jagger's look dainty; the eyes are black holes of sorrow, madness, dread. On screen, Klaus Kinski has the feral intensity of a rhapsodic lunatic — he's opera in a straitjacket. Few who've seen his performances in Werner Herzog movies (*Nosferatu*, *Woyzeck*, and especially *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*) would deny that he's unforgettable.

Now Kinski, in his 60s, has written an autobiography — from the gut, the spleen, and (most notably) the crotch. It's called *All I Need Is Love* (Random House, 265 pages, \$19.95), and what's clear early on is that a) the reverse-Beatles title isn't in the least bit ironic, and b) Klaus Kinski has a different idea of love from yours or mine.

This may be the most deliriously priapic celebrity memoir ever penned. On page after page, Kinski does it with

actresses, waitresses, store clerks, groupies, whores; with beauties and uglies, young girls and not-so-young women; in bedrooms, bathrooms, public hedges; three times a day, 10 times a day. Between deadpan descriptions of backroom fucking, he treats us to a headlong account of his experience as an actor, outlaw, celebrity, and professional scourge. The book, which reads like a fever dream dictated into a tape recorder, is a jagged celebration of Kinski's lust for life and his profound hatred of it. It's 265 pages of rock-video Genet — of Henry Miller on acid.

There's plenty o' pain and degradation: a childhood of excruciating poverty in pre-World War II Warsaw (where he's introduced to sex by his sister), stints in a German prison camp and a mental hospital. Yet the overriding arc of the book is Kinski's emergence from the

ashes. To support his life of existential luxury, he spends money as quickly as he can make it, which is why this outrageously gifted actor takes any role he's offered — even the crummiest, dubbed B movies, as many as a dozen per year.

Kinski's contempt for just about everything to do with the cinema may be a backhanded way of excusing himself for all the crap he's made. But it's also too hysterical to be a put-on. This stage of the book reaches its comic climax in his frothing hatred for Werner Herzog. Kinski's account of the filming of *Aguirre* is an essential corrective to Herzog's self-glorifying version of the same events. Then again, it's clear that these two brilliant, charismatic clowns owe more to each other — and have more in common — than either would ever dare admit. Reading *All I Need Is Love*, you get the feeling that what riles Kinski about Herzog is that, on the egomaniac scale, he finally met his match.

— Owen Gleiberman



Opera in a straitjacket

The elephant man

Lee Atwater has a new Southern strategy for the GOP

by Ron Wynn



George Bush and Lee Atwater getting down on Inauguration weekend (top); Atwater favorite Willie Dixon (bottom left); B.B. King (bottom right).



MARC NORBERG/CAPITOL RECORDS



TERRY ABRAHAMSON

MEMPHIS — At first glance it looked like just another Saturday-night jam session at Mr. Handy's Blues Hall, one of the clubs lining historic Beale Street that present reminders of the city's fabled blues heritage. Rufus and Carla Thomas were on stage, along with bassist Duck Dunn, former member of Booker T. & the MG's, the ensemble that helped write the soul book in the '60s.

The first thing that made this night different was the audience: staunch political types, from the head of the Shelby County Republican Party and his Memphis counterpart to Pepper Rodgers, the man heading attempts to get an NFL expansion franchise in town. They began arriving hours before the event was scheduled to begin, seeking the few seats down front to avoid rubbing elbows with the usual melange of blues fans, stragglers, and strangers who compose Saturday-night crowds.

This unusual blend of haves and have-nots, politicians and black-music freaks filling the tiny club were there to witness another anomaly: the rhythm guitarist whose modified duckwalks, squats, slithering chords, stutters, slurs, and yells drew smiles, quizzical looks, and sometimes applause from an overflow crowd. It was the man himself, Lee Atwater, new head of the Republican National Committee, former Bush campaign chief, and longtime blues, soul, and R&B advocate, making a command appearance on Beale. Atwater played a spanking new, custom Gibson. He was right at home in the no-holds-barred session, sticking the instrument behind his back, then throwing in a few stammering verses that he

later admitted were borrowed from Billy Stewart's version of "Summertime."

The Atwater African-American music connection has become the nation's biggest cultural curiosity. Atwater's long involvement with blues and R&B date back to his youthful days in South Carolina and his high-school years heading the Upssetters Revue. He spent many nights absorbing the styles of Bobby Womack or various Stax-Voit stars in dingy dirt-floor clubs and chitlin'-circuit venues. He's a product of the lesser publicized segment of the baby-boom generation, whose lives were affected more by James Brown, Otis Redding, and Muddy Waters than by the Beatles or Led Zeppelin. These are folk who've never accepted the notion that Elvis Presley invented modern music, or that black sounds are the inferior stepchild of the greater white whole.

The Southern soul and blues advocates are unimpressed with more-sophisticated variations like Motown and Philly International; they're alienated by raw descendants of the theme, like funk and disco. When Atwater says that "Willie Dixon is a genius" or boasts that "when it's all said and done, Memphis music is my favorite" he does so with a combination of belligerence, certainty, and bewilderment, as though he couldn't understand why anyone would question Dixon's greatness.

African-American products of the segregated South of the '50s and '60s know plenty of Lee Atwaters: white guys steeped in the Confederacy's rituals who flocked to African-American clubs to hear and see black stars and invited those same performers to their lily-white col-

leges, universities, and even private parties and weddings to entertain. Later they violently opposed the civil-rights movement and federal legislation ensuring African-Americans a modicum of rights and privileges. But when they went to see James Brown or Ray Charles, they didn't worry too much about whether the rope separating the audiences eventually disappeared.

Republicans in the South began playing the race game almost as soon as the Supreme Court made the Brown decision, in 1954. They escalated the stakes in the turbulent '60s and have reaped the harvest in '70s and '80s presidential elections. Yet they haven't overtaken the Democratic Party on the local and state level. There's the impact of thousands of newly registered African-American voters. And then, behavioral patterns solidified by generations of one-party voting can't be fully offset by a few decades of race-baiting. Atwater and his crew recognize that converting the GOP into the nation's majority party hinges on reducing the huge Democratic lead in local Dixie politics. They must make some inroads in states and cities where the population ranges from 50 to 65 percent black.

The Atwater game plan has twin sides. The political aspect entails milking the disrespect for Jesse Jackson, saying in essence that if the Demos don't even respect your top man, what makes you think they feel any different about you. The cultural side uses Atwater's love for classic black music as a platform to get his or some other Republican notable's face into organizational meetings and leadership conferences. When Atwater

huddles in the corner with David Porter and is photographed alongside Rufus Thomas, he knows those pictures will appear in African-American publications and get far more community mileage than any negative commentary in the *Village Voice*. Certainly these appearances smack of opportunism and cynicism. Still, when he tells the board members of the Blues Foundation, a grass roots group that's been fighting on behalf of the city's blues musicians with little fanfare and even less support from the city government, that he's willing to do anything in his power to help them, he knows that statement carries some weight.

Atwater's also trying to score points with African-American educators, business executives, and religious leaders dismayed by what they view as the excesses of the hip-hop movement. The notion of the hip-hop world as a gang-

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infested cesspool of gun-toting illiterates running around spewing out venom and rapping the praises of drug dealers, pimps, and parasites isn't confined to the white elite. It was no accident that at this year's NAACP image-awards celebration, the biggest laughs went to a comedian doing insulting parodies of rappers and their fans.

The Republicans see the African-American middle class of the '90s as a constituency they feel will welcome initiatives that emphasize individual accomplishment and "traditional" values. They're gambling that enterprise zones, grants to selected black colleges, and occasional meetings with the Congressional Black Caucus — along with having a party chairman who sings the blues with Rufus Thomas — can counter their image as a reactionary organization whose final line of defense has always been "keep them in their place." Atwater and company are betting that class has become more important in the African-American community than race, and that lower tax rates mean more than apartheid and affirmative action.

African-American nationalists and left-wing activists gag at these tactics, and they've savaged Atwater and his bunch. Much of the criticism is justified; there's something unsettling about hearing Atwater lecture younger African-Americans about the value of "your music," and there were times during Saturday night's session when the mugging got embarrassing and the swaying routines resembled the worst of a third-rate minstrel show.

On the other hand, he's shattering the myth that all lovers of American music, particularly roots genres, are by definition benevolent champions of the underdog. There have always been, and always will be, plenty of reactionaries and racists who love particular types of music. And there's nothing all that strange about a hardcore right-winger who idolizes Carla Thomas (there are plenty of hardcore left-wingers who love Merle Haggard). Atwater can play the blues, for whatever that's worth, and when he discusses Chuck Jackson or O.V. Wright, he can rattle off obscure singles and out-of-print albums, behaving like any other music nut whose passions are provoked.

Atwater has the same narrow vision as anyone who's a fanatic of an idiom but doesn't understand its tradition. Like jazz fans who spurn bop or blues freaks who never progress beyond Son House, he espouses a rigid, constrained view of African-American music. Anyone who dismisses the Delfonics because they don't sound like Muddy Waters has missed the boat (and the point). The music won't stay locked in one era or style, and those who expect or want it to are foolish.

Still, that doesn't mean history should be ignored, or that only the current hitmakers should be recognized and respected. Atwater's role in getting more recognition for a host of performers who didn't get it in their prime could be crucial, and we all know there's not an overwhelming amount of work for the likes of Koko Taylor or Sam Moore. The really intriguing questions here are whether the Atwater cultural/class approach will succeed in luring more African-Americans under the GOP umbrella, and how accurate are assumptions that financial stability and old-time morals are more important to a majority of contemporary African-American families than racial solidarity. □

WFNX 101.7

THE NEW ROCK ON THE BLOCK

THE NEW ROCK ON THE BLOCK

HERE'S WHAT'S HOT
THE WEEK OF 2/17/89

TOP 25 ALBUMS

RANK	ARTIST	TITLE
1)	THE WATERBOYS	Fisherman's Blues
2)	R.E.M.	Green
3)	ENYA	Watermark
4)	LOU REED	New York
5)	MIDGE URE	Answers to Nothing
6)	NEW ORDER	Technique
7)	VIOLENT FEMMES	3
8)	JULIAN COPE	My Nation Underground
9)	THE COWBOY JUNKIES	The Trinity Sessions
10)	EDIE BRICKELL & THE NEW BOHEMIANS	Shooting Rubberbands at the Stars
11)	THE FEELIES	Only Life
12)	U2	Rattle and Hum
13)	CAMOUFLAGE	Voices & Images
14)	THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS	Lincoln
15)	THAT PETROL EMOTION	End of the Millennium Psychic's Blues
16)	MICHELLE SHOCKED	Short, Sharp, Shocked
17)	MARC ALMOND	The Stars We Are
18)	THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS	Love Junk
19)	NITZER EBB	Bellof
20)	OPRA HAZA	Shadey
21)	THROWING MUSES	Hunkpapa
22)	THE ROYAL CRESCENT MOB	S.M.O.B.
23)	THE FALL	I Am Curious Oranj
24)	THE LILAC TIME	The Lilac Time
25)	THE FIXX	Cahn Animals

TOP 10 SINGLES

1)	THE REPLACEMENTS	I'm So You
2)	EASTERHOUSE	Come Out Fighting
3)	ELVIS COSTELLO	Veronica
4)	FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS	She Drives Me Crazy
5)	THE POGUES	Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
6)	THE SILENCERS	Answer Me
7)	BRUCE COCKBURN	If a Tree Falls
8)	THE WONDERSTUFF	Give Give Give Me More More More
9)	MATTHEW SWEET	Vertigo
10)	LAIKACH	Sympathy for the Devil

TOP 5 LOCAL SONGS

1)	THROWING MUSES	Hunkpapa
2)	TITANICS	Man's Inhumanity to Man
3)	NOVEMBER GROUP	Ahoy Ivan
4)	SALEN 66	Bookkeeper
5)	CAVEDOGS	Babe Ganocj

TOP 10 JAZZ ALBUMS

1)	PETER ERSKINE	Motion Post
2)	BOB STEWART	First Line
3)	ROBIN EUBANKS	Different Perspectives
4)	JULIUS NEMPHILL	Julius Nemphill Big Band
5)	JAMES WILLIAMS	Magic Trio 2
6)	RAY ANGERSON	Blues Brod in the Bone
7)	CHARLES EARLAND	Front Burner
8)	TONY DAGRADI	Dreams of Love
9)	HADEN/MOTIAN	Etudes
10)	ART BLAKEY	Hot Yet

WFNX 101.7

BOSTON PHOENIX RADIO

WHERE YOU HEARD IT 1ST.

Live and on record



Milton Nascimento (left), Gilberto Gil (top), Maria Bethânia (bottom): Third World direct

BRAZILIANS: BLAME IT ON THE NOVA BOSSA NOVA

If I had a dime for every time someone asked me, "So, man, whaddya think the next big thing'll be?", I could move into Trump Tower. Soothsaying isn't my thing; if it were, I'd still be in brokerage, predicting and pontificating, racking up the commissions. But one thing's for sure: white-boy rock and roll, of the crude and rudimentary breed, is a spent force, and though it's been the staple of my audio diet for 12 years or so — I've grown so accustomed to its waste, its predictability, its changes, blooze-snooze melodies, and flutter-footed rhythms — it is not, to judge by the scarcity of new, vital releases, doing it for other fans, either.

For years, smart musico types have been appropriating non-Western sounds to punch up their repertoire, and successfully at that. Usually this awakens the cynic under my skin: as if pouring exotic spices on a bland casserole were anything more than the creation of a clever garnish.

Still, the potpourri of global rhythms referred to nowadays as worldbeat has given a lively spin to ordinary material and has turned us common folks on to many new grooves, much like the Stones turning an unsuspecting generation on to Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and the rest. But let's not count on Mother England again (its new beats are more deracinated than US fare). It's time to draw on the Third World directly for the real deal.

Brazil Classics I: Beleza Tropical (Warner Bros.) is a compilation of more obscure Brazilian faves collected by musico-sleuth supreme David Byrne, and it knocks my pointy pins the way nothing has in months. To me the sounds of Brazil have been either the brassy big-band party sounds of the bossa nova or the gently jazzy lilts of samba lite.

VARIOUS PERFORMERS: THE OTHER (LATIN) AMERICANS

With the Brazilian boom simmering (though, year after year, that's all it seems to do — simmer), it's hard to remember that the Amazon country is simply the biggest fish in a teeming musical pond. Two cases in point, Orquesta Ritmo Oriental and Huayucaltia, are decidedly eclectic; Huayucaltia are outright fusionists. Which makes both groups mass-pop-media aware and gives them more hooks to catch diverse ears.

Orquesta Ritmo Oriental keep their Cuban influences upfront by living and working right in Havana. *La Ritmo Oriental te está llamando/Ritmo Oriental Is Calling You!* (Globestyle, import) is a top-notch anthology of hits shot through with precise execution and restless variety. You immediately notice the tart chorus chants and the dervish flute accents, but Orquesta Ritmo also have marvelous rolling-belly notes from bass and congas that sometimes edge the rhythm breaks closer to New York salsa or even funk.

Still, the three or four violins are the most intriguingly elusive performers. They comment behind the scenes, flash through the floodlights, punctuate a horn solo, declaim brief ones of their

(the most famous of which must be the lounge standard "Girl from Ipanema"). Falling into the cultural cracks is an African-and-American-influenced Brasileiro folk rock, which is what makes up the lion's share of this anthology.

Although the Afro influence is heavy here, especially in the chant hoots of Gilberto Gil's "Quilombo, o el dorado negro," I can hear the second-hand sounds of '70s rock on Chico Buarque's "Calice" and Jorge Ben's "Ponta de lanca africano (Umbabarauma)," the lead-off track. I'll be damned if I know what Ben is talking about (it's in Portuguese, natch), but the specter of dread glistens in the melody like the tips of swords in starlight.

The album features some well-known names, like Milton Nascimento and Gilberto Gil, but every track has a certain kick, a personality you never hear on today's overproduced glop. If I had to liken *Brazil Classics I* to anything familiar, it would be the reggae milestone *The Harder They Come* soundtrack, a showcase for the catchiest, best, and most varied, though without cult-movie and charismatic-outsider protagonist (Byrne isn't any Jimmy Cliff). Hard to say whether it will open the door for Brazilian music. We are still an English-speaking people, and I can't really see college kids grooving to the indecipherable.

For now it'll do, though, and perhaps we'd better get used to more worldbeat — the more genuine the better. Peter Gabriel, Eno, and Byrne himself have concocted respectable brews, but not with the kick of the original sources. The Heads' "Nothing But Flowers" was cheery piffle compared with bizarre homegrown here like the ragalike "Caixa de sol" or the offbeatish "Canto de afoxé para o bloco do ilê (Ilê aye)," but fans will get the drift, and a Brazilian Bob Marley, maybe Gil or Nascimento, will lead these folks out of obscurity and poverty. Because we've got a lot in common with Brazil nowadays, debtor-nation-wise, and we could use some new heroes.

— Johnny Angel

own. These fiddle players weave with an assurance and freedom rare in any band — they are as far removed from turgid "string accompaniment" as you could imagine. Standout tracks on *Ritmo Oriental Is Calling You* (the "Oriental" refers to the group's origins on the eastern extreme of the island) include the plea for partytime "Nena, así no se vale" and the sinuously nocturnal "El que no sabe, sabe."

Huayucaltia include performers from Mexico, Colombia, Peru, and the US, but their work invariably emphasizes the Bolivia/Chile/Peru continuum of South American music. The 1988 debut, *Caminos* (ROM), goes with the light touch of hooting wooden flutes, grave regular beats, and spidery guitar figures threaded through the arrangements. Picking those strings is Ciro Hurtado, the only evident virtuoso in the line-up, and his interludes offer a steady, placid beauty. If extended constructions like "Caña brava" and "Chasqui" work better as gracious mood shifters than as crucibles for magic amalgams of folk tradition, Huayucaltia (the name means "unity and brotherhood" in Nahuatl, the language of the Aztecs) shun stasis and arbitrary soloist turns. Those who do not speak Spanish will not be burdened with the earnest, trite lyrics. Those who like the idea of early Oregon with a Latin base should take a ride down *Caminos* forthwith.

— Milo Miles

Look back in sorrow

Out of the ruins, a New Order

by Mike Freedberg

New Order's time of day is the morning after. They look back, often to regret. An emotional atomic bomb's gone off; they sing in the fallout. Just one survivor, a solo voice unsupported by back-ups, wanders among rhythms hopelessly entangled, wreckage tumbling down.

Before the bomb there might have been joy. At least, most New Order look-backs recall happy times. Now everything is after-effect. Who wouldn't be sour and sullen dancing across desire's ruins? But some of the ruins that the new *Technique* (Qwest) dances across are unusually well preserved, as vivid as loud dreams.

These are dangerous illusions, where midnight's thuds and one a.m.'s jive talk are sharp enough to make a fan wonder whether time hasn't backed up. "Fine Time" has acid-house moves — factory synths, cold slap beats, low-rider rap —

time and farther. The dance riffs seem to head north, back to Leeds and Sheffield and Gang of Four. "All the Way" is speed punk 10 years after, the bony beat of the bass synths a 1979 high-school snapshot held up to the soft, grayed sigh of the 1989 singer. Who confesses, "It takes years to find the nerve to be apart from what you've done." That's not punk, it's perspective. Most of *Technique's* after-maths aren't so topical. They're reveries for lovers gone, or for states of being, viewed with, well, technique: lost lovers dance again, in the shadows, to no one's satisfaction.

This is closer to the *musique noire* of punk gothic (though never as perfumed) than those who despise Sisters of Mercy might admit. The piano's worried approximations of harmony in "Vanishing Point," the wild, windy wolf howls of "Guilty Partner," and even the acid percussappellas in "Fine Time" brown out on trust misplaced and passion evaporated. Only grudges remain: "I've seen what you let him do/I've seen all the hate of the moment, too," sings Albrecht in "Vanishing Point." Life before disco time is remembered with more resignation but no less darkness in "Love Less." Here, he sings "a time when all I knew was what I saw... I lived in a town called liberty" over a modal, almost rural melody as full of erotic camouflage as any gothic-punk metaphor.

For punk gothic, the past is dead, and remembering it is to have death creep over you. Gothic is nightmare for its own sake. That's never New Order's way. For them, bygone years offer other circumstances in exchange: innocence instead of knowing, freedom instead of entangle-



ANDREW CATLIN/QWEST RECORDS

Throwing the dreamer back into disco time and farther

ment. The band bewails lost fun and makes love sourly, but it doesn't mourn change. In "All the Way," bagpipe airs flash back to sunshine and loveliness, but with no beat. Could time stand still, even for this?

As for the shouts of pride (one wants to say the rattle and hum) in "Run," it may not be a welcome thing to know that "You work your way to the top of the world, then you break your life in two," but Albrecht gets much closer to the mike than in most New Order vocals. Here he

offers present facts you gotta get straight. As for loss, *Technique* resists mourning; there's something given back even from death. At such times dancing is itself an aftermath, a reshaping of grief: for the victims of AIDS farewelled in "Mr Disco," the virgin urbanity gently cradled in "Love Less," the nerved ambitions of "All the Way," the tender restatement of Bronski Beat's allied "Smalltown Boy."

Technique also plays up to, then away from, the brightened melancholy as-

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that fit all the right segues, and the rap is even present tense: "You got love technique" rather than "You had love technique." The sweet speed, HI-NRG synths of "Round & Round" break to forward electro-riffs in Stock-Aitken-Waterman's happiest manner: and so what if singer Bernard Albrecht, a willed romantic, breaks the spell to say he doesn't want to show himself to someone he doesn't know? It happens all the time on the dance floor.

Most of *Technique* is past tense, throwing the dreamer back into disco

Glass menagerie

Drumming march to their own beat

by Tim Riley

If it weren't for the occasional sound splatters that interrupt Drumming on Glass's intricate trio arrangements, you might consider them just another spineless, paisley-prone outfit trapped in a decade they didn't invent. But those splatters show the traces of intervening decades.

"We like to balance our sound with different patterns," says bassist Chris George. "And we love to record — we feel no intimidation working with tape." Their '60s psychedelia influences are plain, and they list the usual pagan idols: the Velvet Underground, Sonic Youth. But George favors the backwards-tape side of '60s experiments, Syd Barrett, and neo-hallucinators like Robyn Hitchcock.

Guitarist and singer Eric Krauter is fond of thrash bands: the Stooges and their rude sort.

Because all members contribute material — with Krauter writing most of the lyrics — their sound often pits a mesh of guitar-drum sparring (that frees up the bass) against a full-tilt vertigo of '80s art noise. George's often hyperactive bass lines never seem merely busy, and he gets away with playing sitar on some tracks without sounding like a feeb throwback. "People often tell us that we have no '70s retro sense," Krauter says. "We're either not hard-edged enough or not quiet enough." But they can thrive without it.

The band formed three years ago,



LAURA SAWYER

Not just another spineless outfit trapped in a decade they didn't invent

when George (ex-Boys Life) and drummer Allen Esser (ex-Primitive Romance) began making four-track demos with a keyboard player. It went through a nightmarish eight months in 1986 as guitarist Phil LoPiccolo, George, and Esser searched for the right guitarist/vocalist to round out what they hoped would be a quartet. Auditioning musicians (including, for a spell, Tony Schinella) who passed through the revolving-door staff of the Copy Cop where George and Esser worked, they finally hooked up with Eric Krauter to play lead. Whereupon they suddenly realized they were meant to be a trio all along: exit LoPiccolo and Schinella. Krauter does not appear on their first single, "Right Next to Me"/"When Everything Happens," on their own D.O.G. label, though he sat in on some of the mixing. Nancy Tanenbaum (of the Monsignors) plays second guitar on their four-song tape, and Krauter moved to lead vocalist after Schinella and LoPiccolo left.

Their established moniker is the result of a library excursion. "We went up and down the aisles looking at book titles, one of which was *Drumming for Ruckus*, and another was called *Glass Eye*," George says. Last year's cassette fared well on the college airwaves and Sunday-night local shows on WFNX and WBCN. A new three-song demo tape includes their current radio song, "All the Colors," which Krauter says is about "flowers — from their own point of view."

At a recent Drumming on Glass gig at the Rat, "Benny's Parlor," about getting sucked into a religious cult, pitted verses reminiscent of early Talking Heads against firestorm refrains ("Benny's parlor is where I'll be/When shit starts flying he'll take care of me"). "Scheme of Things" lunged between tom-tom rumble and slice-and-dice ensemble strokes in a minor key before cascading into a refrain that was all release in the major. Pulled about by Krauter's relentless waterfall distortion, Esser's lyrics are decidedly lighter than air ("From the scheme of things/I put my feet back on the ground/From the scheme of things/Feel the shock, and hear the sound"). But the song coughs up some humor on repeated listenings ("I said I could walk on water — you didn't care!") and a glimmer of romantic dyslexia ("I can understand you but not me").

"I like to think that our music may surprise you the first time you hear it but makes more sense when you hear it over

and over again," George says. "Verse-chorus-break verse-chorus-break is great, but it gets boring pretty quickly."


ODDS AND ENDS. On Friday, February 17: Big Barn Burning, Titanics, and Johnny and the Jumper Cables at T.T. the Bear's; the James "Blood" Ulmer Blues Experience, featuring bassist Jamaaladeen Tacuma and drummer G. Calvin Weston, at Johnny D's; Ronnie Earl & the Broadcasters, featuring Jerry Portnoy, with 11th Hour, at Harper's Ferry; Little

Cellars by starlight

Frankie and the Premiers at the Tam; New Man, Trace of Red, Points North at Club III; the Zulus, the El Caminos at Edible Rex; Big Dipper, Gigolo Aunts, Brothers Kendall, the Norberts, Camera Ready at the Channel.


On Saturday the 18th: the Tom Russell Band, with Best of the Bubs breakout performer Lonesome Val (from New York), at Johnny D's; Scruffy the Cat, Blood Oranges at T.T.'s; the Band That Time Forgot at Ed Burke's; Shake the Faith, the Jones, Nova Mob, the Tax Collectors, Zug Zug, and the Baldinos at the Channel; Young Neal & the Vipers, Sugar Ray & the Bluetones at Harper's Ferry... On Sunday the 19th: Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson, with the Magic Rockers at Ed Burke's; Tiger's Baku at Johnny D's; the one and only (thank God) Meatloaf, with All Halliday & the Hurricanes, Reel to Real, and Clairvoyance at the Channel.

On Monday the 20th: World Beat Apart at the Tam... On Tuesday the 21st: Plan B, It Can't Happen to Me, Lazy Frank, and Rising Suns at T.T.'s; Tony Cuffe at Johnny D's; New Catherine David Band at the Tam... On Wednesday the 22nd: They Might Be Giants (never look too tall to me) at the Paradise; Treat Her Right, with Lazy Susan, at Johnny D's; Red Rubber Ball, Fast Frog, Stick People, Franz Band at T.T.'s; hardcore-raver-turned-stand-up-poet Henry Rollins, plus Plan 9, at the Rat... On Thursday the 23rd: hot-hot-hot soca from Trinidad, with Arrow, at Johnny D's; Mink Deville, with Cindy Lee Berryhill, at the Paradise; Talking to Animals, Rebecca Lulu, Button Kings at T.T.'s; Nixie Ray and Back Talk, with Automatic Slim, at Ed Burke's. □



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Christopher Hogwood: in the right place at the right time

A tale of two celebrities

Craig Smith does the far, far better thing

by Lloyd Schwartz

It's rare that a city acquires a new celebrity. More often they just pass through, making stopovers on their way someplace else. A resident celebrity can be a good thing — someone whose clout in the world can draw attention to his or her own community, to its accomplishments, its needs, and its worthy causes. Think of Yo-Yo Ma, who was already a local celebrity before he became a worldwide superstar. Even with his international jetsetting, he's never stopped being an active member of his community. Then think of Seiji Ozawa. Fifteen years ago he came to Boston, a young conductor whose star was rising. He assumed the leadership of a great musical institution. He remains a celebrity, but he has not fulfilled his early artistic promise, nor has he ever become a community leader.

I've been thinking about all this because I've heard concerts recently by two other musicians who are celebrities in the same different ways: Christopher Hogwood, the British early-music superstar who in 1986 took over the reins of Boston's longest-running musical organization, the Handel & Haydn Society, now in its 174th season; and Craig Smith, who as long-time music director of Emmanuel Mu-

Larry Hill, 1936-1989

I (Chorus): "Blessed Are They That Mourn"
A few weeks ago I told a friend at the MFA that Larry Hill was dying. Larry Hill — the Ecumenical Protestant Chaplain at Harvard University, the founder of the Pro Arte Orchestra. A woman nearby looked stricken at the news. "You know him?" I asked. "Yes," she answered, "I played in an orchestra that he conducted."
How many Bostonians have played for or sung with Larry? How many have studied, prayed, or worked with him, on projects musical, political, theological? How many will mourn who have simply attended his sermons, concerts, or lectures?

II (Chorus): "For All Flesh Is Grass"
Larry Hill traveled a long way from his beginnings in the Midwest. He had that warm, outward reach of those whose experience of America emanates from its center. At school he played trombone in its marching band; he became a minister and ultimately a chaplain at Harvard. In the early '60s he worked on voter registration in Alabama and Mississippi. He taught music at UMass/Boston; he founded and directed the Back Bay Chorale. He was proud that his Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra was the first co-operative among Boston's professional orchestras.
Larry was active in the peace movement and kept its faith. In 1988 he organized an "Action for Prisoners of Conscience" for a Harvard alumnus imprisoned in Singapore. That same year, he chaired the T.S. Eliot Centenary Lectures.
Larry was a big man who looked remarkably like Johannes Brahms with his girth and great beard, gray hair bordering his high forehead. But he also looked like Peter Schickele. He operated somewhere in the space between them, all flesh, energy, and laughter.

III (Baritone Solo and Chorus): "Lord, Teach Me"
A few summers ago, Larry went to Germany to study with the noted Bach conductor Helmuth Rilling. Previously he had studied with Thomas Beecham and with Robert Shaw, from whom he learned choral conducting. "Popocatépetl — Popocatépetl," we sang up and down the scale for warm-up. "Popocatépetl — Lulacticitaca," until every consonant and vowel was distinct.
His days in the marching band probably led to his way of refining a fugal passage. In the basement of the Church of the Covenant, he would make us march, stepping to the beat of the notes in our own parts, fast small steps for some, slow difficult sliding steps for others. His demonstra-

IV (Chorus): "How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place"
Larry Hill lived simply in North Cambridge with his wife, Joan, who teaches physically impaired children. They have three daughters and four grandchildren. He loved his home and city. At Boston's 350-year jubilee, he was cited "for his contribution to the quality of life in the city of Boston." The evening of the ceremony, he looked particularly Brahmsian in tie and tails. He seemed to fill the candlelit BPL.
V (Soprano Solo and Chorus): "You Now Have Sorrow"
They found the tumors in his brain last summer. He fought all fall and early winter. He tried not to give in to depression. In the fall, he conducted the Pro Arte for the last time but continued to rehearse the Chorale as much as he could.
One recent afternoon in the hospital, as he heard Glenn Gould playing from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, he motioned me closer. "Listen," he said, "how the parts talk to each other." Later, I thought: one part with hope, the other with sadness.
VI (Baritone Solo and Chorus): "For We Have Here No Continuing Place"
I hadn't sung since college, but with Larry's encouragement I made the Chorale. We last sang Brahms's *German Requiem* on April 3, 1985, on the anniversary of the composer's death. We performed at Sanders Theatre, where, as always for the Pro Arte concerts, the first rows were saved for the disabled or handicapped. I felt the audience respond as the Requiem rose to its great message of hope: "Death, where is thy sting?"
VII (Chorus): "Blessed Are the Dead"
Blessed are the dead/that die in the Lord, from henceforth, Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their words do follow them.
— Michael Mazur

(A memorial service for Larry Hill will be held on Saturday, February 25, at 11 a.m., in Harvard's Memorial Church. On Saturday, March 4, at 8 p.m., in Sanders Theatre, the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra and the Harvard/Radcliffe choral groups will perform Brahms's *German Requiem*.)

sic has been a vital artistic and moral force in Boston and who now, perhaps primarily through his association with Peter Sellars (who has never lost his loyalty to Boston performers and artistic standards), has become principal guest conductor of one the most adventurous cultural enterprises in Europe, the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie. Next fall he will conduct his three Mozart opera collaborations with Sellars in Paris and in Vienna, where they will be videotaped. The rest of the world is about to celebrate Boston's Craig Smith.

Hogwood we already know about. Like Ozawa, he's the sort of celebrity who seems to have been in the right place at the right time. His best-selling recordings with the Academy of Ancient Music reveal no deep musical insights. His live pre-Handel & Haydn guest appearances in Boston revealed a shocking level of musical incompetence. And doubts about his musicianship have not been entirely dispelled by his on-the-fly appearances

Classical

with H&H (often not even doing the musical preparation himself). Despite continuing promises of community participation, Hogwood — instead of making himself a part of the Boston community — has actually assumed even more responsibilities elsewhere, as music director of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. He has made two soon-to-be released London recordings with H&H, and their recent Boston *Messiah* traveled to New York and Chicago. Clearly, he's putting H&H back on the map. But you can't say he "lives" here yet.

I missed *Messiah*, which garnered Hogwood's best local press to date. But the performance I heard of Mozart's C-minor Mass last fall got off to an embarrassingly inept start and ended up somewhere in the vicinity of just-passable. There were no major musical disasters in his most recent H&H concert (February 3), a canny pairing of Purcell's *Come Ye Sons of Art* (his "Birthday Ode for Queen Mary") and Bach's Magnificat (the revision in D major), his magnification of the ecstatic words of another Mary (the Virgin) about her own blessed magnification into impending motherhood — two jubilant but very different works, composed little over a quarter of a century apart (Purcell, 1694; Bach, 1723).

Unfortunately, Hogwood must have felt a little nervous about the length (or lack thereof). He preceded the Purcell with a 15-minute lecture demonstration comparing and contrasting the two works that added little to the information already contained in the program notes. How misguided to presume to feed academic pabulum to as informed an early-music audience as Boston's. Hogwood's labored effort to be uncondescendingly charming sounded like the sort of parody of British academic sterility honed to perfection by Monty Python. He forgot this was supposed to be an evening of festive music. (It occurred to me that perhaps he was winging the lecture out of consideration for the late arrivals who might have gotten held up in that evening's icy rainstorm. But surely an extra 15 minutes in the Symphony Hall bar would have been more fun for everyone.)

When he was invited to come here, Hogwood made an unpleasant first impression by being widely quoted as intending to bring performers of international stature to Boston. Some of the singers he's imported give "international" a bad name. To his credit, he has discovered that Boston-based singers like Nancy Armstrong (making her H&H

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**Celebrities**

Continued from page 17

debut in the Magnificat), Lorraine Hunt, Jeffrey Gall, and Sanford Sylvan, not to mention countertenor Drew Minter, who appears here frequently enough to be considered an adopted native, are major artists who not only have but actually deserve international reputations. "A Baroque Program Featuring Some of the Nation's Finest Singers," reads the headline on the latest H&H press release.

None of the soloists had extended work, but countertenors Gall and Minter ("together again for the first time" on a Boston stage since the Sellars/Smith *Giulio Cesare*) were breathtaking in Purcell's famous onomatopoeic "Sound the Trumpet" duet, Gall sounding more like the called-for trumpet, but Minter's sweetness and softness an affecting counterpart. Sylvan radiated warm authority in his aria announcing the importance of the occasion ("The day that such a blessing gave/No common festival should be"), and Hunt radiantly carried the emotional center of the work, Purcell's most serious tribute to his Queen ("Bid the Virtues, bid the Graces"), her caressing roudades echoed by oboist Stephen Hammer's supremely expressive obbligato.

In the Bach, there was Minter (especially eloquent in his aria, "Esurientes implevit," with the sublimely warbling flutes of Christopher Krueger and Douglas Worthen), Hunt, Sylvan, tenor David Gordon (not a Boston resident but superb anyway), and Nancy Armstrong in her freshest voice and most intense emotional involvement, surely the emotional center of the Magnificat in her aria, "Quia respexit humilitatem," wonderfully supported by Hammer's other extended obbligato. The choral work was always firm and focused and nowhere more beatific than in Bach's beatific trio ("Suscepit Israel"), here sung by the women's choir (with glowing cellos and oboes).

But with all this exceptional singing and playing, the Purcell plodded along with no forward movement, no momentum, no joy. Hogwood gets some bounce into the faster sections, but the slower passages turn into Shakespeare's schoolboy "creeping like snail/Unwillingly to school." They just go limp. The Bach, oddly enough, depends less on its slow passages, and Armstrong's rhythmic electricity injected life even into Hogwood's most enervated conducting. But this performance seemed motivated by nothing larger than the particular virtues of the performers.

Craig Smith was back from Brussels in time for Emmanuel's third annual benefit for the AIDS Action Committee (has any other Boston group done as much — or anything at all — to raise money against AIDS?), another "Audible Celebration of Mozart's Birthday" (January 27). Emmanuel Church was filled to overflowing, and the evening itself, as usual, flowed happily into overtime.

Well, not exactly happily. Smith seemed to have organized this Mozart concert to suit the seriousness of the occasion, moving from the darkness of Mozart's most doom-laden piano concerto, the D-minor, through prayer (the *Vesperae solennes de confessore*) and personal sorrow (the K.431 concert aria for tenor "Misero! o sogno!") into the consoling tenderness and light of the D-major *Prague* Symphony.

Russell Sherman was the tremendous soloist in the Concerto, ferocious in the thunder and lightning of Beethoven's heaven-storming cadenzas (Mozart's own cadenzas are unknown) and exquisite in the

floating phrases of the temporary heart's ease of the second-movement Romanze. Sherman has sometimes seemed almost too eccentric and personal in his renditions of Mozart concertos, but here he was uncannily on target. Yet his playing remains like no one else's. He pinpoints single notes or a small group of notes and makes them stand out in relief. Stars in a constellation. While the momentum of his phrasing allows us, leads us, to connect the dots. Dazzling — and terrifying!

In the Vespers, the chorus (Lorraine Hunt among the sopranos, Mary Westbrook-Geha among the altos, Frank Kelley among the tenors, Don Wilkinson among the basses) was crisp and brilliant, and the four soloists — Emmanuel regulars Jane Bryden (gently rocking in the "Laudate Dominum" after the minor-key tensions of the preceding section), Pamela Dellal (richest in timbre), William Hite, and Herman Hildebrand — offered a remarkably satisfying vocal and stylistic blend (warmth, urgency, humility, courtesy — fundamental Emmanuel qualities and ideals).

After intermission, Frank Kelley gave one of his most lyrical and heroic performances in the wrenching but little-known concert aria, and then Smith closed with the three-movement *Prague* (including all repeats) in a continuous, unfolding, at times piercing performance that emphasized how much warfare there must be before victory, how much battling has to be faced before final celebration, how many sad things have to be relived before one can move on. The magnificent orchestra (Daniel Banner, concertmaster; Lorraine Hunt among the violas!) played with all those same Emmanuel qualities and ideals. In the Concerto, Smith's orchestra was perhaps more ruminative than defiant, more Hamlet than Othello. In the Symphony, certain tempos (the opening Adagio, for instance) seemed a little tentative — a more daringly slow tempo might have better focused the brisk pace of the following Allegro. But everywhere the playing brimmed over with ideas and passionate convictions.

At the concert, a friend noticed Christopher Hogwood in one of the Emmanuel pews. At Emmanuel one Sunday last fall, he conducted a Bach cantata. But being in a Boston audience (perhaps this audience in particular) might help make him more part of the community than any of his appearances in front of one has done so far. □

Aisle

Continued from page 9

waste-disposal containers.

We go to the videotape, go to commercial, go on a chat show, go backstage to see a guest use the facilities via hidden camera (commentator: "What we have here seems to be a little nose-picking"). We get tired of going, but Li won't let us stop. Worse, we're surrounded by audience plants who play along with the gag. They get talked, for example, into being contestants on a game show that involves live on-stage surgery, complete with stretchers and sanitary masks. We get paranoid.

Li says in his "artist's statement" that he wants to look at "television as a cross between mass communication and entertainment," and he does this best through transitions, with the news show bleeding ambiguously into a talk show, which segues into *Julia Child*. It's an idea with plenty of mileage on it, but Li's relentlessly intense pacing and Robert Pyzocha's metamorphosing sets put it across effectively, if

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Stan Gill as Mark Twain: slipping in and out of character easily

not subtly. Ironically, the funniest and most poignant sections of *Broadcast Live* let up on TV and look at another trendy topic, the commercialization of art. In "Mobius Gift Items," a video-segment commercial written and produced by Maureen McCabe, performer Mari Novotny-Jones pushes lamps, mugs, and mood rings featuring "all your favorite Mobius artists." Ginsu-knife style. It's just one plus for this claustrophobic piece of collaborative art struggling to fly but dragged down by preachiness. Here's hoping that Li's future work will have less to say with a capital "S" but just as much to see, hear, and touch.

In his own gilded age, Mark Twain was more popular as a lecturer than as a writer. Not only has Twain's literary rep has gone up a few notches since, but he still does mighty well on stage, what with Hal Holbrook's hardy perennial *Mark Twain Tonight!* and the 1985 Broadway musical *Big River*. Yet if Holbrook owns the role of Twain, Stan Gill would like to rent it for awhile. If it's okay by Holbrook, it's okay by me. Gill's *An Evening with Mark Twain* (in repertory indefinitely at Boston Baked Theatre) is a vibrant and charming show.

"There's more in his pauses than in his words," Twain said of one of his heroes, Artemus Ward. And that applies as well to his own laconic oratory style, which grew out of the tradition of frontier storytelling. Gill has a

powerful, squeaky-high voice that slips in and out of character easily, and he understands the rhythm of Twain's writing, with its ambling build-ups and delayed punch lines. When Gill shuffles gingerly across the small stage or rests in his high-backed rattan chair, we follow along effortlessly. He has us.

Gill, 38, who is the Boston Baked's artistic director, doubles his age with the help of a 90-minute make-up job, but the moustache is his own. And though he's wearing more rouge than Sam Clemens might endorse, he's otherwise a ringer for Twain, with the eggbeater-groomed wig, the heavy luggage under the eyes, and the really stinky stogie. Gill handles the characters of, say, Huck's drunken Pap or the Genoan tour guide from *Innocents Abroad* with admirable aplomb, but he's best on the one-liners and the not-so-tall tales. "I was born modest," this Twain admits, "but it wore off."

Two qualms. Holbrook (who's been playing Twain for decades) always updates his show to dovetail with topical concerns; he never immerses himself in apolitical mothballs. With some unconvincing exceptions, Gill's show is softer-edged; his is a genteel Twain for the suburban set. And at over two hours with intermission, the show could use a little editing. But mostly, *An Evening with Mark Twain* is a living, breathing Whitman's Sampler of America's greatest iconoclastic wit. Back to you, Hal. □

Lester

Continued from page 9

considered a disturbing, "darky" Uncle Tom figure." So Lester's retelling — in an as-yet-incomplete four-volume set — of the so-called Uncle Remus stories returns them to a non-slave setting, where the narrator is a voice, not a presence.

Other aspects of the earlier version also indicated a need for Lester's reworking. "The dialect makes the stories almost impossible to understand. . . . So I have put the stories into the language of today." With these changes, which update the setting as well as the words, he claims he isn't altering the folklore itself so much as peeling it back to its essential core.

Lester's project has received an official stamp of approval: not only has it been overwhelmingly popular among blacks, but the

retooled tales were also a winner of last year's American Library Association's Coretta Scott King Award. A third book will be published in the next few months, and the final volume (of origin stories, ghost stories, and witch tales) is in progress.

The author has often been a controversial figure, a black civil-rights activist turned academician, Jew, and professional storyteller, who lives and teaches in Amherst. Although by his own admission he is not an actor and doesn't dramatize the Brer Rabbit stories, his interpretation adds a depth that he hopes will remain after the performance is over. His voice is deep and slightly growly, and he lingers on certain words; a slight accent betrays his Southern origins.

A minister's son, he remembers, "I grew up hearing stories . . . black ministers love to tell stories. I can remember being around when the ministers were around and they'd start telling

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THE ROCK OF BOSTON

STREET SHEET

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST
1	1	Cut of Personality	LIVING COLOUR
2	2	Angel of Harlem	U2
3	3	Walking Towards Paradise	ROBERT PLANT
4	4	Marathon (Live)	RUSH
5	5	Patience	GUNS N' ROSES
6	6	Comfortably Numb (Live)	PINK FLOYD
7	7	Got It Made	CROSBY STILLS NASH & YOUNG
8	8	Fisherman's Blues	THE WATERBOYS
9	9	Stand	R.E.M.
10	10	The Living Years	MIKE & THE MECHANICS
11	11	Crush of Love	JOE SATRIANI
12	12	Acting This Way	ROBERT CRAY BAND
13	13	End of the Line	TRAVELING WILBURYS
14	14	I'm an Adult Now	THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
15	15	One Clear Moment	LITTLE FEAT
16	16	Orinoco Flow (Sail Away)	ENYA
17	17	The Love in Your Eyes	EDDIE MONEY
18	18	If We Never Meet Again	TOMMY CONWELL
19	19	Little Miss S	EDIE BRICKELL
20	20	You Got It	ROY ORBISON
21	21	Driven Out	THE FIXX
22	22	Dirty Blvd.	LOU REED
23	23	Dear God	MIDGE URE
24	24	Send Me Somebody	JON BUTCHER
25	25	No Questions Asked	FLEETWOOD MAC
26	26	I'll Be You	THE REPLACEMENTS
27	27	Don't Look Back	CHARLIE SEXTON
28	28	Falling Out of Love	IVAN NEVILLE
29	29	Veronica	ELVIS COSTELLO
30	30	Drive My Car	DAVID CROSBY
31	31	All Along the Watchtower	DYLAN & THE DEAD
32	32	Working on It	CHRIS REA
33	33	Charlotte Ann	JULIAN COPE
34	34	See the Light	JEFF HEALEY BAND
35	35	Stupid Kids	CHRISTMAS
36	36	Never Had a Lot to Lose	CHEAP TRICK
37	37	If a Tree Falls	BRUCE COCKBURN
38	38	Paper Thin	JOHN HIATT
39	39	Back to the Wall	STEVE EARLE
40	40	Cryin'	VIXEN
41	41	Grain of Sand	THE SAINTS
42	42	Moons of Jupiter	SCRUFFY THE CAT
43	43	I Want to Kill Everybody	ED HAYNES
44	44	Where Did I Go Wrong	UB40
45	45	Feels So Good	VAN HALEN
46	46	Shake It Up	BAD COMPANY
47	47	Feet on the Ground	HOTHOUSE FLOWERS
48	48	Voices in the Night	MASS
49	49	Struggle	KEITH RICHARDS



LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST
1	1	Mystery Girl	ROY ORBISON
2	2	Volume 1	TRAVELING WILBURYS
3	3	Shooting Rubberbands...	EDIE BRICKELL & THE NEW BOHEMIANS
4	4	Green	R.E.M.
5	5	Lies	GUNS N' ROSES
6	6	Appetite for Destruction	GUNS N' ROSES
7	7	New Jersey	BON JOVI
8	8	Hysteria	DEF LEPPARD
9	9	Watermark	ENYA
10	10	Vivid	LIVING COLOUR
11	11	Open Up and Say... "Aah!"	POISON
12	12	Journey's Greatest Hits	JOURNEY
13	13	Dylan and the Dead	DYLAN & THE DEAD
14	14	Technique	NEW ORDER
15	15	Greatest Hits	FLEETWOOD MAC
16	16	A Show of Hands	RUSH
17	17	Rattle and Hum	U2
18	18	Don't Tell a Soul	THE REPLACEMENTS
19	19	Tracy Chapman	TRACY CHAPMAN
20	20	Delicate Sound of Thunder	PINK FLOYD



LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST
1	1	Here Comes Trouble	THIRD PERSON
2	2	Stupid Kids	CHRISTMAS
3	3	Moons of Jupiter	SCRUFFY THE CAT
4	4	Outside	TRIBE
5	5	Ron Klaus Wrecked His House	BIG DIPPER

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS TOP 10

Fisherman's Blues	The Waterboys
Three	Violent Femmes
Hunkypapa	Throwing Muses
New York	Lou Reed
Spike	Elvis Costello
Don't Tell a Soul	The Replacements
Trinity Sessions	Cowboy Junkies
Technique	New Order
Daydream Nation	Sonic Youth
Belief	Nitzer Ebb
The Whitey Album	Ciccone Youth

RAW POWER TOP 5

Surf Nicaragua	Sacred Reich
And Justice for All	Metallica
Kill to Survive	Meliah Rage
Circus of Power	Circus of Power
Why Play Around?	Wargasm

WBCH'S BIG MATTRESS SONG OF THE WEEK: Working on It CHRIS REA

Lester

Continued from page 19

stories." His 1985 novel, *Do Lord Remember Me*, is based partly on his father's life; it covers Southern black history from slavery until the civil-rights movement and will also figure in his Storytellers in Concert appearance.

The stories Lester will be telling are meant to entertain rather than teach. After all, he points out that when he was growing up, they weren't called stories, they were called jokes. Moreover, these tricks about rabbits are not just for kids: they're intended for adults — all adults. "Storytelling is always a way to bring people together, make people feel good," and that includes blacks and whites, as well as Northerners and Southerners. Of the opposing groups joined at the Mason-Dixon Line, Lester maintains, "They're both enjoying the same thing. But there's a difference in nuance. . . . The Southerner in me comes out when I'm telling stories, so that for anybody who grew up in the South knowing how black people talk in the South, the way I'm telling the stories will bring back a whole association, from childhood on, that a Northerner would not have."

According to Lester, storytelling can reach beyond the amusing, can indeed reach out to members of disparate communities. Even in this latest link in the chain of black oral tradition, where slavery is no longer explicitly present, Lester muses, "You're not really telling about a suffering, and yet, in a way, you are." As he writes in the foreword to his revised *Uncle Remus*, the suffering of the slaves who created these tales will be redeemed, to a degree at least, by our making them our own. □

New Order

Continued from page 15

sociated with airy sorts like the Cocteau Twins. "Dream Attack" professes to take place at the very moment of waking up, a dawnburst of song. Albrecht sings it: "When I woke up this morning . . . it was like no other morning," and the band plays sweet synths programmed as strings and an even sweeter guitar break. Speed punk's cold bass synths bridge each verse — the sourness of the aftermath life lingers like sleep on eyelashes — only to fade out.

As the guitarist closes up to the mike like a wake-up call, the voice continues, "All I need is your love to believe in. Don't look into the sun." And so on, words rolling effortlessly on, away from the mike, until it's hard to separate them from the equally faraway synths. Unfortunately all this brightness is just daydreams. Which the band almost angrily rejects: "Don't look into the sun, it's not for me or anyone to steal the life out of the sky." So much for tall tales on the bluebell knoll.

New Order always say what they mean. They are to be depended on. The core of the best-of *Substance* (1988) is spare rhythms strung out one by one and played pianissimo. No outside noise breaks in; other people are at home asleep. The extras of *Technique*, the Celtic hum of "All the Way," the acid breaks of "Fine Time," and the HI-NRG flurries of "Round & Round" hold the beat in place, preventing the dancer from soaring. Illusion intrudes, but bedrock's still bedrock.

That's why New Order songs seem to dance in a fan's head rather than his feet. When *Technique* is noisiest, as in the hard blues beats of "Guilty Part-

ner," it's the least open to desire: "All this commotion can't explain my hopeless devotion." Likewise by the opulence and flurry of "Dream Attack" you know its love's not for real. Only when the additives drop out, as in the fleet breaks of "All the Way" and the pulse and melancholy of "Vanishing Point," can feet touch ground.

Not that solid earth is then welcome — that is New Order's point about disco. Dancing is never the proof of one's existence that its fans claim it to be. Time still passes, you're exchanged for me, and dulcet moments are left behind, abandoned. Disco's an uncommitted Don Juan, an itinerant beauty. The beat goes away, and then you wake up. At which point there remains New Order, the morning after, and the sadness of looking back. □

Heroes

Continued from page 9

the jealousy the older poet harbors for a superior and younger talent. In McConnell's stoic hands, Sassoon comes off as a leaden combination of Big (Sugar) Daddy and Colonel Blimp; his upper lip seemingly made of concrete, the usually better actor marches into rusty melodramatic or militaristic poses. There's never a moment when his Sassoon appears at ease or off-guard; he remains the same prig who first greeted Owen's clumsy but promising verse with a huffy sniffle.

In the less complex role of Owen, David Fox thumps the drum of boisterous innocence far too often. Yet his reading of the verse has an affecting blend of sadness and joy — the contradictory emotions of a poet who has found the perfect words to describe heinous things. And the gorgeous poetry, of which we get liberal helpings in *Not About Heroes*, retains its beauty and resilience. If only McConnell and Fox would step away from the Lyric's lectern, stop reciting, and act. □

Rep

Continued from page 11

remains optimistic. "I think Brookline is well suited to keep something like this going."

Kleiler is adamant. "There's no good reason for that theater to go. If we can get the doors open, we can make it work and be a vital part of Brookline's cultural life. It's not going to happen if those who remain skeptical don't help us. Once that theater is gone, it's gone forever. We need support."

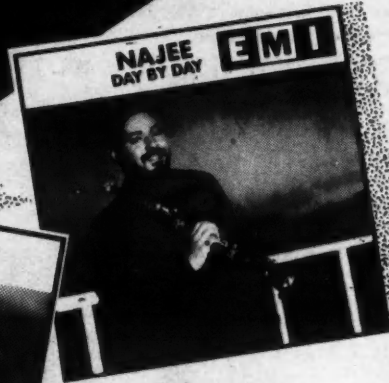
One potential backer of the save-the-Coolidge movement is, surprisingly, Freed, who'd opposed the Foundation's efforts back when he was trying to complete his deal with Davis. Kleiler has since approached him about helping out with the programming. "I want to see movie exhibition continue at the Coolidge Corner," says Freed. "If I were to have a role to play in future movie viewing there, that would be nice."

Unlike Justin Freed, Brattle Theatre programmer Marianne Lampke downplays the specter of the VCR; she sees rapidly rising rents as the greatest threat to the Brattle. "I'm not worried about video; I'm worried about real estate. My attitude is that video was much more of a threat five years ago, when it was just becoming popular. Now, people have seen everything on video over and over, and they want to see it on the big screen again. Also, when the studios get behind the re-release of films like *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The*

Continued on page 22

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This space contributed as a public service

Rep

Continued from page 21
Manchurian Candidate, that gets people interested.

Lampke regards Harvard Square as "just about the best place in the country to have a repertory theater. You can do a Bergman festival here and sell out. There are students, but it's also a very mixed group. There's a real academic audience here, people in their 30s. Also, Harvard Square is a very transitory area, so you can show *La dolce vita* and sell out and do it six months later and sell out again."

Of course, if a theater is in a decent enough location to thrive, there's always a danger that the landlord can make more money dividing up the large space. As part of a mall (or other development), movie theaters promote foot traffic and can be subsidized by the other retail areas. One of Jonathan Davis's plans includes a four-screen arts house on the third floor, where the rent would run \$10-\$15 per square foot. Then he could lease the downstairs retail space for \$35-\$40 per square foot.

Somerville Theatre proprietor Garen Daly says he has been paying less than \$1 per square foot. No wonder Chatham Light Realty chopped four years off the 1994 lease when the theater's December rent check bounced. Daly obtained his lease back in 1982, before the area had become revitalized.

Chatham Light co-owner Richard Fraiman says Daly had bounced 10 checks within four years, a claim Daly calls "bullshit — an out-and-out lie." He says the theater bounced one other check in 1985 and immediately made good on the payment, just as he offered to do this time. In the meantime, he charges, Chatham Light has refused to provide basic repairs for the dilapidated building.

The three-week-old Friends in Support of the Somerville Theatre (FISST) are just beginning to raise awareness and garner support for the theater. But their task may be even more daunting than that of their Brookline compatriots. Fraiman says Chatham Light is looking into tripling the theater and screening second-run films — Chatham already operates the grand old Capitol Theatre in Arlington, which is currently being split into five screens. The problem is that Somerville can landmark only the facade of a building, not the interior. According to Margin Kelsey, executive director of the Somerville Historic Preservation Commission, if the Fraimans merely divide the theater, the city may not have cause to review the project.

The Fraimans should keep in mind, however, that their second-run theater would be competing with a boom of new screens in the Cambridge/Somerville area. The Quincy-based Entertainment Cinemas plans to open a 10-plex in Fresh Pond by late spring, and developers at Central Square and Kendall Square sites are negotiating with film chains about constructing multi-plexes. "It would be sad to see places like the Coolidge Corner and Somerville go under," says Eamonn Bowles, Eastern division sales manager for the Samuel Goldwyn Company, "because they're among the few independents left who are in the business because they like movies, rather than to get shareholder parts."

The trends oppose the independents, but every good fight requires a formidable adversary. Who better to turn back the forces of big-business than a gang of inspired movie buffs with a sense of drama and an eye on the bottom line? The Coolidge Corner is center stage, and the Somerville is waiting in the wings. □

HOT DOTS

by Clif Garboden

SATURDAY

Noon (44) **Bill Moyers' World of Ideas.** Recapping in their entirety all of last week's interviews, starting with John Lukas, followed by Mary Catherine Bateson (at 12:30 p.m.), August Wilson (at 1 p.m.), and Isaac Asimov (a two-parter at 1:30 p.m.) (Until 2:30 p.m.)

4:00 (7) **Basketball.** Kansas versus Duke.

8:00 (38) **Hockey.** The Bruins versus the Calgary Flames.

8:00 (44) **Austin City Limits.** Featuring music from George Strait. (Until 9 p.m.)

8:00 (58) **Basketball.** BC versus Georgetown. Foul is fair?

9:00 (44) **Lonesome Pine Specials.** Featuring music from Maura O'Connell, Jerry Douglas, Russ Barenberg, and Edgar Meyer. An autobiographical aside: back home in Pittsburgh, there used to be this roadside house called the Lonesome Pine. Before that it was called Fat Daddy's Twin Pines Lounge, but one of the trees died. We don't know what happened to the father figure. Are we rambling? Is this interesting to anybody? (Until 10 p.m.)

10:00 (2) **Secret Intelligence: The Enterprise.** The study of the US intelligence community here and abroad continues with a look at recent spooky affairs — from domestic espionage to Iran-contra. (Until 11 p.m.)

10:00 (44) **A Singing Stream.** A family portrait of black gospel kin from North Carolina. (Until 11 p.m.)

10:30 (38) **1984 (movie).** They had to do it. The year couldn't have gone by without this movie. Richard Burton and John Hurt re-create the inescapable Orwellian nightmare. Little did Orwell know that instead of totalitarian mind control, the mid-'80s horror would be the advent of competing long-distance companies. (Until 1 a.m.)

11:00 (2) **The Turning Point (movie).** Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, and Mikhail Baryshnikov star in a tedious 1977 sudsier about a collection of troubled people for whom it is difficult to dredge up much sympathy. Making a mountain out of a hill of beans. (Until 1 a.m.)

11:00 (44) **Window on World Television: The Dumb Show and Finnish Lake Fantasies.** The video world of Finland brought into our homes in the form of a comedy about a foreign visitor (right, they think he's dumb because he doesn't understand Finnish) and a visual essay on water. (Until midnight.)

1:30 a.m. (68) **A Night To Remember (movie).** A 1958 adaptation of Walter Lord's definitive account of the sinking of the *Titanic*. Kenneth Moore and Ronald Allen star. (Until 3:30 a.m.)

SUNDAY

1:00 (2) **Upstairs, Downstairs: Wanted, A Good Home.** (Until 2 p.m.)

3:30 (7) **Basketball.** The Celts versus the Los Angeles Lakers.

5:30 (2) **WonderWorks: Young Charlie Chaplin,** part two. In which the little Little Tramp lands his first speaking role. (Until 6:30 p.m.)

6:00 (44) **War and Peace in the Nuclear Age: Europe Goes Nuclear.** Repeated from last week. How Europe's fear of becoming the battleground of another land war resulted in that continent's housing more nukes than any other place on earth. (Until 7 p.m.)

7:00 (38) **Scholastic Sports Special.** A survey of high-school athletes who hung in there. (Until 8 p.m.)

8:00 (2) **Nature: Under the Emerald Sea.** Ever wonder what's in the waters off the coast of British Columbia? Now's your chance. (Until 9 p.m.)

8:00 (38) **Hockey.** The Bruins versus the Edmonton Oilers.

8:00 (68) **Great Performers.** In concert with Harry Belafonte. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:00 (2) **Masterpiece Theatre: Christabel,** part one. The start of a four-part drama by *The Singing Detective* writer Dennis Potter based on autobiographer Christabel Bielenberg's account of a plot to assassinate Hitler. (Until 10 p.m.)

9:00 (4) **Swimsuit (movie).** Models compete in bathing-suit contest. Must be one of those ratings-sweeps periods. Thing is, after a diet of *Portrait of a Teenage Nude* centerfold *Hooker* films, this sounds pretty tame. William Katt and Catherine Oxenberg star. (Until 11 p.m.)

9:00 (5) **Passion and Paradise,** part one. Described as "a searing tale of love, greed, and deceit." Only in the '80s. Armand Assante, Catherine Mary Stewart, Mariette Hartley, Wayne Rogers, and Rod Taylor star in this two-part drama based on the 1943 jet-set murder of Sir Harry Oakes. Something about a daughter and a gigolo. To be concluded on Tuesday, starting at 9 p.m. (Until 11 p.m.)

9:00 (7) **The Fulfillment of Mary Gray (movie).** Nice Victorian-novel title, that. Married couple can't have kid. Husband suggests his wife try with his brother. She says no way. It goes on from there, but you don't have to watch. Cheryl Ladd (why did this sound like a Cheryl Ladd movie?), Ted Levine, and Lewis Smith star. (Until 11 p.m.)

9:00 (68) **Great Performers.** Impressions and impersonations with Rich Little. (Until 10 p.m.)

10:00 (2) **Mystery: Agatha Christie: Miss Marple: Murder at the Vicarage,** part two: Repeated from last week. In which Jane M. discards the multiple confessions and unearths the real killer. (Until 11 p.m.)

11:00 (38) **Ask the Manager.** If your water heater explodes one week, why should your toilet tank leak the next? Is God fair, or what? (Until 11:30 p.m.)

11:30 (44) **Bealeville: Wings of Deliverance.** The history of an all-black Florida community founded in 1885 by 12 former slaves. (Until midnight.)

MONDAY

7:30 (BPN) **Now It Can Be Told: Campaign '88 Revelations.** The Boring Political Network (available through selected cable systems) introduces a series of presidential-campaign retrospectives focusing on previously undisclosed information. Tonight's topic: Jackson really won the nomination; the Dukakis campaign was an elaborate network cover-up. (Until 8 p.m.)

8:00 (2) **War and Peace in the Nuclear Age: At the Brink.** How the Kennedy administration scared itself (and the rest of us as well) during the Cuban Missile Crisis. October 1962, the month we almost lost it. To be repeated on Tuesday at 11 p.m. (Until 9 p.m.)

8:30 (44) **Bill Moyers' World of Ideas.** Part one of an interview with pediatrician T. Berry Brazelton. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:00 (2) **Ethics in America: Public Trust, Private**

Interests. Fred Friendly and his guests discuss the level of trust among government folk and between the government and the people who elect it. Actually, our trust is unfailing — we trust government to serve the grafters and let the rest of us starve in the streets. (Until 10 p.m.)

9:00 (4) **Original Sin (movie).** Something about a mother whose child is abducted, thereby setting off a Mob war. Ann Jillian is the mother; Charlton Heston has some sort of godfather role. (Until 11 p.m.)

9:00 (5) **Gideon Oliver (movie).** Actually, this is part of yet another rotating crime/mystery series with *McCloud* and *Columbo*. Gideon is Louis Gossett Jr., an anthropologist who operates out of New York City. This episode has to do with Satanism, snuff films, and pornography. Yeah, sweeps week. (Until 11 p.m.)

9:00 (44) **America by Design: The Street.** A recap of the history of transportation and how it's changed the road by the side of the house. (Until 10 p.m.)

11:00 (2) **Ethnic Notions.** A powerful special about the origins and reinforcements of black stereotypes through US history. (Until midnight.)

TUESDAY

7:30 (BPN) **Now It Can Be Told: Campaign '88 Revelations.** BPN analysts demonstrate that if you turn off the sound and just read Bush's lips, you'll see he was saying, "No new taxis." (Until 8 p.m.)

8:00 (2) **Nevo: God, Darwin, and the Dinosaur.** Maybe it was a long, hard climb out of the slime to our current evolutionary plane. Or maybe, as a bunch of lunatic-fringe zealots would have us believe, the world went poof and here we were. Evolution versus creationism. We're just humoring these people because we let them vote, right? (Until 9 p.m.)

8:00 (38) **The Muppet Movie (movie).** Jim Henson and his seamy sidekicks star in the 1979 stuffed comedy. (Until 10 p.m.)

8:30 (44) **Bill Moyers' World of Ideas.** The conclusion of an interview with pediatrician T. Berry Brazelton. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:00 (2) **Frontline: Who Profits from Drugs?** Following the money through international cash-flow lines. To be repeated on Wednesday at 11 p.m. (Until 10 p.m.)

9:00 (5) **Passion and Paradise,** part two. The conclusion. (Until 11 p.m.)

9:00 (7) **Bridesmaids (movie).** Four friends reunite at a fifth's wedding after five years apart and discover the one thing they have in common. Shelley Hack and Brooke Adams star. (Until 11 p.m.)

11:00 (2) **War and Peace in the Nuclear Age: At the Brink.** Repeated from Monday at 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

7:30 (BPN) **Now It Can Be Told: Campaign '88 Revelations.** Another startling fact: Dukakis is not Greek. (Until 8 p.m.)

8:00 (7) **The 31st Annual Grammy Awards.** Remember back when these shows never had any rock acts on them? Now Tom Jones probably can't even get a ticket. (Until 11 p.m.)

8:00 (25) **Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins (movie).** And as far as we know, it never continued after this flashy, over-long 1985 pulp adventure starring Fred Ward as a cop recruited into a secret revenge society. (Until 10 p.m.)

8:00 (38) **Superman I (movie),** part one. Christopher Reeve and Margot Kidder star in the 1978 spectacular that took its job of harking back to the comic-book classic seriously. Subsequent genre copies *The Legend of the Lone Ranger*, *Flash Gordon*, etc. resorted to cheap trivialization and ended up ruining a lot of good memories. To be concluded on Thursday starting at 8 p.m. (Until 10 p.m.)

8:30 (2) **Lighthouses of New England.** A look at a vanishing lifestyle — civilian lighthouse keepers. It's lonely at the top. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:30 (44) **Bill Moyers' World of Ideas.** An interview with literary critic Northrop Frye. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:00 (2) **My American Cousin.** A Canadian production about a girl from British Columbia who falls in love with her California cousin. (Until 10:30 p.m.)

9:00 (44) **Timeline: The Crusades.** This just in from Jerusalem... The first of six specials that present major events of history in modern-day TV-news-cast format. In the same vein as the "Life of Christ" comic book. (Until 9:30 p.m.)

11:00 (2) **Frontline: Who Profits from Drugs?** Repeated from Tuesday at 9 p.m.

THURSDAY

7:30 (BPN) **Now It Can Be Told: Campaign '88 Revelations.** Barbara Bush and Margaret Thatcher are cousins. (Until 8 p.m.)

8:00 (38) **Superman I (movie),** part two. The steely conclusion. (Until 10 p.m.)

8:30 (2) **Say, Brother: Beacon to Freedom: Black Life in the Bay Colony.** A celebration of the accomplishments of blacks in colonial New England. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:30 (44) **Bill Moyers' World of Ideas.** An interview with political philosopher Martha C. Nussbaum. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:00 (2) **Mystery: Agatha Christie: Miss Marple: Nemesis,** part one. In which the ageless Jane Marple is granted a millionaire's legacy provided she investigates an ancient crime. (Until 10 p.m.)

FRIDAY

7:30 (BPN) **Now It Can Be Told: Campaign '88 Revelations.** Nancy tints Reagan's hair while he's asleep. (Until 8 p.m.)

8:00 (38) **Going Ape (movie).** Here's a lost bit of filmmaking. Tony Danza and Danny DeVito star in the story of a man who leaves his son \$5 million and three orangutans. (Until 10 p.m.)

8:30 (44) **Bill Moyers' World of Ideas.** An interview with former New York Public Library president Vartan Gregorian. (Until 9 p.m.)

9:00 (2) **Wynton Marsalis: Blues and Swing.** A profile of the most recent jazz talent to win mainstream attention. And he did it without playing "Feelings." (Until 10 p.m.)

11:00 (2) **Secret of the Waterfall.** Charles Atlas and Douglas Dunn produced this video-dance piece on location on the Vineyard. Performers include Susan Blankensop, Douglas Dunn, Diane Frank, John McLaughlin, Deborah Riley, and Grazia Della-Terza. (Until 11:30 p.m.)

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February 16 - 20

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Fri., & Sat., Feb. 24 & 25
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Sun., Feb. 26
ONE PEOPLE

Tue., Feb. 28
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NEW MAN

Sat., Feb. 18
TRACE OF RED POINTS NORTH

Sun., Feb. 19
GARR LANGE & THE BIG RIG
KEVIN CONELLY GROUP
DON FOOTE'S JAMBOREE

Wed., Feb. 22
BASHUS
VALLA
VITAL IMAGE

Thurs., Feb. 23
BIG FACE
CAIRO STAND
THOMMY'S DARKLING THRUST

Fri., Feb. 24
PLATE O' SHRIMP
OVER STREET

Sat., Feb. 25
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BULLA FLESH

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Friday, February 24 2 SHOWS!
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UNITED SNAKES
BROWN BAG GUZZLERS

Thurs., Feb. 23
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For Bookings Call
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LISTINGS



Scruffy the Cat play T. T. the Bear's on Saturday.

To place a listing: bring it or send it to Listings, Boston Phoenix, 126 Brookline Ave., Boston 02215 by Thursday a week before the Friday when it should appear; each issue's listings run from that Friday to Friday of the following week. We can't take any listings over the phone. There is no charge, but your copy is subject to our revision and to space limitations. Include the time, date, place, and nature of your event, how much it costs, plus a phone number people can call for more information. (If it's free, specify "free" or "no charge.") Without price information we can't print your listing. Theater listings are separate; send them by 2 p.m. on Friday to "Play by Play," c/o Bill Marx. Auditions, classes, courses, reunions, workshops, symposiums, and seminars are not listed here: call Phoenix Classifieds at 267-1234 to take out an ad. We welcome photographs for possible inclusion, but can't be responsible for returning them.
NOTE: ABSOLUTE LISTINGS DEADLINE IS THURSDAY AT 5 P.M. To be considered for "Hot Tix," the deadline is a week earlier; to be considered for "Next Weekend," two weeks earlier.

EMERGENCIES

BOSTON POLICE: 911
BROOKLINE POLICE: 734-1212
CAMBRIDGE POLICE: 911
SOMERVILLE POLICE: 625-1212
STATE POLICE: 566-4500, 782-2335
BOSTON FIRE: 536-1100 or 911
BROOKLINE FIRE: 232-4646 or, from Brookline, 911
CAMBRIDGE FIRE: 876-5800 or, from Cambridge, 911
SOMERVILLE FIRE: 623-1500

MEDICAL EMERGENCIES

BOSTON-BROOKLINE: 911
POISON: Information Center, 232-2120
SUICIDE: Samaritans 247-0220
METRO AMBULANCE: 268-6700
CAMBRIDGE CITY HOSPITAL: 498-1000
MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL: 726-2000
MASS. EYE & EAR: 523-7900
BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL: 424-5000
BETH ISRAEL HOSPITAL: 735-3337
BRIGHAM & WOMEN'S HOSPITAL: 732-5636
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL: 735-6611
PROJECT PLACE HOTLINE: 267-9150
BOSTON RAPE CRISIS CENTER: 492-RAPE. Immediate and continuing support, medical and legal info, referrals.
RAPE CRISIS HOTLINE serving Greater Lynn and North Shore. Call 595-RAPE for immediate and continuing support, medical and legal information.
ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL: 789-3000
COCAINE HOTLINE: 1-800-822-0223.
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE HOTLINE: 1-800-333-SAFE.
GAY/LESBIAN HELP LINE: crisis intervention, health and business referrals, AIDS and safer-sex information, documentation of anti-gay violence: call 267-9001.

CLUBS

FRIDAY

BUNRATTY'S (254-9620), 166 Harvard Ave.,

Alston. Farnsworth, Street Kid, Lightning Rose.
CAFÉ FLORIAN (247-7603), 85 Newbury St., Boston. Jazz guitarist John Stein.
CANTARES (547-8300), 15 Springfield St., Cambridge. At 10 p.m., Arturo and the Cantares Band. Latin dance music.
CITYSIDE (742-7390), 262 Faneuil Hall Marketplace, Boston. Alice and the Wonderband.
CLUB CAFÉ (536-0966), 209 Columbus Ave., Boston. Carol O'Shaunnessey; in Club Cabaret, Adrienne Torf.
CLUB III (623-6957), 608 Somerville Ave., Somerville. New Man, Trace of Red, Points North.
COLONNADE HOTEL (424-7000), 120 Huntington Ave., Boston. At Zachary's Bar, saxophonist Mike Monaghan.
DOC'S PLACE (242-3157), Harrison Ave. and Northampton St., Boston. Vasco DeGamma, Big Clock, Hollow Man.
ED BURKE'S (232-2191), 808 Huntington Ave., Boston. High Function.
EDIBLE REX (508-667-6393), 251 Old Concord Rd., Billerica. The Zulus, the El Caminos.
GILREIN'S (508-791-2583), 802 Main St., Worcester. Shirley Lewis and the Movers.
GREEN STREET STATION (522-0792), 131 Green St., Jamaica Plain. Slaughter Shack, Cows, Goodwills, Babes in Toyland.
GROVERS (922-9695), 392 Cabot St. (Rte. 1A), Beverly. Treat Her Right.
HARPER'S FERRY (254-9743), 158 Brighton Ave., Allston. Ronnie Earl, Jerry Portnoy and the Broadcasters, 11th Hour Band.
HILTON HOTEL (569-9300), Logan Airport, East Boston. Ted Casher and the Al Vega Trio, professional talent showcase.
JOHNNY D'S (776-9667), 17 Holland St., Davis Sq., Somerville. James Blood Ulmer Blues Experience.
JUMBO'S (623-7680), 1133 Broadway, Somerville. Crime and Punishment, Left of Center, Nine Lives.
ME AND THREE COFFEEHOUSE (631-8987), 28 Mugford St., Marblehead. Anne Hills.
MODERN TIMES CAFE (354-8371), 134 Hampshire St., Cambridge. The Loiterers.
NIGHTSTAGE (497-8200), 823 Main St., Cambridge. Babatunde Olatunji, Shy Five.
OLD VIENNA KAFFEEHAUS (898-2230), 22 South St., Westboro Center. Marienne Krelltow.
PARADISE (254-2054), 967 Comm. Ave., Boston. Urban Blight.
PLOUGH AND STARS (492-9654), 912 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Ray Bonnevillie.
THE RAT (536-2750), 528 Comm. Ave., Boston. Spy vs. Spy, Blue Rhino, Hiding in Public. In the balcony, Flying Scots Drink Free.
REGATTABAR (864-1200) 1 Bennett St., Harvard Sq., Cambridge. The Phil Woods Quintet.
RICK'S CAFE (244-8989), 286 Walnut St., Newtonville. The Mark Henry Jazz Trio.
ROXY (227-7699), 279 Tremont St., Boston. Neicoy Boswell and White Heat at Roxy perform swing music; dance performances by the Roxies.
RYLES (876-9330), 212 Hampshire St., Inman Square, Cambridge. Upstairs, C'Est What: Downstairs, the Herman Johnson Quartet.
SHERATON PLYMOUTH (508-747-1832), Rtes. 3A and 44, Plymouth. In the Pub, Jan Shapiro and the Paul McWilliams Trio.
SIT 'N BULL PUB (506-897-7232), 163 Main St., Maynard. Caught in the Act.
THE TAM (277-0982), 1648 Beacon St., Brookline. Little Frankie and the Premiers.
T.T. THE BEAR'S PLACE (482-0082), 10 Brookline St., Cambridge. Big Barn Burning, Circle Sky, Chaotic Past.
WESTIN HOTEL (424-7425), Copley Place, Boston. In the Turner Fisheries Bar, the Larry Watson Quartet. In the Lobby Lounge, at 5 p.m., Stevie Soares; at 8 p.m., Geoff Hicks.
WILLOW JAZZ CLUB (623-8674), 699 Broadway, Somerville. Tony Coda Sextet.
WINNIE'S PUB (566-8551), 1619 Tremont St., Boston. She Cried.

WORCESTER ARTIST GROUP (508-754-0545), 38 Harlow St., Worcester, Ground Zero. C.C.A.

SATURDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for clubs under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.

BUNRATTY'S, Allston. Rick Danko, Chill Brothers, the Boogymen.
CAFÉ FLORIAN, Boston. Jazz guitarist Bo Thiem.
CANTARES, Cambridge. At 10 p.m., Arturo and the Cantares Band; Latin dance music.
CITYSIDE, Boston. Pete Hostage.
CLUB CAFÉ, Boston. Eula Lawrence; in Club Cabaret, Adrienne Torf.
CLUB III, Somerville. Extreme, Flesh.
COLONNADE HOTEL, Boston. At Zachary's Bar, saxophonist Mike Monaghan.
ED BURKE'S, Boston. The Band That Time Forgot.
EDIBLE REX, Billerica. T.H. and the Wreckage, the Gordons, Mystic Haven.
GREEN STREET STATION, Jamaica Plain. Moving Targets, Loving Six, Green Magnet School.
GROVERS, Beverly. Laurie Sargent.
HARPER'S FERRY, Allston. Young Neal and the Vipers, Sugar Ray and the Bluetones.
HILTON HOTEL, East Boston. The Al Vega Trio, Alice Johnson; at 11 p.m., open mike.
JOHNNY D'S, Somerville. Tom Russell Band, Lonesome Val.
JUMBO'S, Somerville. Lister, United Snakes, Brown Bag Guzzlers.
NIGHTSTAGE, Cambridge. Pete Barden's Band, with Mick Fleetwood.
OLD VIENNA KAFFEEHAUS, Westboro Center. The Chicken Chokers.
PARADISE, Boston. At 9:30 p.m., Adventures in Paradise.
PLOUGH AND STARS, Cambridge. Kevin Connolly.
THE RAT, Boston. At 2 p.m., all-ages show with Soulside, American Standard, Uncle Betty; at 9 p.m., the Outlets, the Blackjacks, Untamed Youth, Wjoville. In the balcony, Joe Harvard.
REGATTABAR, Cambridge. The Phil Woods Quintet.
RICK'S CAFE, Newtonville. The Mark Henry Jazz Trio.
ROXY, Boston. Neicoy Boswell and White Heat at Roxy perform swing music; dance performances by the Roxies.
RYLES, Cambridge. Upstairs, C'Est What: Downstairs, the Herman Johnson Quartet.
SHERATON PLYMOUTH, Plymouth. In the Pub, the Paul McWilliams Trio.
SIT 'N BULL PUB, Maynard. Caught in the Act.
THE TAM, Brookline. P.J. and the Soul Shakers.
T.T. THE BEAR'S PLACE, Cambridge. Scruffy the Cat, Blood Oranges.
WESTIN HOTEL, Boston. In the Turner Fisheries Bar, the Larry Watson Quartet. In the Lobby Lounge, at 5 p.m., Stevie Soares; at 8 p.m., Geoff Hicks.
WILLOW JAZZ CLUB, Somerville. Tony Coda Sextet.
WINNIE'S PUB, Boston. Hunter Holmes.
WORCESTER ARTIST GROUP, Worcester. The Rhythm Method.

SUNDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for clubs under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.

BILL ASH'S LOUNGE (284-1161), 78 Revere Beach Blvd., Revere. "Battle of the Bands" show, with local musicians.
BUNRATTY'S, Allston. Blood Hounds, Lazy Susan, Witch Doctor, the Bristol, the Slaves, the Rain.
CANTARES, Cambridge. At 2 p.m., blues jam with Sitas Jr. and the Hot Ribs; at 9 p.m., Brazilian music.

Clubs

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THE DRIVE

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• Friday •

NEW MAN

• Saturday •



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High Energy R&B Funk Rock
HIGH FUNCTION

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Best '60s music
BAND THAT TIME FORGOT

Sun., Feb. 19
Special Sunday Show
Grammy & Handy winner
LUTHER "GUITAR JR." JOHNSON & THE MAGIC ROCKERS


Thurs., Feb. 23
NIXIE RAY & BACKTALK AUTOMATIC SLIM

Fri., Feb. 24
Rock 'n' Roll Night
POWER GLIDE DRIVE ALL NIGHT

Sat., Feb. 25
Rockin' Cajun Zydeco R&B
BOOGALOO SWAMIS TOM ENRIGHT & THE SPOTFINDERS

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ATTENTION UNSIGNED BANDS!



ENTER THE Demo Derby!

Qualified entries will be evaluated each month and a selected demo will be featured in the **CELLARS BY STARLIGHT** column as well as **WFNX's BOSTON ROCKS** radio program the following Sunday night on 101.7.

Demos must be self-released independent label recordings will not be considered. Entries may be submitted on cassette, CD or vinyl. All demos are to be marked with a release date, a phone number, and should have been recorded in the past 6 months. The more recent the better.

MAIL YOUR DEMO TO:
Demo Derby,
c/o the Boston Phoenix,
126 Brookline Ave.,
Boston, MA 02115.



George Cables visits the Regattabar Tuesday and Wednesday.

Continued from page 25
SHERATON PLYMOUTH, Plymouth. In the Pub, Stan Ellis and the Paul McWilliams Trio.
SIT 'N BULL PUB, Maynard. The Conservatives.
THE TAM, Brookline. Glen Shambroom Band, Pig Pile Horns.
T.T. THE BEAR'S PLACE, Cambridge. The Bags, the Titanics, Johnny and the Jumper Cables.
WESTIN HOTEL, Boston. In the Turner Fisheries Bar, the Carle Cook Quartet. In the Lobby Lounge, at 5 p.m., Stevie Soares; at 8 p.m., Geoff Hicks.
WILLOW JAZZ CLUB, Somerville. Gonz.
WORCESTER ARTIST GROUP (508-754-0545), 38 Harlow St., Worcester. Hiphop, Furious III, It Takes Two with M.C. Kaz and D.J. Chilly "B."

O'BRIEN'S PUB (782-8245), 3 Harvard Ave., Allston. At 8 p.m., ImprovBoston comedy group. Call 576-2306 for reservations. Admission \$2.

TUESDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for comedy venues under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.
CATCH A RISING STAR, Cambridge. At 8:30 p.m., Gary Lazer, Steve Trilling, Orin Starr. Tickets \$7-\$10.
COMEDY CONNECTION Boston. At 8:45 p.m., Jay Charbonneau and friends.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP, Boston. At 8:45 p.m., Kevin Knox, Anthony Clark, Leo Baldwin, Rich Ceisler.

WEDNESDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for comedy venues under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.
CATCH A RISING STAR, Cambridge. At 8:30 p.m., Gary Lazer, Steve Trilling, Orin Starr. Tickets \$7-\$10.
COMEDY CONNECTION Boston. At 8:30 p.m., Mike McDonald, Chris Zito.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP, Boston. At 8:45 p.m., George MacDonald, Nick DiPaolo, Big D.
PURPLE SHAMROCK, (227-2060) 1 Union St., Boston. At 10 p.m., Chris Zito, Larry Myles, John Pizzy. Tickets \$3.
STITCHES, Boston. At 9 p.m., over-18 show, with Anthony Clark, Steve Faria, Denis Leary, Kevin Knox. Tickets \$8.

THURSDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for comedy venues under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.
CATCH A RISING STAR, Cambridge. At 8:30 p.m., Gary Lazer, Steve Trilling, Orin Starr. Tickets \$7-\$10.
COMEDY CONNECTION Boston. At 8:30 p.m., Mike McDonald, Chris Zito.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP, Boston. At 8:45 p.m., Kenny Rogerson, Tony V., Mike Moto, Jay Charbonneau.
STEVIE D'S, Middleton. At 9 p.m., Rich Ceisler, Tom Gilmore, Jim Dunn. Tickets \$4.
STITCHES (254-3838), 909 Comm. Ave., Boston. At 9 p.m., The Barry Crimmins Show, with Mike Donovan, Jay Charbonneau. Tickets \$6.

FRIDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for comedy venues under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.
CANTARES, Cambridge. At 8 p.m., improvisational comedy by Guilty Children. Call 648-5963 for reservations. Tickets \$8.
CATCH A RISING STAR, Cambridge. At 7:30, 9:45 p.m., and midnight, comedian-magician Nick Lewin, Brian Kiley, Thom Brown. Tickets \$7-\$10.
COMEDY CONNECTION, Boston. At 7, 9, and 11:15 p.m., Tony V., Vinnie Favorito.
DICK DOHERTY'S COMEDY VAULT, Boston. At 10 p.m., John Pizzi, Dave Fitzgerald, Gary Luciano, Dan Schlossberg, Brendan McMahn.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP, at 8, 10, and 11:30 p.m., Steve Sweeney, Denis Leary, Eddie Brill.
PLAY IT AGAIN SAM'S (232-4242), 1314 Comm. Ave., Brighton. At 9 and 11 p.m., Mike Larson, Kevin Knox, Dean Edelson. Tickets \$8.
STEVIE D'S, Middleton. At 8:30 and 10:45 p.m., Paul Wayne, Billy Martin. Tickets \$7.
STITCHES, Boston. At 8 and 10 p.m. and midnight, Barry Crimmins and guests. Tickets \$8.

COMEDY

FRIDAY

CANTARES (547-8300), 15 Springfield St., Cambridge. At 8 p.m., improvisational comedy by Guilty Children. Call 648-5963 for reservations. Tickets \$8.
CATCH A RISING STAR (661-9887), 30 John F. Kennedy St., Cambridge. At 8:30 and 11 p.m., comedian-magician Nick Lewin, Brian Kiley, Thom Brown. Tickets \$7-\$10.
COMEDY CONNECTION (391-0022), 76 Warrenton St., Boston. At 8:30 and 10:30 p.m., Tony V., Vinnie Favorito, Mike Donovan. Tickets \$8.
DICK DOHERTY'S COMEDY VAULT (267-6626), Remington's, 124 Boylston St., Boston. At 10 p.m., improvisation and stand-up comedy with Angry Tuxedos, Dave Fitzgerald, John Priest. Tickets \$6-\$8.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP (482-0630), 100 Warrenton St., Boston. At 8, 10, and 11:30 p.m., Steve Sweeney, Rich Ceisler, Eddie Brill.
STEVIE D'S (508-777-7386), Rte. 114, Middleton. At 9 p.m., Paul Wayne, Billy Martin. Tickets \$6.
STITCHES (254-3838), 909 Comm. Ave., Boston. At 9 and 11 p.m., Denis Leary, Kevin Knox and guests. Tickets \$8.

SATURDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for comedy venues under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.
CANTARES, Cambridge. At 8 p.m., improvisational comedy by Guilty Children. Call 648-5963 for reservations. Tickets \$8.
CATCH A RISING STAR, Cambridge. At 7:30, 9:45 p.m., and midnight, comedian-magician Nick Lewin, Brian Kiley, Thom Brown. Tickets \$7-\$10.
COMEDY CONNECTION, Boston. At 7, 9, and 11:15 p.m., Tony V., Vinnie Favorito.
DICK DOHERTY'S COMEDY VAULT, Boston. At 10 p.m., John Pizzi, Dave Fitzgerald, Gary Luciano, Dan Schlossberg, Brendan McMahn.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP, at 8, 10, and 11:30 p.m., Steve Sweeney, Denis Leary, Eddie Brill.
PLAY IT AGAIN SAM'S (232-4242), 1314 Comm. Ave., Brighton. At 9 and 11 p.m., Mike Larson, Kevin Knox, Dean Edelson. Tickets \$8.
STEVIE D'S, Middleton. At 8:30 and 10:45 p.m., Paul Wayne, Billy Martin. Tickets \$7.
STITCHES, Boston. At 8 and 10 p.m. and midnight, Barry Crimmins and guests. Tickets \$8.

SUNDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for comedy venues under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.
CATCH A RISING STAR, Cambridge. At 8:30 p.m., comedy showcase/open-mike night. Tickets \$5.
COMEDY CONNECTION Boston. At 8:30 p.m., Tony V., Vinnie Favorito.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP, Boston. At 8:45 p.m., Kevin Flynn, Larry Norton, Vinnie Favorito, Eddie Brill.
STEVIE D'S, Middleton. At 7 p.m., "No Work Tomorrow" show, with three comedians. Admission \$4.
STITCHES, Boston. At 9 p.m., "Comedy Hell," open-mike night with George MacDonald. Tickets \$3.

MONDAY

You can find the addresses and phone numbers for comedy venues under the listings for Friday at the beginning of this section.
CATCH A RISING STAR, Cambridge. At 8:30 p.m., comedy showcase/open-mike night. Tickets \$5.
NICK'S COMEDY STOP, Boston. At 8:30 p.m., open-mike night, with Billy Martin.

FRIDAY Feb. 17

FARRENHEIT STREET KIDS LIGHTNING ROSE

SATURDAY Feb. 18

RICK DANKO CHILI BROTHERS

SUNDAY Feb. 19

OPEN MIKE BLUES JAMI CELLAR DWELLERS BLOOZE BAND
Bring Your Axel
MUSICIANS WELCOME

Sunday night Benefit featuring

THE BLOOD HOUNDS LAZY SUSAN WITCH DOCTOR BRISTOLS THE SLAVES THE RAIN (acoustic)

MONDAY Feb. 20

A SCANNER DARKLY REQUIEM IN WHITE STILL LIFE

THE NOISE

TUESDAY Feb. 21

Nuggets presents

THE JONESES (record release party)
THE SLAVES DOG HOUSE

WEDNESDAY Feb. 22

HULLABALOO SLAUGHTER SHACK TOECUTTER SNIDELY WHIPLASH

THURSDAY Feb. 23

Heavy Metal!

SHOUT CATHARSIS LADY LUCK

FRIDAY Feb. 24

ULTRA BLUE

SATURDAY Feb. 25

COMIC STRIP



WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22
DRESDEN DANSE (18+)

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BOOK OF LOVE w/ ADVENTURE SET

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DANCE PARTICIPATION

FRIDAY

NEW ENGLAND SINGLES dance begins at 8 p.m. in the Marriott Hotel ballroom, exit 33B off Rte. 128, Burlington. Admission \$10, \$8 before 9 p.m.; call 899-3900.
CONTRA DANCE, with caller Mary DesRosiers, begins at 8 p.m. at the First Parish Church, Upper Common, Fitchburg. Admission \$4; call (508) 827-5522.
GAY AND LESBIAN VALENTINE'S DANCE, sponsored by SEGAL, begins at 8 p.m. at the Body Lab, 566 South Main St., Providence, RI. Music by Bridges. Admission \$5; call (401) 431-0822.

registration required. Admission \$8; call 522-7400.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS offers programs for children from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. today through Fri. at 465 Huntington Ave., Boston. Activities for children four to 11 include painting, sculpting with clay, weaving, and writing in hieroglyphs. Pre-registration and fees required for some programs. Free; call 267-9300, x300.
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM. See listing for Mon.
PETER PAN. See listing for Sat.
TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES. See listing for Fri.

WEDNESDAY

ONLINE, THE WATER SPRITE, performed by the Perry Alley Theater, begins at 1 and 3 p.m. today through Sun. at the Puppet Showplace Theatre, 32 Station St., Brookline Village. Pre-registration suggested. Admission \$4; call 731-6400.
ACT/TUNES. See listing for Tues.
MASS. AUDUBON SOCIETY. See listing for Tues.
"VACATION WEEK ANIMAL PROGRAM." See listing for Tues.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. See listing for Tues.
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM. See listing for Mon.
TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES. See listing for Fri.

THURSDAY

AFRICAN DANCE WORKSHOP for children, presented by De Ama Battle, begins at 1 p.m. at the Cambridge Multicultural Arts Center, 41 Second St., Cambridge. Free; call 577-1400.
"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," a celebration of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's birthday for children seven to 15, begins at 3 p.m. at the Mount Auburn Branch Library, 64 Aberdeen Ave., Cambridge. Pre-registration required. Free; call 498-9085.
"FOLKLORE FILM AND STORY FESTIVAL," featuring the African tale "Anasi and the Moss-Covered Rock," begins at 2 p.m. at the Cambridge Public Library, 449 Broadway, Cambridge. Free; call 498-9080.
ONLINE, THE WATER SPRITE. See listing for Wed.
ACT/TUNES. See listing for Tues.
MASS. AUDUBON SOCIETY. See listing for Tues.
"VACATION WEEK ANIMAL PROGRAM." See listing for Tues.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. See listing for Tues.
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM. See listing for Mon.
TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES. See listing for Fri.

FRIDAY

"A WINTER MORNING WITH THE ALCOTTS," a historical program for first- to fifth-graders, begins at 9 a.m. today and tomorrow at the Orchard House, 399 Lexington Rd., Concord. Pre-registration required. Admission \$10; call (508) 369-4118.
CHILDREN'S FILMS, including *Cinderella*, begin at 3:30 p.m. at the Mount Auburn Public Library, 64 Aberdeen Ave., Cambridge. Free; call 498-9085.
ONLINE, THE WATER SPRITE. See listing for Wed.
MASS. AUDUBON SOCIETY. See listing for Tues.
"VACATION WEEK ANIMAL PROGRAM." See listing for Tues.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. See listing for Tues.
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM. See listing for Mon.
CHARLOTTE'S WEB. See listing for previous Fri.
TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES. See listing for previous Fri.

MUSIC

CLASSICAL

FRIDAY

BOSTON MUSICA VIVA and soprano Janis Manning perform works by Pierre Boulez, Richard Felciano, Oly Wilson, and Joyce Mekeel at 8 p.m. at the Longy School of Music, 27 Garden St., Cambridge. Pre-concert discussion with composers begins at 7 p.m. Tickets \$10; call 353-0566.
ENGLISH BAROQUE SOLOISTS AND THE MONTEVERDI CHOIR, conducted by John Elliot Gardiner, perform Handel's oratorio *Israel in Egypt* at 8 p.m. at Symphony Hall, 301 Mass. Ave., Boston. Tickets \$20-\$25; call 266-1492.
"LA SONNEE MUSICALE," featuring a concert by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a gourmet meal, begins with cocktails at 7 p.m. at the Royal Sonesta Hotel, 5 Cambridge Pkwy., Cambridge. Program includes works by Mozart, Schumann, Arensky, and Schubert. Tickets \$50; call 576-5977.
PIANIST JUNG-JA KIM performs works by Ravel, Schubert, Isang Yun, and Chopin at 8 p.m. in Seully Hall, 8 the Fenway, Boston. Free; call 536-6340.
NEW ENGLAND STRING QUARTET performs works by Fauré, Dutilleul, and Schubert at 8 p.m. in the McCormick Hall Auditorium, UM-ass/Boston Harbor Campus, Dorchester. Free; call 929-7340.
LEXON BRASS QUINTET performs at 7 p.m. in Knight Auditorium, Babson College, Wellesley. Admission \$5; call 239-4582.
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by Jesús López-Cobos, performs at 2 p.m. today and at 8 p.m. tomorrow at Symphony Hall, 301 Mass. Ave., Boston. Program includes Schubert's Symphony in C (The Great) and Mozart's Symphony No. 40. Tickets \$16-\$42.50; call 576-5977.
Continued on page 30

Clubs

MOLLY'S
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Friday & Saturday, Feb. 17 & 18
DANCE PARTY
 Sunday, Feb. 19
THE CUTS
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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AND WE'RE OPEN!
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 Wednesday, Feb. 22
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PLAN 9
 A spoken word performance by **HENRY ROLLINS**
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LOOK FOR THE NEXT DEMO DERBY SELECTION MARCH 10TH!
 Demos must be self-released - independent label recordings will not be considered. Entries may be submitted on cassette, CD or vinyl. All demos are to be marked with a release date, a phone number, and should have been recorded in the past 6 months. The more recent the better.
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 Reggae Dance Party w/
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Thurs., Feb. 23
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Fri., Feb. 24
THE FOOLS

Sat. Feb. 25
RICK BERLIN
MEN MARCUS

Thurs., Feb. 25
 Heavy Metal Night
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Sat. March 4
FARRENHEIT

Fri., Feb. 24
THE FOOLS

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 MARCH 3 **BARRENCE WHITFIELD & THE SAVAGES**
 MARCH 4 **MASS THE TEARS**
 MARCH 10 **MAX CREEK**
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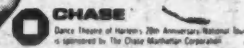
FRI., FEB. 17 at 8PM: Bugaku, Billy the Kid, Firebird
SAT., FEB. 18 at 8PM: Four Temperaments, Fall
River Legend, "Polovetsian Dances" from Prince Igor
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the Kid, "Polovetsian Dances" from Prince Igor

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A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

HEDRICK SMITH

NEW YORK TIMES JOURNALIST AND COMMENTATOR

AND

VLADIMIR POZNER

SOVIET JOURNALIST AND COMMENTATOR

TO DISCUSS

SOVIET-AMERICAN RELATIONS

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

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Laura Young and Fernando Bujones, photo by Jaye R. Phillips

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Continued from page 35

performance piece is a "poetic collage on political conflict in America. Dance, media, and performance reflect the predicament of minorities whose interests are antithetical to the will or the morality — of the majority." At Tower Auditorium, Massachusetts College of Art, 621 Huntington Avenue, Boston (232-1555, extension 355), through February 19. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Friday and Saturday, with a 3 p.m. matinee on Sunday. Tix \$8; \$5 for students and seniors.

SARAH OF THE '80s. A one-woman musical starring Monica Bauer, who wrote the book, lyrics, and music. The show chronicles the trials and tribulations of a flower-power survivor. At the Performance Center of the Blacksmith House Bakery, 56 Brattle Street, Cambridge (891-3740), February 18 and 19. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday. Tix \$5; proceeds to benefit the Massachusetts Coalition for the Homeless.

THE SERPENT WOMAN. Carlo Gozzi's fairy-tale fantasia is a pretty amazing — some might say unstageable — tale of erotic love and spiritual growth. To do it justice, director Andrei Serban attempts to meld the wondrousness of Gozzi's *The King Stag* with the primality of his own Greek-based *Fragments of a Trilogy*, while at the same time paying tribute to the commedia dell'arte of which the playwright was such a strong proponent. It's no wonder, then, that the delicate, dark-toned parable buckles under the weight of its aspirations. Serban gets hung up on re-creating the old-time kibitzing of the commedia, and the clowns just get in the way. But there are the makings here for a Bettelheimian extravaganza that would be deeper, if less lovely, than *The King Stag*; you sense it every time the ravishing Cherry Jones, as the princess transformed into a snake, strips down to her body stocking. Presented by the American Repertory Theatre at the Loeb Drama Center, 64 Brattle Street, Cambridge (547-8300), in repertory through February 26. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Saturday (February 18 only), and at 2 and 7 p.m. on Sunday (February 26 only). Tix \$14 to \$28.

SHARP MADNESS. The dramatic personae of this audience-participation whodunit (which is now the longest-running non-musical in American theater history) continue to comb Newbury Street for the murderer of a classical pianist who lived over the beauty salon where the show is set. At the Charles Playhouse, Stage II, 74 Warranton Street, Boston (426-5225), indefinitely. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Friday, at 8:30 and 9:30 p.m. on Saturday, and at 3 and 7:30 p.m. on Sunday. Tix \$17 to \$20.

TALES OF BRER RABBIT AND OTHER THINGS. Controversial UMass professor Julius Lester celebrates Black History Week in an evening of storytelling, some from his novel *Do Lord Remember Me*, some from the recently rehabilitated Brer Rabbit stories of Joel Chandler Harris. Presented by Storytellers in Concert at the First Church Congregational, Harvard Square, Cambridge, February 19. Curtain is at 7:30 p.m. on Sunday. Tix \$6 in advance, \$7 at the door, \$5 for seniors and students.

TO FORGIVE, DIVINE. Lowell playwright Jack Neary's latest comedy is set in "the sacristy of an old Roman Catholic Church in a neighborhood of a small New England city" and involves one Father Jerry Dolan, who finds that he has, uh, improper feelings for one of his married parishioners, an old high-school chum. At the Merrimack Repertory Theatre, 50 East Merrimack Street, Lowell (508-454-3926), through February 25. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Monday and Wednesday through Saturday and at 7 p.m. on Sunday, with 2 p.m. matinees on Wednesday and Sunday. Tix \$11 to \$18; \$7 to \$14 for students and seniors.

VANISH LIKE A SUMMER TANTRUM. The Newbury Street Theatre opens its 14th season with a new play by the company's resident playwright and director, Lydia Sargent. This "feminist adventure for nine women" examines a group of women who are reminiscing about their first protests. At the Newbury Street Theatre, 565 Boylston Street, Boston (262-7779), February 24 through March 25. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Friday and Saturday. Tix \$8; performance on February 24 is free.

VOLPONE. Set in Renaissance Venice, Ben Jonson's mordant comic masterpiece (written in 1606) gives us a dazzling antihero who's part Jack Benny, part Camille, and a master trickster. In the person of Trinity Rep's William Damkoehler, Volpone is less a sly than a spry fox — a dashing if oleaginous fella in drawstring pajama bottoms, gold chains, and a sweater of chest hair. He's a young hedonist, blaspheming at the shrine of Mammon, not the baddest bird in a flock of scheming vultures. In fact, nobody's too scurrilous in this production, just hapless or at worst irritating. Director Paul Weidner's staging, with its rough-hewn Robert Soble scenery and droll period-straddling props and costumes, looks like an Adrian Hall-Eugene Lee collaboration but lacks the manic glee, not to mention the teeth, such an enterprise would possess. At Trinity Repertory Company, 201 Washington Street, Providence, Rhode Island (401-351-4242), through March 5. Curtain is at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday, and at 7 p.m. on Sunday, with 2 p.m. matinees on Wednesday, Saturday (February 25 only), and Sunday. Tix \$18 to \$26.

YANKEE SEE, YANKEE DO. Supposedly "an offbeat, irreverent look at how New Englanders act and think," this satiric revue is longer on new songs and new skits than on New England. Fortunately, the skill of the comedy troupe at skewering everyday indignities makes up for its limited local lampooning. At the Boston Baked Theatre, 255 Elm Street, Somerville (628-9575), in repertory indefinitely. Curtain is at 8:15 p.m. on Thursday and at 7 p.m. on Saturday (February 25 only). Tix \$11 to \$14.

OFF THE RECORD

compiled by Jimmy Guterman

THIS WEEK

★★Terri Lyne Carrington, **REAL LIFE STORY** (Verve Forecast). Local jazz drummer and vocalist Carrington's debut is a victim of the process that involves record companies with a sense of what sells finding performers who appear salable. What makes *Real Life Story* an unrepresentative package is its kitchen-sink eclecticism. Robert Irving III, keyboard player with Miles Davis, is the producer; his strategy is to allow Carrington to do anything that comes into her mind — anything, that is, except the uncompromising polyrhythms that make her such a promising young drummer. *Real Life Story* falls into a couple of other traps along the way — one is guest-star syndrome; what results is a program without a center, where no one gets enough room to make a lasting impression — especially Carrington.

★★★Deborah Henson-Conant, **ON THE RISE** (GRP). Another debut hampered by the syndrome that affects Terri Lyne Carrington, only not as severely. Harpist Henson-Conant has challenged herself by working with a broad array of accompanists, including some of this area's most uncompromising bassists and drummers. On *The Rise* downplays her growth over the years, as her compositions and playing are given a veneer somewhere between fusion and new age. The responsible party is producer Mark Egan, who also plays a variety of electric basses on most tracks. Egan's concept for producing Henson-Conant was to rely heavily on drum machine and programmed bass and keyboard sounds, and add a bit of commercial insurance by writing or co-writing three of the set's most ephemeral tunes. Surrounded by so many high-tech (albeit tasteful) effects, Henson-Conant often comes across as simply one more catchy sound in a very up-to-date mix.

★★★★Etta James, **THE SWEETEST PEACHES** (MCA/Chess).

★★★★Etta James, **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH** (Island). There are a few traces of hard times on her face, but the defiant tone and raw, dynamic power in her voice belie any notion that Etta James has started mellowing at 51. Shouting and roaring with glee on *The Seven Year Itch*, Etta James keeps rocking the house, telling you life is tough and seldom fair. It's a worthy comebacking, long overdue, that can stand with her vintage sides for Chess. These are gathered on the two-record set *The Sweetest Peaches* — 20 songs done between 1960 and 1974, with numerous definitive treatments. There are some questionable omissions, yet there are enough valuable songs to put the set into the mandatory-purchase category, especially with such masterpieces as "All I Could Do Was Cry," "At Last," "Tell Mama," and "I'd Rather Go Blind." *Seven Year Itch* delivers Etta in her present splendor. The traditional soul arrangements, complete with venerable pros like Barry Beckett, Art Neville, Roger Hawkins, Steve Cropper, Teenie Hodges, and Willie Weeks, put her on firm ground. "I Got the Will" establishes a flamboyant, strutting mood; she continues in that fashion with "Shakey Ground" and returns to it on "Breakin' Up Somebody's Home." As the band keeps the rhythm flaring and the bottom full, James strides, booms, and moans on top, sometimes leading the group, sometimes enriching its directions.

★★★★Orange Then Blue, **JUMPIN' IN THE FUTURE** (GM). Featuring some of Boston's finest jazz musicians, the mini big band Orange Then Blue is noteworthy both for the players' soloing capacity and for their expertise in the history of big-band writing and arranging. It's no surprise that musical ecumenist Gunther Schuller (whose son, George, is the band's drummer) has become attracted to the group. *Jumpin' in the Future* features long-lost Schuller arrangements for big band; it's a delight, displaying Schuller's affection for the voicings and sonorities developed by Gil Evans, though in no way simply echoing them. The compositions range from standards ("Summertime") through classic bebop (Parker and Gillespie's "Anthropology") to originals ("Night Music").

★★★★The Replacements, **DON'T TELL A SOUL** (Sire). Beginning with a self-conscious rumination on the band's progress, "Talent Show," the Mats third major-label LP doesn't waste time getting to the point. The song also tells an implicit history of post-punk rock. The idea of a "Talent Show" suggests an event that's crass, trivial, and very likely humiliating. At the same time, it holds out the possibility of acclaim and values affirmed. That's how the Replacements view the prospect of rock stardom. From the beginning, singer and guitarist Paul Westerberg has wrestled with the salient contradictions of the '80s alternative scene — the amateur ethic and professional growth, bohemianism and populism — more candidly than any of his contemporaries. For years he's been poised between hit radio and boho chic, and if *Don't Tell a Soul* fails to settle the issue, it may give him a taste of what's on the side of commercial success. It's unmistakably a pop record, easily the least formulaic the group has ever made, edgy but well assembled, with two or three potential runaway singles ("I'll Be You" and "Achin' To Be") and a couple of tracks that would be ideal AOR manna — if AOR still existed.

★★Violent Femmes, **THREE** (Slash). The original attraction of the Violent Femmes was its elegant commercializing of the initial Modern Lovers' proposition: innocent-as-outsider, jug-band instrumentation throwing off bare-boned drone and rockabilly riffs living in the city 10 generations removed from the hills. The Femmes were the nerdy underside of the man frat rock. But nowadays, facing obscurity in his solo career, singer/guitarist Gordon Gano realized that it was fence-mending time. The maneuver has resulted in *Three*, a reunion album with bassist Brian Ritchie and drummer Victor DeLorenzo that sounds slapdash and half-baked from the git-go. Fans will wonder where the insistent choruses and the sleek word riffs went. What is here is Gano's voice, all white and neurosis.

PREVIOUS

★★HELLOOOO BABY! **THE BEST OF THE BIG BOPPER** (Rhino). The *Big Bopper* was basically a one-hit wonder, but as this compilation proves, there was a little more to him than a bolt of "Chantilly Lace." His sudden rise to being played on the radio after a career of talking on it reminds us of that era's intertwining between rocket-mouthed DJs and the high-octane singers they broadcast. "Chantilly Lace" suggests a chanted on-air routine that grew enough legs to run up the charts. A couple numbers ("It's the Truth Ruth," the original "White Lightning") nearly equal it in comic invention, and there's a dab of pleasantly saturated schmaltz. In his liner notes, Jim Pewter remembers "the Bopper's advice to ... find a gimmick that would bring you loyal listeners on commercial radio." Exactly.

★★The Crickets, **T-SHIRT** (Epic). Buddy Holly's been gone for 30 years, but the Crickets keep on trying, this time with some production aid on one cut from Paul McCartney. Still, it's just another in a long series of disappointing records, ever more faint country-rock. There are glimmers of fun, like the buoyant "You're M-m-memory is T-t-torturing Me," but the whole project suggests the Beach Boys at their most doddering, and merely serves to flog Holly's memory.

★★★★ZANI DIABATE AND THE SUPER DJATA BAND (Mengo). This record from Mali is of such incomparable vivacity that you'll think twice before you use the term "high energy" to describe anything else. Diabate is heir to one of the country's major Griot families, and the band's stated mission is to recast traditional folk rhythms and melodies in an electric mode. But the great irony of the record is that it explodes out of the merely folkloric. The tone of the rhythms is relentless, almost violent. They're led by trap drummer Lamoussa Diabate, who takes just about all the songs at a breathless gallop, and whose muscularity brings to mind Elvin Jones. The percussionists fill out the rhythmic gaps with rapid-fire offbeats, many coming from the quick strokes of the timbale. The vocals have the long, flowing lines and undulations that appear in Arabic singing, with sporadic moments of ritualized call and response. Sometimes a moody organ will strain and quiver in the background, wandering in/out of some mid-'60s garage fog. And riding alongside all this clamor is Zani Diabate's endlessly fluid guitar, dipping and weaving through the thick rhythms.

★★Enya, **WATERMARK** (Geffen). The elegant and elegiac keyboardist Enya's "Orinoco Flow" is the litting kind of hit (number one for three weeks in the UK) that prompts sweet dreams. But Enya and her collaborators (lyricist Roma Ryan and producer Nicky Ryan) designed the irresistible "Orinoco Flow" more as soundtrack for euphoria than as pop single. Enya and company aren't dependent on any finger-snapping hook or deep-cool catchphrasing. Surrounded by a brace of solemnly plucked violins (or their synthesized equivalent), she croons as invitingly as any siren to "Let me sail, let me sail, let the Orinoco flow/Let me reach, let me reach on the shores of Tripoli," with the listener never in danger of hitting the rocks. New Age, but not eviscerated.

●BOB MARLEY (Urban-Tek/Siam). Warning: this "unreleased" collection is vile. Very old vocal tracks from the late '60s and earliest '70s turn up here with new female choruses and funky-jam instrumental work added on. As with all such projects that sell themselves with a name they don't trust to stand on its own merits, the new backing deflates and overwhelms the original vocals. The grinding tension between Marley's searching grit and the tech sizzles of 20 years later makes him sound old-fashioned, feeble, adrift: the reverse of everything he was in life.

★★★Lou Reed, **NEW YORK** (Sire). At last, Reed has brought the sly moralist and reformer in him to the fore. It mines fewer words than any of his solo LPs, and if anyone deserves to slap just the name of that city on an album, it's Reed. On *New York*, he sticks close to the dark undercurrents of drugs, poverty, and AIDS that are pulling the city closer to Hell every day, yet he does so with an eye on the big picture. *New York*'s 14 tracks add up to 58 minutes, enough time for the old sidewinder to stumble several times and still triumph. "Halloween Parade" is a chilling, loving look at the decimation AIDS has wrought. "Sick of You" is a rockability jaunt through

the nightmare of today's headlines, and the sputtering "Good Evening Mr. Waldheim" points fingers without resorting to slogans. When Reed leans forward and shouts for the length of a song, as he does on "Strawman," he demands attention as a rock-and-roller, not merely as a narrative poet. When he surrounds his voice with formidable hooks, as on "Dirty Blvd.," his recitations accrue power.

●Rush, **A SHOW OF HANDS** (PolyGram). All voting nay. (For those keeping score, this is their third double-live record. One more and they'll start overtaking the Grateful Dead.)

★★Various Performers, **BOSTON DOES THE BEATLES** (Fast Track). This array of tributes, in-jokes, flat-out mimeographs, and covers of Beatle covers, isn't the cornucopia of refreshed classicism it sets out to be; it's the kind of double album that has a worthy single LP nested inside. At its best — Ken Scales' psycho-killer ransom-note reading of "Paperback Writer," Bim Skala Bim's ska daydream take of "Rain" — this collection (produced by Mickey O'Halloran and Michael Glassman) makes you hear overfamiliar songs in new ways; it may also induce you to upgrade your opinions about some George Harrison sleepers.

★★★Various Performers, **THE GARAGE SOUND OF DEEPEST NEW YORK** (Republic, import). This offers three sides of "all full-length 12-inch versions," some in classic minimalist-disco garage, some not garage at all except in their loving nods to old disco. Arnold Jarvis's "Take Some Time Out" and Touch's "Houselights" have the low, cold beats of House, and more echo dub than simplicity might prefer; but their rhythms roll smoothly, as soft to the touch as the velvet of their voices.

★★★Various Performers, **RAI REBELS** (Virgin). This anthology introduces US listeners to an exotic, gutsy studio music, Algerian pop that can trace its lineage back to Bedouin shepherds' chants. You can hear daring course through the productions. If *Rai Rebels* sounds like a Motown compilation, there's a reason: it's all arranged and overdubbed by multi-instrumentalist Rachid Baba Ahmed. These Arabic melodies have a smoldering interior quality, a result of their spare, closely aligned notes. They beg for release. On tracks like "Sidi Bourmedienne," Cheb Khaled, known as the King of Rai, gets it.

★★★Various Performers, **SUFFER THIS** (Gawdawful). Here comes the industrial-strength sonic emulsifier of local compilations. Between them, Hullabaloo, the Five, Feeding Frenzy, Slaughter Shack, Hectic Heyday, and Jerkwater hose down pretension like so much cotton candy, with guitars and rhythmic snags that trample what the titles imply toward: "The Lickerbait Song," "Open Casket," and "Breakin' the Law." There's enough rhythmic play here to make these selections more than attitudes posing as songs: Jerkwater's cover of "The Rose" is a Bette Midler parody automated by a toy piano that maneuvers its way through spitting noises. It could be the soundtrack to Sid Vicious's eulogy.

★★Village People, **GREATEST HITS** (Rhino). To comprehend the mid-'70s epoch of charreute micro-buses, afternoon delights, and kung-fu fighting, you have to realize that the Village People were the perfect capper. Cavoring on backs of bulldozers, this salacious sextet of gay-drag fantasies attained some pinnacle of flashy stupidity. The music wasn't much — assembly-line dance schmaltz, lotsa corny violins and marching-band brass, real clodlike next to the Phil Spector/James Brown fusion of so much prime disco. But up front, Victor Willis's lumberjack Philly-soul gruffness led his cross-racial crew through these fist-thumping pool-hall choruses, and the message was all bawdy innuendo. *Greatest Hits* has the three great hits ("Y.M.C.A." is still the highlight), plus bunches of small ones. Several of these stump for substitute utopias (Key West, San Francisco, Greenwich Village) where there's plenty of "unity," "happiness," "liberation," "togetherness," and hippie food like that.

CLASSIC

★★★Television Personalities, **"A SENSE OF BELONGING"** (Rough Trade import single, 1983). The black-and-white photograph of a battered child on the picture sleeve says it all, until you hear the even bleaker sounds on this moving single. Television Personalities usually veered toward the artier side of early-'80s British punk, but on "A Sense of Belonging" they made a record as scary as any Margaret Thatcher's England has produced. "Once there was laughter/Now only tears" we hear in the first verse, and things get worse. Instruments slide in and out of the mix, vocalists pop in and out when they have the strength to open their mouths. Television Personalities convey all this pessimism without a trace of cynicism, expressing horror in their singing but no resignation. Guitars, keyboards, drums, rise and collapse, take a stand and drop. They cap it off with the couplet warning, "If you think it's funny now, wait until the bomb goes off/We'll all be in hysterics." The arrangement is stalwart and soothing; the vocals are stalwart and terrified. ("A Sense of Belonging" is long out of print but is well worth a search.)

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FILM STRIPS

compiled by Charles Taylor



MOVIE OF THE WEEK: Gone With the Wind (1939). The Brattle Theatre celebrates the 50th anniversary of this grand Civil War romance with a week's run of the new, color-restored print. Vivien Leigh, whose casting initially outraged those who couldn't see an English actress playing a Southern belle, is the capricious and resourceful Scarlett O'Hara, and Clark Gable the dashing, roguish Rhett Butler. The huge cast includes Olivia De Havilland, Leslie Howard, Thomas Mitchell, Hattie McDaniel (whose portrayal of Mammie made her the first black ever to win an Academy Award), and Butterfly McQueen. The credited director, Victor Fleming, was actually just one of many who worked on the film, including the one he replaced, George Cukor. The film's real auteur was producer David O. Selznick. Playing Saturday through Thursday, February 25 through March 2, at the Brattle.

A
★★★THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST (1988). Mild fun, though it's a mystery why this pleasant, forgettable snack cake of a movie has been winning awards. William Hurt plays Macon Leary, the comically glum hero of Anne Tyler's 1985 novel. Macon, who might be the patron saint of couch potatoes, is a walking cocoon, a man who's devoted his life to the most minuscule creature comforts. When his wife (Kathleen Turner) asks for a divorce, it wrenches him out of his orderly non-existence, allowing him to fall for a fellow eccentric — a goofily matter-of-fact dog trainer (Geena Davis). This is really a conventional romantic comedy, but it's full of "literary" curlicues, and Lawrence Kasdan has directed it in a plastic, cheeky style: the film's chief virtue is that it doesn't shy away from the novel's flimsiness. Hurt, who seems to be getting more zombified with every movie, springs impressive technical tricks, but he has to suppress the mental agility that makes him a magnetic performer. Davis delivers her lines with a disaffected lilt that's pretty inscrutable, but she brings the film some snap; it needs the mischievous, postpunk shine in her eyes. *Nickelodeon, Harvard Square, West Newton, suburbs.*

★½THE ACCUSED (1988). It would take a measure of courage to make a movie that truly investigated the questions raised by the Big Dan rape case — certainly more than is demonstrated by screenwriter Tom Topor (*Nuts*) and director Jonathan Kaplan in this TV-style melodrama. Here, as in the New Bedford incident, a young woman is gang raped in a bar while a crowd of patrons goads and applauds her attackers. As the victim, Jodie Foster is fine in the early scenes, but she ends up having to play a hard-edged but oh-so-vulnerable loser. The role robs her of her most appealing quality — her sense of irony. And Kelly McGillis is hopelessly unconvincing as the prosecuting attorney, who first goes after Foster's attackers and then brings a suit against three of the men who cheered the rape on. Although based on a true story, scene for scene the film doesn't seem plausible. And the filmmakers end up taking a patronizing attitude toward Foster's character, whom they see as a poor, spat-upon scion of the working class. *Beacon Hill.*

★★★★AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS (1988). Julien (Gaspard Manesse), the 11-year-old protagonist of Louis Malle's autobiographical film, is encased in the armor of privilege and intellectual superiority. But he also has a voracious curiosity. And it's this curiosity that's engaged and frustrated during the time he spends at a Catholic boarding school in 1944, the last year of the Occupation, and the year he befriends Jean (Raphaël Fejtő), the Jewish boy the priests are hiding from the Germans. Jean is the only student in Julien's intellectual league, and Julien is intrigued and unsettled by him. They become friends by putting themselves in each other's shoes, and Julien comes to appreciate the terror of discovery that Jean feels all the time. What makes the movie much more than just another story of Jewish children hidden from the Nazis is that the moral ground Julien thinks he's secure on begins to shift. In the end, he learns the great humanist lesson about the plurality of motives. Manesse and Fejtő are both superb. *Somerville Theatre.*

★★★★L'AVVENTURA (1980). It begins conventionally enough, with a bored young woman named Claudia joining her friend Anna and Anna's boyfriend, Sandro, on a boat trip around Sicily. But then Anna disappears. You wait for her to turn up; when she doesn't, you realize the film isn't about finding her. It's about how Claudia and Sandro are changed by the act of

having to look for her — and about the limitations they find in each other. Michelangelo Antonioni's breakthrough remains a masterpiece of lyrical despair. With Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari. *Brattle.*

B
★½BABETTE'S FEAST (1987). Derived from an Isak Dinesen story, this quaint, rather prissy film may be the ultimate yuppie art-house movie — it's about food as artistic expression, as emotional liberation, as salvation. Two devout spinster sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer) live a life of pious quietude. Then their maid (Stéphane Audran), a French political refugee, insists after years of service on treating her employers and their Lutheran circle to a grand-style French banquet. The irony (and it's a leaden one) is that the guests, considering sensual delight ungodly, vow not to enjoy the meal but do so in spite of themselves; loosened up, they begin behaving in a truly Christian fashion for the first time. (That's the second irony.) The film deprives you of any sensual pleasure: the rhythm is punishingly slow, the photography stolidly picturesque, and the acting either inexpressive or broad in a folksy, operetta style. It's a wacky genteel picture. Directed by Gabriel Axel. *Somerville Theatre.*

•BEACHES (1988). Hands down, the worst film of 1988. The story of an inexplicable 30-year friendship between a demonstrative, meant-to-be-lovable *zaffig* singer actress (Bette Midler) and an uptight, rich WASP (Barbara Hershey), the movie piles idiocy on top of idiocy, and Midler's performance is of the sort of bathetic, camera-hogging awfulness that can make you hostile to a performer. She's set up in a replay of moments from Barbra Streisand movies, and the recycling is a horror; even Midler's singing is downbeat and enervated. Hershey manages to escape being memorably bad by keeping a lower profile than Midler, which isn't hard to do. Script by Mary Agnes Donoghue; directed by Garry Marshall. *Copley Place, Chestnut Hill, suburbs.*

BERLIN EXPRESS (1948). A Jacques Tourneur melodrama starring Merle Oberon and Robert Ryan. *Harvard-Epworth Church.*

★½BIRD (1988). Clint Eastwood's film about bebop's greatest genius, the alto saxophonist Charlie Parker, is hardly a conventional Hollywood bio-pic. Still, anyone who wanders in without already knowing Parker's life story won't come away with much idea of his achievement, or why it shocked and inspired so many people. The film is unrelievedly dark in both tone and look, and it's been rendered in a series of flashbacks that have you struggling to place the events in some sort of order. (There's almost no way to gauge the impact of bop's racing, intellectualized harmonic concepts.) As Parker's wife, Diane Venora lets you feel how her love for Charlie has to coexist with her fears of his self-destruction. But though Forest Whitaker has felt his way into the title role, Eastwood's conception doesn't allow him to give much of a performance. Is the dreariness and defeat of *Bird* all Eastwood has taken from jazz? The overreaching arc of Parker's triumph — his music — is buried under the film's dimly authentic gloom. *Charles.*

C
★★★LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1978). Édouard Molinaro's popular comedy is essentially a conventional drawing-room farce performed in "gay face." What makes it a treat is the interplay of its stars. Ugo Tognazzi is charming as the proprietor of a

Saint-Tropez nightclub specializing in female impersonation. And as Albin, the club's irrepressible drag-queen headliner (who is also Tognazzi's long-time lover), Michel Serrault instills his role with such empathy and exuberance that he's irresistible. *French Library.*

D
★★★★DANGEROUS LIAISONS (1988). Published in 1782, Choderlos de Laclos's *Les liaisons dangereuses* is a wickedly funny novel that recounts the sexual machinations of two master manipulators: the Vicomte de Valmont and the Marquise de Merteuil — one-time lovers who now exchange eager confidences about their conquests. The surprise of the movie version, adapted by Christopher Hampton from his stage production and directed by Stephen Frears, is how light-handed and economical an entertainment it is, and how closely the British filmmakers and their nearly all-American cast have approached the spirit of a rowdy 18th-century Frenchman. John Malkovich's Valmont has a fey, powdered look, but behind the enervated tone of his line readings, his little snake eyes dart mischievously as he sets up his prey. Valmont seeks to topple Madame de Tourvel (Michelle Pfeiffer) from the heights of her religious and marital devotion, only to astound himself by feeling pity for her, and then love. Pfeiffer gives a touching demonstration of wounded purity. Close, on the other hand, is the only member of the cast not quite up to the material, though she's more restrained (and sexier) than usual. With Uma Thurman and Keanu Reeves. *Paris, Janus, Chestnut Hill, suburbs.*

DARK HABITS (1984). This early Pedro Almodóvar comedy stars Carmen Maura as one of a group of nuns who stage phony miracles to support their heroin addiction. *Nickelodeon.*

★★★★THE DEAD (1967). John Huston's final film is a fluid and beautiful adaptation of the great short story that concludes James Joyce's *Dubliners*. For most of the movie, the camera swirls through the town house where the Morkan sisters have thrown a dance and dinner party just after Christmas. We don't really get the inner churnings of the main character, Gabriel (Donal McCann), a college teacher who wanders through the party mysteriously obsessed. Yet Huston finds his own truth here: the pleasure of the movie is in the purity of the performances, and in the tender way the director indulges the characters in all their foolishness. When the concluding epiphany arrives, it's transporting. Anjelica Huston delivers her speech about a long-dead lover with rapturous sorrow, and Huston had the wisdom to realize that Joyce's words trump everything in his movie. In the end, *The Dead* is about the hero's acknowledging not just "death" but the death of his own dream of love. *Brattle.*

E
L'ECLIPSE (1962). The last film in Michelangelo Antonioni's '60s trilogy stars
Continued on page 40

★★★★	Superb
★★★	Good
★★	Middling
★	Bearable
○	A turkey

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39 THE BOSTON PHOENIX, SECTION THREE, FEBRUARY 17, 1989

reunited with his young son (Hunter Carson), and the two set off for Houston to cement the family bonds once again. The last 45 minutes are a rambling disaster, since the big, revelatory monologues Sam Shepard has provided are stock domestic-guilt-and-tragedy numbers. What's impressive is how long Wenders keeps you engrossed in Travis's low-octane odyssey. With Dean Stockwell and Aurora Clément. Photographed by the brilliant Robby Muller. **B** *Brattle.*

★★★ **PELLE THE CONQUEROR (1988).** This big, rustic 19th-century drama is full of broad-backed peasants and majestic vistas, yet its central theme is cruelty. It's about what high-school English teachers like to call "man's inhumanity to man." Young Pelle (Pelle Hvenegaard) and his father (Max von Sydow), a grizzled widower in his mid 50s, have emigrated from Sweden to Denmark, where they're hired to work on a large rural estate. The Swedes are exploited at subsistence wages (and sadistically abused), yet their livelihood depends on keeping mum. The movie is about the chance the boy has, with his wits and his quiet, observer's strength, to escape this harsh world and "conquer" his own life. *Pelle* is full of small, moving moments, yet it's also muffled and predictable. As a hero, Pelle is too much the wide-eyed child as empty vessel. Max von Sydow, on the other hand, revels in the chance to create a genuinely cloddish character — a simpleton — and he gives a touching, ingenious performance. Directed by Bille August. *Nickelodeon, Harvard Square.*

★★★★ **PRIZZI'S HONOR (1985).** John Huston's superb Maltese comedy is drenched in a luxurious, baroque irony. The hero, Charley Pärtanna (Jack Nicholson), is the Prizzi's enforcer; he has sworn his allegiance to the clan since birth but finds himself tested when he marries a freelance hitwoman (Kathleen Turner). Anjelica Huston, in a high-style comic performance, is the don's granddaughter (and Charley's ex-girlfriend), an Italian-American princess who brought shame on Charley, the family, and herself years ago and now wants Charley (and her honor) back. Nicholson's consistent, overscaled performance — like the film itself — contains subtleties within its absurdities. And Huston manages the tricky feat of satirizing the characters without distancing us from them; he makes their intrigues and betrayals seem the logical extension of our own everyday manipulations. **B** *Brattle.*

R

★★★★ **RAIN MAN (1988).** Dustin Hoffman gives a magical performance as Raymond Babbitt, a high-functioning autistic savant. Raymond, who's a genius when it comes to memory or numbers, lives almost completely inside his head, which is buzzing with details and rituals. (His rituals are his touchstones.) Hoffman never once softens the extremity of autism, yet he also might be the slickest comedian on earth here. The movie is about how Ray's younger brother, Charlie (Tom Cruise), a slick wheeler-dealer, spirits him away from the institution where he's spent most of his life in order to try to gain control of their late father's fortune. (The money had been left to the institution.) *Rain Man* turns into a cross-country buddy movie in which Charlie's exasperation at Ray's ticks and mannerisms is balanced by his growing awareness that having a brother may mean something to him. It sounds like the latest disease-of-the-week special, yet director Barry Levinson has crafted one of the tenderest (and least pushy) sentimental movies ever made; it's at once touching, inspiring, and richly comic. And Hoffman has done the near-impossible — he's given us a handicapped hero without tears. *Charl, Harvard Square, Circle, suburbs.*

S


★★★★ **BALAAM BOMBAYI (1988).** This first feature film from the Indian director Mira Nair suggests a cross between Dickens and the Italian neo-realists. It's a scalding, startlingly lyrical exploration of the lives of Bombay street children. The main character is a young boy named Krishna (Shafiq Syed), who, after being kicked out of his house and abandoned by the traveling circus he works for, gets a job peddling glasses of tea in Bombay's red-light district. The cast of characters includes Krishna's pal Chillum (Raghubir Yadav), a dope addict on a hopeless downward course; Chillum's boss Baba (Nana Patekar), a pimp who lives with a whore (Aneeta Kanwar) and their beautiful, fragile daughter (Hansa Vitthal); and a terrified, quietly rebellious virgin (Chanda Sharma) who is purchased by a local madam and then given to Baba to be "trained." The acting is superb, and Nair (like Buñuel) has a gift for the corrosive poetry of poverty and brutality; there are images here that burrow their way into your memory. *West Newton.*

★★★ **SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE (1972).** Surprisingly, George Roy Hill's adaptation of the popular Kurt Vonnegut novel about a World War II veteran who becomes "unstuck in time" can be counted as a faithful book-to-film translation. Hill captures the novel's fusion of earnestness and surrealistic wit, and Vonnegut's central metaphorical conceit — his use of the bombing of Dresden to evoke everything that was morally reprehensible about World War II and about warfare in general — is so broad that it finds a perfect voice in the movie's darkly imagined combat imagery. With Michael Sacks and, in a delightful comic performance, Valerie Perrine; score by Glenn Gould. **B** *Brattle.*

★★★★ **SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959).** One of the greatest comedies ever made, Billy Wilder's anarchic sex farce is about a pair of

Continued on page 42

**2 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS
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FRI-SAT-SUN 11:45 PM

"A DAZZLING, INNOVATIVE 10 OUT OF 10!"
—Susan Granger, WJCA RADIO, NEW YORK

"Gregory Hines is superb."
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"Join the crowd and see 'TAP'!"
—Pa Lindstrom, WNBC-TV, NEW YORK

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Coming Soon

Feb 17 8 pm
Ireland's Supergroup
Patrick Street
in concert

Sat Feb 18
Married to the Mob 3:30 7:50
Sayles 8 Men Out 5:30 9:45

Mon Tue Feb 20-21
Babette's Feast 7:45 Mon/Tue 3:45
Au Revoir Les Enfants 5:40 9:45

Wed Thu Feb 22-23
Forsyth Double Feature
Housekeeping 7:40
Local Hero 5:30 9:45

Fri-Tue Feb 24-28
The 21st Tournee of Animation
6-8-10, Sat sun mat. 2-4

Upcoming Concerts

March 1 De Dannan
March 15 The Clancy Bros
w/ Robbie O Connell
March 18 Livingston Taylor
March 31 Andy Stewart
April 14 Cajun music with
Beausoleil
May 5 Rare Air
May 20-21 Christy Moore
... and more to come

SF/14
The 14th Annual 24 Hr
Science Fiction
Film Marathon
Alien Nation
The Crawling Eye
The Hidden
Fantastic Planet
Killer Klowns
Iron Outer Space
The Blob (1988)
Flight To Mars
The Road Warrior
The Cosmic Man
Thunderbird Six
The Hideous Sun Demon
Repo Man
Invasion of the Body
Snatchers (1956)
Blade Runner
plus trailers, prizes and surprises.
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Ticketmaster (787-8000) or theatre box
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(President's Day Holiday)

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7:00, 9:25 PG-13
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ENDS FEB. 23RD!
7:00
Sat Sun Hol Mat 2:00
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ITALIAN FILM
FESTIVAL/ANTONIONI
Fri., Feb. 17
L'AVVENTURA
(Monica Vitti) 2:30, 7:20
L'ECLISSE
(Vitti, Alain Delon) 9:05, 10:00

REEL NOVELS
Sat., Feb. 18
THE DEAD
(dir. John Huston) 4:00, 7:45
WISE BLOOD
(dir. Huston) 2:00, 5:40, 9:25

Sun., Feb. 19
**ONE FLEW OVER THE
CUCKOO'S NEST**
(Jack Nicholson) 3:00, 7:35
4:00, 7:20
**SLAUGHTERHOUSE
FIVE**
(Vonnegut) 1:00, 5:30, 10:00

GANGSTER COMEDIES
Mon., Feb. 20
PRIZZI'S HONOR
(Jack Nicholson) 3:10, 7:55
SOME LIKE IT HOT
(Marilyn Monroe) 1:00, 5:35, 10:10

CUBAN ANIMATION
Tues., Feb. 21

VAMPIRES IN HAVANA
4:15, 6:00, 7:45, 9:30
Wed., Feb. 22
Words Worth Readings Presents
**SALMAN RUSDIE:
THE SATANTIC VERSES**
Live reading! at 9:30

STRANGER LANDS
Wed., Feb. 22
PARIS, TEXAS
(dir. Wim Wenders) 8:00

ITALIAN
FESTIVAL
FINALE!
Thurs., Feb. 23
THE LEOPARD
(dir. Visconti w/ Burt Lancaster)
4:15, 8:00

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unlucky musicians (Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon) who witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and have to disguise themselves as women to escape with an all-girl band. Some sort of alchemy seems to take place with Lemmon and Curtis; they really do seem to surrender to their "female" sides. Marilyn Monroe wiggles and teases as the band's warm-hearted singer, Sugar Kane, and the rest of the cast (which includes George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Joe E. Ross, and Nehemiah Persoff) is perfection. "Well, nobody's perfect." B *Brattle.*

★★★TALK RADIO (1989). For most of this adaptation of Eric Bogosian's 1987 play, we're inside the dark, carpet-and-glass Dallas radio station where Barry Champlain (Bogosian), the station's infamous night-time talk host, holds court like a demonic pied piper, leading his listeners through a swamp of creative invective. The film is set during a single weekend in which Barry, inflated with ego, flies too high and confronts the limits of his fame; the vitriol he's been pouring out is about to catch up with him. At first, the premise seems too obvious — a chance for Bogosian to indulge his taste for negative excess. Yet the film does more than just revel in what an asshole Barry is: It unveils his insensitivity, revealing the layers in it — the sensitivity behind it. Oliver Stone has done a brilliant job of transforming Bogosian's stage material into a feverish cinematic entertainment. *Talk Radio* is so dark it's like a sunbat (it's about an America where idealism has become a dirty word), yet it has a genuine, all-out edge, and there's unexpected resonance in the perception that Barry's job amounts to a kind of spiritual suicide. *Copley Place, suburbs.*

★★TAP (1989). Gregory Hines plays an ex-con and former tap dancer who must choose between returning to a life of crime and the dancing he's sure will prove a professional dead end. The film might have given Hines a badly needed chance to showcase his talent. Unfortunately, it's just a compendium of not-so-rememberable Warner Bros. melodrams, *Rocky*-style uplift, and the sort of musicals that were cliché'd when they starred second-rate stars like Alan Jones. The movie does have some genuine links to the tap-dance tradition, with such tap greats as Sandman Sims and Harold Nicholas on hand. But the hopelessly retro plot keeps intruding, and the integrity of the dance Hines uses to become a star — a bastardization of tap that involves electronically distorting the tap sounds with a synthesizer — is completely judged over. Directed by Nick Castle. *Cherries, West Newton, suburbs.*

★★TAPEHEADS (1988). This coolly comic story of two post-modern guys on the make in the LA video business is a great lucked-up little movie. The two are played with just enough tongue-in-cheek innocence by John Cusack (as the apprentice video artist) and Tim Robbins (as his apprentice steazoid manager/producer). On their way to fame, they get caught up in a subversive, sexually infused presidential campaign, almost short-circuiting an inter-

nationally telecast Menudo concert, and get involved with two post-modern girls (Mary Crosby and Katy Boyer). The movie is doctored with nifty rock-video spoofs populated by such people as Sly Bators, Jello Biafra, Coati Mundi, and Mike Nesmith. Bill Fishman directed. *Nickelodeon.*

★★THREE FUGITIVES (1989). In this shameless comedy-drama, Nick Nolte plays a bank robber who, moments out of prison, becomes the unwitting accomplice of an inept thief (Martin Short). Of course, Short turns out to be a desperate man who needs money for his autistic daughter (Sarah Rowland Doroff); of course, the kid takes an immediate shine to tough old Nolte, and the two men start out hating each other and become best buddies. The movie is a blatant attempt by Touchstone Pictures to repeat the success of *Three Men and a Cradle*, their previous buddy-buddy-baby film based on a hit French comedy. In this case, the original director, Francis Veber, was brought over to remake the movie in his mechanical slapstick style — if you can call playing moldy gags at oppressively high volume a style. Short has a few, mostly visual funny moments, but Nolte (who makes the mistake of actually trying to give a performance) hasn't had a role this bad since *The Deep*. *Copley Place, Circle, suburbs.*

★★TORCH SONG TRILOGY (1988). In this adaptation of his celebrated stage play, Harvey Fierstein appears before us as a cuddly ball of guilt, a Jewish mama's boy pining for love — the mushy, old-fashioned kind. In the late 1970s, when other gay playwrights were celebrating sex, Fierstein's romantic stance was novel, maybe even revolutionary. Now — tragically — it seems like common sense, and the movie comes to us through a time warp. No one seems to have decided whether to treat the post-Stonewall scenario as a period piece or as something timeless and contemporary, and the movie is a weirdly drifting affair; it has no tone, no center. But Fierstein, with that voice of Drano, remains a charismatic performer. As the lover/lover, he's doing his favorite role in the universe (himself), and he plays it to the hilt. The real trouble with the film is that the big screen exposes the play's smiling-through-tears superficiality. Fierstein's sentimental whimsies aren't that far from Neil Simon's, and now that gay promiscuity has dwindled, there isn't much that's distinctive in his odyssey; he comes across as a high-strung (if adorable) version of your basic neurotic schlub. With Matthew Broderick and Anne Bancroft. Directed by Paul Bogart. *Nickelodeon, Harvard Square, West Newton.*

**★★★THE 21st INTERNATIONAL TOUR-
NEE OF ANIMATION (1988).** One of the strongest compilations to come through town in a while. Among the highlights: Cordell Baker's "The Cat Came Back," which builds in farcical desperation as a put-upon homeowner struggles to do away with a malicious feline; a dazzling collection of commercials by the British animator Richard Williams (*Who Framed Roger Rabbit*), which range from the lyrical to the manic; and Bill Kroyer's "Technological Threat," a loony-tune parable of the current trend toward computer-animation. Best of all is Frederic Back's half-hour short "The Man

Who Planted Trees," adapted from the Jean Giono story about a young man who goes hiking in a remote section of the Alps and encounters a shepherd who's taken it upon himself to cover the desolate region with oak trees. Back's quiet, unadorned style expresses a genuine appreciation for nature (and for the satisfactions of a life spent in service to it), and the colors go from stark browns and grays to muted pastels that are reminiscent of Monet's Giverny paintings. *Coolidge Corner, Somerville Theatre.*

★★TWINS (1988). The movie that liberates Arnold Schwarzenegger's sweetness. As the product of a top-secret genetic experiment who leaves the island research center where he's spent his whole life in order to find his long-lost twin, he's a delight to behold. Everything he does seems fresh and sincere, and he gives a genuinely guileless performance — which isn't inconsiderable considering the rest of the movie. As his brother, a scuzzy little hustler, Danny DeVito does his usual what-a-lovable-scumbag-I-am routine, and the plot is forgettable as you watch it. But Schwarzenegger has found a way to humanize his own preposterousness. Directed, none too subtly, by Ivan Reitman. *Copley Place, suburbs.*

VAMPIRES IN HAVANA (1988). Feature-length Cuban animation about a professor who invents a formula that allows vampires to exist in the sunlight and then runs into trouble with a gang of Mafia vampires. Directed by Jaun Padron. *Brattle.*

WHO'S HARRY CRUMB? (1989). John Candy plays a master of disguise in this comedy directed by Paul Flaherty. *Beacon Hill, suburbs.*

★★★WINGS OF DESIRE (1988). Wim Wenders's fantasy grows out of the same brooding mood as his earlier films, only its luxurious melancholy is much easier to take. The protagonists are a pair of angels (Bruno Ganz and Otto Sander) who drift around Berlin observing people, listening to their private longings and wishing that they, too, could become mortal. Wenders treats the angels' dreams the same way he treats the spiritual lives of the Berliners: as a series of fragmented, almost abstract hopes you can project your own feelings onto. Yet the people here aren't characters, exactly; they're more like spiritual props. (The film's one true character is the scarred, neurotic city, rendered in monochromatic black-and-white.) Wenders achieves an atmosphere of rhapsodic blankness that begins to fade after about an hour, and the scenes in which Ganz falls for a beautiful trapeze artist are like an academic's attempt at romanticism. *Wings of Desire* is poetic, but it isn't powerful; it's a mood piece that finally speaks to little beyond its own open-endedness. *Coolidge Corner.*

★★★WISE BLOOD (1979). Director John Huston and screenwriters Michael and Frances Benedict narrow the focus of Flannery O'Connor's brilliant short novel

about Hazel Motes, preacher of the Church Without Christ. The novel pits Motes's nagging religious integrity against the superficial values of everyone he comes in contact with. The movie is simpler — the story of a man with a mission — and in that context even sequences lifted straight from the book undergo a change in tone. It's one of those intelligent literary adaptations that seem to dissipate entirely when you return to the source, but the cast could hardly be better. Brad Dourif is Hazel; Harry Dean Stanton and Ned Beatty play a pair of phony evangelists; Amy Wright is Stanton's daughter, who wallows delightedly in her own sluttiness; and Dan Shor is the lonely boy who shadows Hazel. B *Brattle.*


★★★WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN (1988). Pedro Almodóvar's lustrous pop confection stars Carmen Maura as Pepa, an actress and film dubber who learns from her answering machine that her suave, hollywood lover Ivan (Fernando Guillén) is leaving her; for most of the movie, she dashes around Madrid, trying to make contact with him. The other characters include Pepa's ditzy-model girlfriend (María Barranco), who's afraid the cops will come after her when they discover she's been the lover of a Shiite terrorist; Ivan's son (Antonio Banderas) and his Cubist-featured fiancée (Rossy De Palma); and Ivan's mother, who's been unphinged by her love for him. The story was inspired by Cocteau's *The Human Voice*, but Almodóvar also takes off from the screamingly artificial Hollywood-studio comedies of the '50s and '60s, re-imagining them with a satirical sparkle and a precision worthy of Feydeau. The whole movie is a dazzling parade of bright, perfectly modulated pastels, and the women have the iconic sheen of models and movie queens. But there's also a genuine subject here: the way love deranges us. The voice that issues from the heart of Almodóvar's artifice is unmistakably human. As Pepa, Carmen Maura is a hunk of no-holds barred feeling; she gives you an idea of what Anna Magnani might have been like in farce. *Nickelodeon.*

★★★WORKING GIRL (1988). Mike Nichols's romantic comedy is very light stuff, but it showcases its three stars beautifully. Melanie Griffith plays Tess McGill, who keeps getting fired from Wall Street secretarial jobs because she's brighter than her male bosses and refuses to take their crap. She lands a job with a woman executive (Sigourney Weaver), who promises to help her gain entrance into the executive world and then steals her first independent idea. When Tess discovers the double cross, she puts her idea into action anyway by impersonating an executive and ends up falling for Weaver's proposed partner (Harrison Ford). Griffith gives a glowing, soft-hued performance — she's an inspiring combination of fragility and resilience. Ford proves he can be a wonderfully sane light comedian, and Weaver's superior caricature of corporate villainy mixes jet-set hauteur with what may be the wittiest parody of sex since Mae West. All Nichols and screenwriter Kevin Wade have really done is to re-upholster screwball-comedy conventions, but they've come up with a genuinely classy comedy. With Joan Cusack. *Cheri, Chestnut Hill, suburbs.*

T O M H A N K S

He's a man
of peace in
a savage land...

Suburbia.



The **BURBS**

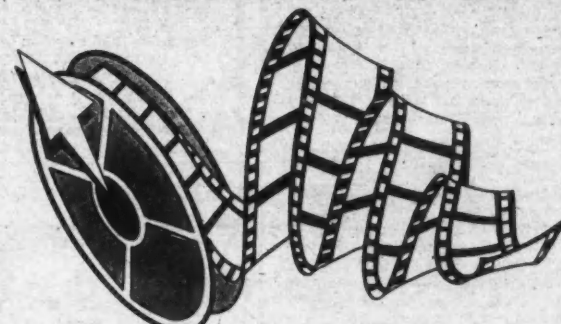
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What time is it?



See page 43 for details.

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MIDNIGHT (OF COURSE!)

February's offering is another irreverent comedy from the director of "Women on the Verge of A Nervous Breakdown" and "Law of Desire". **DON'T MISS...**

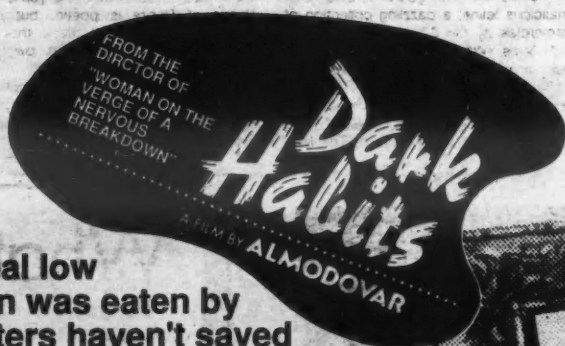
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A GOOD SLEAZY WALLOW!"

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All he cared about was gleaming the cube... until the night they killed his brother.
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TALK RADIO **R**

TOM SELLECK is
Her Alibi
A Romantic Comedy **PG**

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Love at first sight.
Consequences to follow. **PG-13**

TWINS
SCHWARZENEGGER DEVITO
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TORCH SONG TRILOGY
It Takes A Lot Of Guts And A Helluva Sense Of Humor To Live Life In Arnpold's Shoes **R**

WILLIAM HURT KATHLEEN TURNER GEENA DAVIS
THE 4 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS!
ACCIDENTAL TOURIST **PG**

★★★★ (HIGHEST RATING)
THE BOSTON HERALD
TAPE HEADS **R**

WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
A FILM BY ALMODOVAR

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David Edelstein, The Village Voice
BOSTON PREMIERE
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MISSISSIPPI BURNING **R**

2 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS!
"THE YEAR'S BEST FILM!"
PELLE THE CONQUEROR **R**

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST **PG**
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TORCH SONG TRILOGY **R**

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DUSTIN HOFFMAN TOM CRUISE
RAIN MAN **R**

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RAIN MAN (R) 12:00
THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST (PG) 12:00
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DENZEL WASHINGTON
THE MIGHTY QUINN (R)
GLEAMING THE CUBE (PG-13)
THE FLY II (R)

TED DANSON
COUSINS (PG-13)
GREGORY HINES
TAP (PG-13)
THREE FUGITIVES (PG-13)

HARRISON FORD
WORKING GIRL (R)
BETTE MIDLER
BARBARA HERSHEY
DOLBY **BEACHES (PG-13)**
RAIN MAN (R)

CHARLES
CAMP ST NEAR GOVT CTR. 227-1330
GREGORY HINES
TAP (PG-13)
JAMES WOODS
TRUE BELIEVER (R)
BIRD (R)

BEACON HILL
1 BEACON AT TREMONT 723-8110
LESLIE NIELSEN
THE NAKED GUN (PG-13)
JODIE FOSTER
THE ACCUSED (R)
WHO'S HARRY CRUMB? (PG-13)

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